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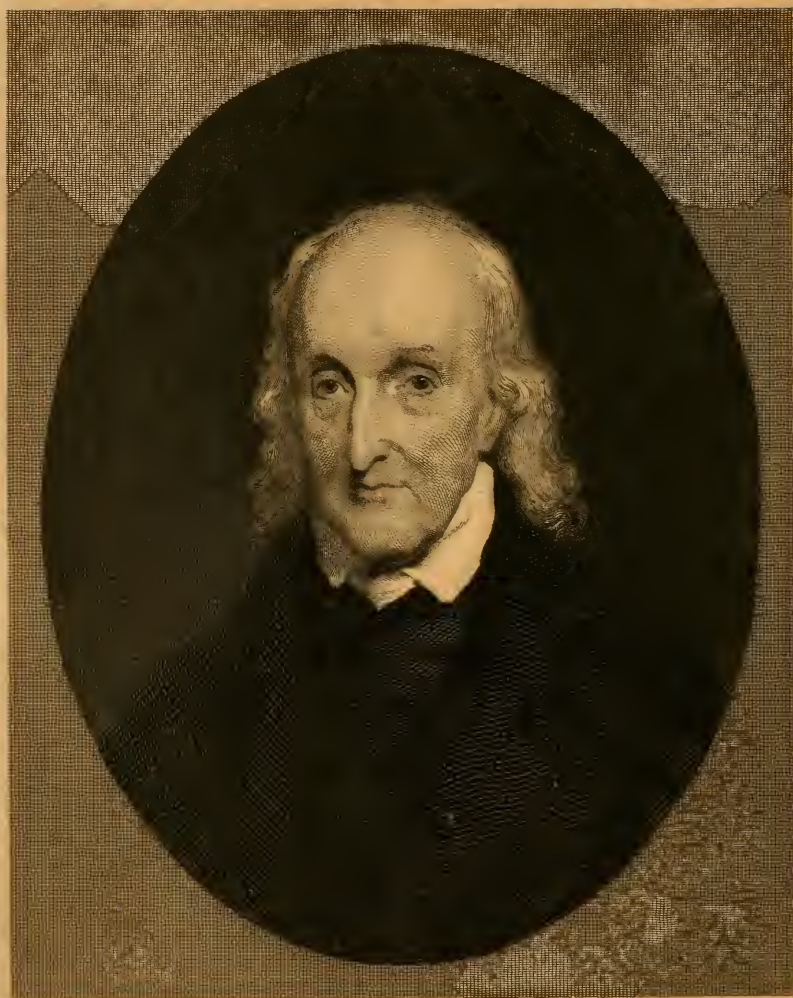


Miss Mary E. Hodge
from her friends & instructors
John Newlan









Engraving of the P. A. Johnson and the young Thayer as H. Johnson.

✓ CHRISTIAN KEEP SALEM
1838.



W. MARSHALL & COMPANY.



THE



CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE

AND

MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

EDITED BY REV. JOHN A. CLARK.

1838.

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P R E F A C E.

THE present work has been undertaken with a view of ministering to the moral improvement, as well as to the intellectual enjoyment, of that class of readers among whom an Annual would be likely to find favour. It is believed that an American Annual of a high literary order, and of a decidedly religious character—glancing in several of its articles at MISSIONARY topics, and the great interests of Christian benevolence, in conjunction with all the other kindred subjects common to a work of this description, would, in several respects, be eminently useful.

Such a work would contribute to throw a hallowing influence around American literature, and furnish to the youth of this land additional proof, that, so far from there being any thing in religion repugnant to a pure and cultivated taste, there is no field into which the student in polite literature can go and find such choice, beautiful, and fragrant flowers, as those which bloom on Zion's hill, or dip their pendent petals in the brimming edge

——“Of Siloa's brook, that flows
Fast by the oracle of God.”——

Such a work would enable parents and Christian friends to confer the means of spiritual instruction, while at the same time they were gratifying those kind feelings of their heart, awakened by the return of the Christmas and New Year holidays. In putting such an Annual into the hands of their children and young friends, they would feel they

were bringing them under an influence that would tend to improve their heart and expand their intellect, as well as gratify their taste and regale their imagination.

And finally, such a work would have a tendency to fasten divine truth upon minds that could scarcely be reached in any other way. I will suppose that the ornamented and elegantly bound volume is purchased and laid upon the centre-table, without the slightest reference to the lesson of holy instruction it is intended to convey. This volume has inscribed upon its gilded pages *THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE*. It is caught up in some moment of thoughtlessness or of ennui; and just then speaks to the eye, that holds communion with its pages, so winningly of Christ and eternal things—or breathes forth upon the listening ear notes of heaven so sweetly, that from that hour there begins in the heart a work of transformation that will terminate in the everlasting salvation of one of the gayest and most thoughtless of earth's children.

That this work will come fully up to this high measure of excellence, the Editor dares not promise. But he feels that in the names which stand at the heads of the articles in this volume, together with those which constitute the list of pledged contributors, representing as they do not a few of the most distinguished writers and clergymen both in this country and in England, there will be a sufficient guarantee that this work will be one of an interesting, as well as of a sound and substantial character.

In conclusion, he would only add the hope expressed by the poet Montgomery, in a letter containing his contributions to this volume,—“That this Annual may prove a Perennial—that all the plants it produces may be *Amaranths*, that grow yet on earth, but only where the air of Paradise blows over a soil hallowed, as I trust every inch of ground in this new enclosure will be, for devotion and edification.”

THE
CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.

INTRODUCTION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Go forth, fair Volume, on thy work of love,—
'Mid halls of wealth, the holy thought to wake;
Or teach the tender heart of heathen wo,
And rouse its pity for a Saviour's sake.

Portray the mother, wrapp'd in Pagan night,
Who roams where Ganges laves the burning sod,
And from her breast the sentenced infant tears,
And counts that anguish incense to her God!

Tint the red flame, and paint the gazing throng,
Where sultry India rears the funeral pyre;
Plead for the widow, ere the thundering gong
Drowns the last wild shriek of her death of fire.

Point to the rush of disembodied souls,
Untaught of Him who shed his blood to save:
Haste,—wake the Christian from his dream supine,
And bid him tell of life beyond the grave.

Yes,—bid him bear the news from clime to clime,—
From the green tropic to the farthest pole,
So, shall thy mission wear an angel's smile,
And thy still voice breathe blessings on the soul.

Hartford, (Con.)

IN BEREAVEMENT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul !
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the evening shadows roll,
And daylight beauty dies ;
One sun is set,—a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.

Thus when some long-loved comfort ends,
And nature would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends
And meets ten thousand there ;
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

Sheffield, (Eng.) 1836.

BISHOP WHITE.

BY STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.—2 *Kings*, xiii. 14.

How justly may we apply this exclamation to the venerable man whose name stands at the head of this article,—whether in the mere sentiment which it conveys, or in the illustration which is offered in the character of the prophet over whom it was uttered! The similarity which gives occasion to this illustration, I have often loved to trace. Elisha appears to have united in himself many of those qualities, which often render men remarkable in their single possession. Unvarying gentleness was incorporated in him with great decision. Benevolence of the most disinterested character shone entwined with an uncompromising fidelity. Tenderness to the poor and the distressed softened with its mild beauty, remarkable boldness to the great and the aspiring. He could encourage piety and rebuke transgression; he could comfort and cheer the sorrowful, and overawe and humble the ambitious and worldly; with equal ease and equal accuracy. We see him at one time, with filial humility, washing the feet of Elijah his spiritual father, and eagerly catching the symbolic mantle as it fell from him, on his transition to glory; and then with solemn sternness and majesty repelling

a suppliant king for his idolatry, with the rebuke, "What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father, and the prophets of thy mother." We behold him with affectionate tenderness, consoling the sorrows, and supplying the wants, of the poor widow of a prophet, relieving her from beggary, and her children from bondage; and then with a noble disinterestedness and dignity, disregarding the pride, and refusing the munificence of a Syrian prince. We see him in the entire self-possession of true politeness and conscious worth, at home in the residence of the great woman of Shunem; and then travelling in meekness with his staff, to stretch himself upon the body of her breathless child, that he might restore him to his mother, alive from the dead. We find him calm and undisturbed, when Samaria is encompassed by a warlike host, looking with an eye of faith upon chariots of defence which others did not see; and sitting patient and contented, when he knew that his own ungrateful king had sent messengers to destroy him;—and then generously encouraging the very same king and his equally wicked people, in the midst of a distressing famine, with the assurance of an immediate and abundant supply of food. He was thus guided by a spirit wholly above the world, and unmoved by earthly things; kind and full of love, but never compromising truth for tenderness, or fidelity even for peace. This was the character of this prophet of Israel, through a life of ninety, and a ministry of more than sixty years,—“the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof;”—the chief ornament and defence of the people with whom he lived.

How much is there, in all these circumstances, which is descriptive—singularly and beautifully descriptive—

of the character and history of the venerable Bishop White! And how applicable to that honoured man is the exclamation, which describes the *ornament and defence of Israel!* I would not attempt to speak particularly of his private religious character; of his state of mind towards God; of his personal experience of the power of the gospel;—not that these are not of vast importance to us, and worthy of our remark, but that I have not room to consider more than that public character which all could see. The lovely and benignant fruits of personal piety which we have seen in his life, could have grown only upon the stock of grace, divinely bestowed, and cultivated by the Spirit of God; and we may rejoice that grace had prospered in the production of a life so devoted to the glory of God, and to the best interests of man. I would describe some traits of his public character, as the ornament and defence of the Christian body to which he so long belonged.

He was so, as *a man of learning*. His cultivation and acquirements of mind were of a high and valuable order. No man of reasonable intelligence could have passed through so long a course of observation of men and things, amidst such peculiar changes as he saw, without gaining much information and wisdom. But it is not so much of this kind of learning that I speak. Bishop White was not only in men and things, but in books also, a mature and cultivated scholar. His knowledge in all departments of science was sufficiently extensive, to merit, and to gain, the respect of wise and learned men. There was one branch of learning, however, in which he was peculiarly the honour and defence of the church in which he was the presiding

overseer. It was his knowledge of history and facts. He was familiar with the events of every age of the church. His reading upon this subject had been unusually extensive; and his memory retained with a remarkable tenacity, and produced with a readiness equally surprising, the results of his reading, for the benefit and guidance of others. His assertions upon points of history remained among us unquestioned. Universal confidence in his learning gave universal authority to his opinions. His learning was not often produced, in controversy for the outworks of the church, because for that he had no disposition. But it decided questions of fact; it elucidated points of practice; it explained the necessity and operation of laws, in our communion; with a precision which rarely afforded an opening for appeal. Men best qualified to judge, have often expressed their astonishment at the readiness with which he adduced authorities; and the wisdom with which from them he guided others to desirable results. It became among us a settled principle, that in stating facts, and pointing out their consequences, Bishop White was very rarely in the wrong.

In his *wisdom and prudence in government and counsel*, he was the ornament and defence of the church. In his public acts, he had very little occasion for that retracing and correcting process, which is often so laborious and painful to other men. He weighed maturely, and apparently without the perverting of passion, the probable consequences of measures which were proposed; and when he settled upon any course, as the one to be selected, the facts in the case generally justified the wisdom of his calculation and his choice. This peculiar habit of character rendered him

especially adapted to the circumstances, amidst which God had raised him up, to promote the prosperity of the Episcopal church in this country. It was his part, to guide this church when in an infant and struggling state, not only unprotected by civil influence, but amidst vast surrounding prejudice, through many and bewildering trials. The correction of the Liturgy; the arrangements of spiritual government; the proper definition and limiting of ministerial power, and of corresponding subjection; the forming of a full constitution for an ecclesiastical community thrown into contingencies which had no precedent in history, and looking forward from exceeding weakness to extended and efficient strength; these all required in him, who, though not entirely alone, was in all respects the leader and guide of others, and found in him also, a most uncommon union of the qualities best adapted to the call thus made upon him. I know not which is more the real fact in the history of the world, that circumstances make the man, or that the man makes the circumstances around himself; for certain occasions in history seem to be as much formed by certain men connected with them, as the characters of these men to be formed by them. In the history of this country, there seem to have been especially provided, in the various departments of its settlement of principles, just the individuals who were needed for each purpose; so that in looking back upon the conduct of these men, we feel the conviction, that but for them, in their various classes of duty, the great works which they accomplished must have been left undone. In our religious community, Bishop White was almost alone, and required and exercised the wisdom which was combined in them. In

this peculiar aspect of his character, as long as the Episcopal church shall stand in this country, he will be the more extensively regarded, and the more highly appreciated, as the father of all its prosperity. One less wise and collected than he, in the hours of early doubt and difficulty, would have been wholly incompetent to guide and establish, as under the blessing of God, he has done, the church for which he laboured, upon such permanent and undoubted principles.

He was the ornament and defence of the church, *in his peculiar moderation in the assertion of discriminating principles.* Upon the questions which separate the Episcopal church from other branches of professed Christians, he was thoroughly decided, but never exclusive or hostile. He maintained and defended the ministry of his church, upon the simple, positive ground of its divine institution. But he never carried out his exposition of its principles and rights, to the issue of denying the authority, or invalidating the ministrations of others. His moderate and meek defence of Episcopal claims awakened no prejudice, and built up no wall of opposition against itself; but commended itself to the acknowledgment and respect of those who most widely differed from him. This moderation was all-important to the prosperity of the church. It is mainly this which has raised the Episcopal church, in the city in which he lived, to the rank she holds, and has commanded for her, surrounding respect and admiration. Upon this subject Bishop White was particularly tenacious. One of the latest efforts of his mind was a charge to the clergy of his diocese, exhorting them to hold fast the moderate principles of Episcopacy in which they had prospered so well. In this he was

their ornament and defence. Wherever he was seen, the moderation and meekness which characterised his assertion of separating principles, carried forward the church which he represented, with an universally conceded tribute of respect. He offended and alienated none by harshly denying claims which they honestly made, or by treating with unkind disrespect, rights which they supposed themselves to possess. He carried out his own principles in meekness and truth, refusing to none the relative respect for which they felt themselves allowed to look.

Considered in his *candid and conciliatory spirit*, he was equally the ornament and defence of the church. He could always understand and concede the excellencies of those who were opposed to himself. In his intercourse with other men, so far was he from assuming any thing upon the ground of his age or station, that he appeared rather like a learner, in search of the very information which he was best able to communicate. As he mingled with others, he so placed himself upon an entire level with all, and so contended with them only in showing mutual respect, that no enmity could ever rise up against him, and no jealousy could be excited of any pretensions which he might be supposed to urge. The youngest man who sought access to him, and conversation with him, found him as affable and unpretending, at the distance of more than half a century in experience, as if they had passed with equal steps through life. The effect of this character was, that none were afraid of exalting him too much, or of yielding to him too entirely. He was allowed to stand every where at the head without depreciation. No rival ever appeared to contest with him the post of

honour. No one was ever mortified when he was preferred. In the councils of the Episcopal church his conciliatory spirit, his candid and open course of conduct, have always been one of the chief bonds of union and peace. None could wound another through him, and he stood forward as the shield and defender of all. Always on the side of moderation, calmness, and mutual concession, there is nothing to be said more honourable to the church in which he presided, than that he always carried the large majority with him. An interesting and instructive exhibition of this conciliating spirit was also presented in his connexion with the ministers and laymen of other denominations of Christians. In many of the great efforts of benevolence in which members of various classes of Christians are united, but especially in the effort for distributing the Holy Scriptures, he was much engaged. The following extract from one of his addresses to the Female Bible Society of Philadelphia, over whose interests he presided for more than twenty years, will give a pleasing instance of this spirit, as well as of his opinion upon the subject of which it speaks:—"It has been thought an incidental advantage arising from Bible Societies, that by combining persons of different religious denominations, they have the effect of promoting unity of affection under irreconcilable differences of opinion. The British and Foreign Bible Society set off on the fundamental principle, of avoiding whatever could bring such diversity into view. They professed to deliver the Book of God without note or comment. The societies instituted in America have trodden in their steps. While this plan shall be pursued, there can be no dissatisfaction on account of interfering opinions or

modes of worship. Is it possible, that such a course can be persevered in, without its contributing to all the charities of life? And if this is the natural consequence, can any scruple be well founded, which would restrict the benefit to men?"

His *universal popularity* made him also the ornament and defence of the church. In this he was most unusually favoured. He lived and died in the midst of a world of friends, and without a single foe. That character of which all men speak well, is made, in a general view of it, the subject of divine warning, because, from the general principles of mankind, it can hardly be supposed that any man has gained such a character, without some improper compromise with the sins of men. But in this case there seemed no relinquishment of entire independence of principle and action, to gain the favour of others. He was, indeed, remarkably independent of the opinions of other men, in his rule of action. His popularity appeared to be the legitimate and resistless triumph of virtue and excellence. It was a most important fact for the church. For half a century he stood before the world the leader of our spiritual body—the father of our household; so bright and attractive in his character, that like some mountain's top, upon which the sun shines clearly, above the belt of clouds which encompasses it below, he was always an eminent point for honourable notice, though occasional darkness might cover parts of the church beneath him. We delighted to point to him as ours, because all men respected and honoured him. The church was honoured for his sake. The clergy were esteemed in him their representative. Both have grown and flourished amidst the beams of his character.

The spirit in him which was thus popular, has been much disseminated through our spiritual body. It has made it the minister of peace in a distracted community, bearing every where the olive branch, and opening every where the ark, to agitated and tempest-tossed souls.

He was the ornament and defence of the church, in *his usefulness to men*. There are certainly two very distinct and comparable methods of doing good in the gospel ministry. The one supposes strong action, and expects immediate results. The other lays its plans distant, and more slowly and perseveringly works forward to attain them. Which, in the life of man, is likely to accomplish the greater amount of benefit to others, I presume not to determine. The usefulness of Bishop White was of the latter description. As a preacher, he was never awakening or exciting in his manner of declaring the truth; but he faithfully encouraged those who were more so. He exhibited, in his punctual discharge of duty in this relation, in his wise and instructive sermons, and his permanent determination to speak for God as long as he should speak at all, an example which was of a high value. As a pastor, he began his ministry at a time when plans for parochial usefulness were very different from those which we now pursue. But no man was ever more punctual and assiduous in discharging the duties to which he had been accustomed to feel himself called. No labour, no circumstances of difficulty, ever drove him back from what he considered his duty as a minister of Christ. And he gladly encouraged others in the plans of pastoral ministry, which they found to be productive of benefit to the people committed to them, though differing from those pursued by himself. His actual useful-

ness in the city in which he lived, it would be difficult to estimate. He was an encourager of every man and thing that he thought likely to work for the benefit of men. Every good man found a friend in Bishop White. He rejoiced in their elevation to influence, and delighted to encourage them and to build them up in the work of the Lord. As an useful man, this community will long esteem and honour him. He will be remembered as an example, for generations yet to come. Indolence, and carelessness, and persecution, and bitterness, and time-serving, and selfishness, will all receive a severe and decided rebuke, from the character and ministry of this aged and eminent prophet of Israel.

There was one trait, however, in Bishop White's public as well as private character, in which he was eminently an example. It was the habit of uniform and extreme punctuality. He was perhaps never known to be behind the time of any engagement. At all meetings for business, as well as in the public services of religious worship, he was uniformly on the spot at the appointed hour. He was so tenacious upon this point, that he once told me, if he had his life to pass again, he thought he never would be engaged in business with a man a second time, who had once deceived him in this respect; saying beside, "I have lost the lifetime of many men, in the hours which have been wasted in waiting for other people." This habit was too much a peculiarity in him. It will be well for all of us who come after him, to catch this mantle as it has fallen, and save for others and for ourselves the many hours, the loss of which, as sacrificed to the will of others, he mourned.

Well may we exclaim over him, "My father, my father; the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

When thou art gone, who is left? Where shall we find thine equal? Who can supply the place which thou hast left vacant? When will another example like thine, dignify and adorn the world?

I have thus merely exhibited some of those aspects of the public and relative character of the venerable Bishop White, which were the subjects of common observation, and might not improperly be called the common property of men. They constituted him, in a very peculiar sense, the ornament and defence of the church to which he belonged, and a guide and example for all by whom he was surrounded in life. Through such a day of public usefulness, unusually prolonged, he came down to the close of his earthly course. And it will not be considered an improper close of the present article, to give some slight sketch of the history and circumstances of such a life. He was born in Philadelphia, in April, 1748. He was ordained to the ministry of the gospel in 1770. He was consecrated a bishop in 1787. So that at the time of his death, he was in the eighty-ninth year of his age, in the sixty-sixth year of his ministry, and in the fiftieth year of his episcopate. He was buried in the church edifice in which he was baptized, and in which his whole ministry had been passed; literally fulfilling that beautiful description of steady and permanent comfort and repose in the circumstances of the present life, which Job gives, as the early desire and plan of his heart: "Then I said I shall die in my nest: I shall multiply my days as the sand."

Bishop White has stated that religious impressions were very early made upon his mind, for which he was much indebted to the counsels of maternal piety. And

as his boyhood was yielding to maturity, these early efforts of the Spirit in his heart, resulted in the determined choice of the service of God, as the portion of his soul; and of the ministry of the gospel, as the employment of his life. From his childhood there was manifestly a gentleness, and retirement, and accuracy in his character, which allowed not much room for a very marked external change of conduct, when he was finally led to give up his life to the will of God. Many interesting anecdotes are told of his youth, illustrating this point, which will probably be given in the extended memoir of him now in preparation. One, strikingly characteristic, perhaps unknown to others, has been told me from the recollections of a lady now deceased, who was his cotemporary and companion, and lived in an adjoining house. His sports as a boy were always quiet, and generally solitary. His chief amusement, at one time, was the feeding of some chickens, which he kept in his father's yard. For hours, in the times of recreation, he would stand with his back against the wall, throwing single grains of corn amidst his little flock, seeming in deep meditation, while he watched them scrambling for the prize. She often subsequently thought of this habitual employment, as singularly descriptive of the Bishop in after life, thus quietly and gently feeding a gathered church around him. This gentleness and peacefulness of mind followed him from his sports to his ministry. He was ordained at the early age of twenty-two, and commenced his ministry in his paternal sanctuary. There were then three Episcopal churches in the city of Philadelphia—Christ church, which had been the result of the efforts of the English Society for Propagating the Gospel, and which

was the second building erected on the same spot for the same congregation; and St. Peter's and St. Paul's. The former of these was built by the congregation of Christ church in union with that, and the latter by a portion of the same congregation, as an independent church. There was not always a kind state of feeling between the rector of the latter and the rector of the united churches. But Bishop White, from the very commencement of his ministry, exhibited the peacefulness of his character, in maintaining an uniformly affectionate and friendly intercourse with the successive rectors of St. Paul's, above all the smaller jealousies to which others had submitted; and that congregation cherished such an entire confidence in him, and affection for him, that they cordially united in his election as their bishop, and gladly contributed their full portion of the expense of his visit to England for consecration. His ministry was not finished until he had seen ten additional churches in his native city, that found their starting point and origin from these three.

There was much in the personal appearance of Bishop White which was calculated to excite attention and respect.* Tall, dignified, and erect in his frame; his long hair, silvered at an early age; his countenance kind, and open, and inviting; his motions calm and gentle; his dress exceedingly neat and uniform;—all tended to impress the most casual observer with the feeling of reverence and esteem. His first interview with all won their homage. This dignity of outward

* The engraving which adorns the present volume is taken from a portrait by Mr. Inman, which is considered by the friends of Bishop White to be, in all respects, the best picture of him which has been made.

appearance remained, and increased with him to the end of life. It was but a very few years before his death that the debilitating power of age seemed to have at all bowed his head, or unsettled his walk. Then, so long had he been accustomed to move erectly and steadily by himself, he could hardly yield to the wish of others to support and assist him. How often have younger friends longed to offer the strength of their arm, when his steps appeared to totter in the street, esteeming it a high privilege and honour, if he would consent to lean upon them! How often have they followed him in the street, watching his motions, and waiting to be of assistance to him, while he went slowly on, resting upon his cane! I have more than once seen several persons stand together at a corner of the street, marking his slow and measured step in crossing, and the difficulty with which he ascended the curbstone of the side-walk, anxious for his safety, and ready to catch him in their arms if he should fall. This was the universal feeling of the inhabitants of this city. There were few who did not know the person of Bishop White. And none who met him once, would fail to turn around to see him, in the acknowledgment that he was an uncommon man. Nor could any one who had seen him even once, forget the impression which his appearance thus produced.

There was no very evident failure of his intellectual powers until within a few months of his death. His memory seemed to live nearly as long as himself. His judgment and wisdom never failed. In the annual convention of this diocese in May, two months before his decease, we perceived for the first time on such an occasion, that his mental command was yielding;—a

slight confusion of memory then, seemed to indicate that at last he was to bear the common lot of very long lived men. After this, he was still able to fulfil the duties of his ministry. He preached within three weeks of the day of his decease. He attended the funeral of a friend but a fortnight before he died. From this time he gently sank away, until "he was not, for God took him." His wish to depart on the Lord's day was gratified; and about the noon of the Sabbath, the 17th of July, 1836, when, in all the assemblies for worship in the Episcopal church in Philadelphia, his soul had been just commended to God in united prayer, he fell asleep in Jesus.

When such a man has been with us, what Christian connected with him, will not feel gratitude to God for the privilege of his acquaintance? It is an honour to have been, in any measure, his companion; and to have received any demonstrations of his confidence and kindness. Who will not feel the earnest desire to follow in his steps? We have marked the perfect man, and beheld the upright, and have seen that the end of that man is peace. How much we all need the meek and blessed traits of character which were so bright in him! Shall we not determine, too, to maintain the principles of moderation which he exemplified, and proved to be so beneficial? Shall we not rejoice to lay hold of, and retain, the glorious hope in which he died? Shall we not follow him to glory, as he followed Christ!

Philadelphia.

INVITATION TO GO ON PILGRIMAGE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COME let us go to heaven ;—the way,
 Like darkness, opens into day,
 When, from the turning point of night,
 Breaks the first beam of morning light.

Come let us go to heaven ;—our guide
 Is Christ who lived, is Christ who died,
 And rose again ;—his staff and rod,
 Through life and death, will lead to God.

Come let us go to heaven ;—forsake
 Sin, death and hell ; and gladly take
 His easy yoke, his welcome load,
 And brave the dangers of the road.

Come let us go to heaven ;—and press
 On through the howling wilderness ;
 Yet fear not, little flock ! though foes,
 Without, within, your course oppose.

Come let us go to heaven ;—no power,
 Not Satan raging to devour,
 Nor all his hosts can harm ; for ye,
 Through Christ, shall more than conquerors be.

Come let us go to heaven;—and meet,
Once and for ever, at his feet;
Yea, in his kingdom, as his own,
Sit down with him upon his throne.

Can these things be?—they *are*,—are *sure*
To all who to the end endure;
While Unbelief cries—Can they be?
Come let *us* go to heaven, and see.

Sheffield, (Eng.) 1836.

THE DEVOTED.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

OH, blest is he who cares
That God have glory given;
Whose faith, and alms, and toils, and prayers
Are leading souls to heaven.

And greatly blest is he
Who labours, prays, and weeps
That Christ may of his travail see
Beyond the distant deeps.

Such, entering into rest,
The Chinese, sav'd, shall own;
The Hindoo, there, will hail him "bless'd,"
And children of Ceylon.

Philadelphia.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

BY REV. LEONARD WITHINGTON.

I.

AT this hush'd hour when all my children sleep,
 Here in thy presence, gracious God, I kneel;
 And, while the tears of gratitude I weep,
 Would pour the prayer, which gratitude must feel;
 Parental love! O set thy holy seal
 On these soft hearts which thou to me hast sent;
 Repel temptation, guard their better weal:
 Be thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
 And lead them in the path their infant Saviour went.

II.

I ask not for them eminence or wealth—
 For these, in Wisdom's view, are trifling toys,—
 But occupation, competence, and health;
 Thy love, thy presence, and the lasting joys
 That flow therefrom; the passion which employs
 The breasts of holy men; and thus to be
 From all that taints, or darkens, or destroys
 The strength of principle, for ever free:
 This is the better boon, O God, I ask of thee.

III.

This world, I know, is but a narrow bridge,
And treacherous waters roar and foam below;
With feeble feet we walk the wooden ridge
Which creaks and shakes beneath us as we go;
Some fall by accident, and thousands throw
Their bodies headlong in the hungry stream;
Some sink by secret means, and never know
The hand which struck them from their transient
dream,
Till Wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they scream.

IV.

If these soft feet, which now these feathers press,
Are doom'd the paths of ruin soon to tread;
If Vice, conceal'd in her unspotted dress,
Is soon to lure to her polluted bed;—
If thy foreseeing eye discernest a thread
Of sable guilt, impelling on their doom,
O spare them not—in mercy strike them dead;
Prepare for them an early, welcome tomb,
Nor for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom!

V.

But if some useful path before them lie,
Where they may walk obedient to thy laws;
Though never basking in Ambition's eye,
And pamper'd never with the world's applause;
Active, yet humble; virtuous too; the cause
Of virtue in the dwellings where they dwell;
Still following where thy perfect Spirit draws;
Releasing others from the bands of hell;—
If this be life, then let them longer live: 'tis well.

VI.

And teach me, Power Supreme, in their green days,
With meekest skill thy lessons to impart,—
To shun the harlot, and to show the maze
Through which her honey'd accents reach the heart:
Help them to learn, without the bitter smart
Of bad experience, vices to decline;
From treachery, falsehood, knavery may they start
As from a hidden snake; from women, wine—
From all the guilty pangs with which such scenes
 combine.

VII.

How soft they sleep! what innocent repose
Rests on those eyes from older sorrows free!
Sweet babes! The curtain I would not uncloze,
Which wraps the future from your minds and me:
But, heavenly Father, leaving them with thee—
Whether or high or low may be their lot,
Or early death or life await them,—be
Their Guardian, Saviour, Guide; and bless the spot
Where they shall live or die: till death, forsake them not!

VIII.

Though Persecution's arches o'er them spread,
Or sickness undermine, consuming slow;
Though they should lead the life their Saviour led,
And his deep poverty be doomed to know;
Wherever thou shalt order, let them go;
I give them up to thee—they are not mine;
And I could call the swiftest winds to blow
To bear them from me to the Pole or Line,
In distant lands to plant the gospel's bleeding shrine.

IX.

When as a scroll these heavens shall pass away,
 When the cold grave shall offer up its trust;
 When seas shall burn, and the last, dreadful day
 Restores the spirit to its scattered dust;
 Then, thou most Merciful as well as Just,
 Let not my eye, when elements are toss'd
 In wild confusion, see that darkest, worst
 Of painful sights that ever parent cross'd—
 Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not *mine* be lost!

Newbury, (Mass.)

THE GOSPEL.

BY H. P. G.

In all our way through life, the Gospel sheds
 Its kind and healing beams o'er all our woes;
 And when our days are done, it lights the path
 That leads us on to brighter, happier scenes:
 And it will live and shine when all beside
 Has perish'd in the wreck of earthly things.

* * * * *

O, 'tis the Gospel only that can bring
 Peace to the heart amid its sufferings—
 Can strew life's pathway with the bloom of heaven,
 And kindle up, on its extremest shore,
 A watch-light that shall safely guide our bark
 Across the dark and troubled wave of Death.

THE BOND OF PEACE.

BY REV. HERMAN HOOKER.

WHAT we ought to do is often best learned from what we are. Nothing indeed is required of us which does not look to what we are, as well as to what we should be. This our nature is taken into union with Deity, as if to commend its imperfect services, and ensure to us a feeling of our infirmity, that shall remove its shame, while it leaves its weakness for our good. We are creatures of soul and body—of mind and matter,—and it is not a spiritual life merely which we have to live. We are not to look on spiritual things merely, though we are to look on others chiefly as glasses in which we have some discerning of them. We are not angels, and the service sought of us is not an angel's service, but a man's; it is not the service of heaven, but that of earth, most suitable, we must think, by reason of its allowed imperfection and intermission, to creatures who know in part, and have life only in part. Much of our dissatisfaction here, and many of the mistakes we make, will, when duly considered, be found attributable to our ignorance of the nature of the duty required of us, as creatures of a material as well as a spiritual existence. As the springs of earth arise out of it, and lend their pure waters to refresh and enrich it, so many of our duties spring from the material relations of life, and spend their chief force on them, looking indeed to eternity, yet so as streams run to the

ocean, not so much to make a part of it, as to serve and fertilize the country by the way. To this class most of our relative duties seem to belong, and it requires more comprehensiveness of mind to appreciate their importance, than is readily, or perhaps generally supposed. The character of others is, to a great extent, the soil, of which ours is but a growth. We are so united, so dependent, that we may not live apart, but are as branches of the same stock, blooming or decaying with the health of the parts to which we are attached.

The most common and genial nutriment of malevolent feelings, is found in their manifestation in those with whom we have to do, and they chiefly steel us to the gentleness of virtue, cool our sympathies, and make us too ill-natured to close with the "sweetness of heaven." If, as soon as we rise up in the world, our minds were struck only with the glare and grace of heavenly virtues; if we had only to grow up in fellowship with beings whose entire humour and deportment were an exact exhibition of that "charity which thinketh no evil, suffereth long, and is kind," it would seem as if our depravity must languish for want of excitement, and we be found, in the gaiety of youth and in the thoughtfulness of manhood and age, running up all these rivulets to their fountain, and going back by all these beams to that brightness and fulness of them in which we should delight to be lost and found. We can take no view of such a prospect as this, which does not reflect the clear light of heaven upon the path of our duties and trials. Accordingly, we are not surprised to find in our nature a special provision for the fulfilment of these ends. We have reason, in order to

estimate their value; we are born into ties which may not be put asunder; we have a bosom crowded with sympathy, and are made to go leaning, as with arm in arm to receive and impart support. We are a brotherhood, yet without a settled habitation; and, like birds of passage, if we loose ourselves from one another, our freedom will become a weariness, and we must perish in ungenial solitude, or make our way alone and unanswered when we cry. Having indeed a common origin and like susceptibilities, it would be strange if we should not readily acknowledge a relationship by sympathy with one another, and by the experience of pleasure and pain, learn to take part in the pleasure and pain of others. All things, in short, seem conspiring to train us "to weep with them that weep, and to rejoice with them that do rejoice." To do this, however, as goodness requires, is to have the art of extracting sweetness from every dispensation; to have a happiness that is so a part of ourselves, that nothing can take it from us—a diffused being that inherits all things. It is to run without weights the race of well-doing,

" And like a God, by spiritual art,
Be all in all, and all in every part."

A gentle, forgiving, and benevolent temper, if it be ours as a nature, ours as a fountain of pure water, which, though it may be roiled, still clears itself when let alone—it would make us quite superior to the ills and disturbances of our mortal state; for though it should not render us insensible to pain, it will give us a command of sufficient relief. It will sweeten every dispensation which nature resents. It will preserve us from giving any just offence, rid us of all evil conceits,

and so keep us at peace without and within. Charity, in some of her forms of manifestation, will melt the hardest heart, and charm the fiercest spirit; it will bind as with a spell the arm of violence and the tongue of detraction, bring heart to heart, and change bitterness and impatience into meekness and repose. The exhibition of this temper, when we do but express our delight in the diffusion of goodness, will not only tend to dissolve enmities and reconcile differences, but is both the breath and aliment of all the durable friendships and regards of life. It is "the bond of peace," the agreement of spirits which itself has united in a vital oneness—a semblance of light and purity. It is the fire that kindles and assimilates to itself all it touches, spreading itself among materials most unlike itself, yet leaving with them all something of its heat and brightness. No one can resist its sway, in whom humanity is not quite extinct. A charity, which "vaunteth not itself, and thinketh no evil," will take us into bonds such as angels feel. We need but to make it ours, that we may own and welcome its control as our chief, our sufficient good. It would make this world but a starry way to heaven,—light and joyous enough for our best endurance here. Its mild and serene countenance, its timely and gentle words, its duteous and obliging gesture, its open and fair dealing, its quickness and delight to do any good service, its patient endurance of hardships, and its happy disposal of crosses—these are the things which we must admire, which must daunt our evil growth, and win us to goodness, if worthy to be won.

Would we then rise above the common lot of humanity, and have, in a sort, an empire of happiness which

nothing can successfully invade, we must have this temper, whose art it is to gather from all events the best good and the least evil they may bring. It alone can complete us for life, carry us gently to its close, and make the grave to us

“A place of thought, where we in waiting lie.”

It qualifies us to take all events without harm. Prosperity will not elate and harden us, when the heart, in mindfulness of the needs and sufferings of others, disposes us to improve it as the instrument of greater good to them; nor will adversity disaffect or greatly depress us, when we are not obliged to contemplate it as the fruit of our ill-doing, and have benevolence enough to find delight in the kind offices and good successes of others. To him whose heart is cold and selfish, and who follows only that which makes for his own interest without delight or concern in the welfare of others, prosperity is fruitless and adversity is comfortless. His adversity is comfortless, because his selfishness will not only prevent his receiving refreshment from the successes of others, but, under the forms of pride and envy, will convert those very successes into the occasions of fresh impatience and pain. His prosperity is fruitless and void of substantial good to himself, because it becomes the aliment of his most uneasy and hurtful passions and appetites; and it is fruitless and void of good to others, because it rather lifts him above than softens him down to a participation of their condition; and we must poorly enjoy any of the advantages or faculties of nature or fortune if we but share them alone. To do this, is to use ourselves and the

world by abuse. And the way of the transgressor, in these respects, is a hard way. It is a way which indulges and nourishes the lower and baser principles of his nature, and harms and shocks the more elevated and divine, in the culture of which true happiness and dignity consist. Our happiness must be of an order that accords with the proper aims and destination of our being, or it will droop and languish even in the day of prosperity; as the plant that has no earth, when once the sun shines on it, which, but for this defect, would raise it to life and glory. We may bury and lose ourselves in a profusion of good things, which we will not spread out and improve for the general good, but we shall not find our happiness in that seclusion. The things we dote upon will not be to us the realities our fondness would make them, but only the shows and shadows of that which we find not. But our abundance, when used as the means of doing good, will secure for us thanks and commendation from without, and work comfort and satisfaction within, as the occasions of exercising our best and purest feelings. The goods that do not make us thankful and benevolent, bless us not. The bounties which we share not with others, are to us as mines of which we have not tried the value. He who has all treasures in himself, must needs spread them out in the work of his hands; he must, in a sort, have his "delight with the sons of men;" and we may not be happy save in the imitation of him. It is not happiness that which we feel, without the sympathy and participation of other beings. We are all fashioned after the same original idea, and agree together in the same essential ingredients of our constitution, differing most in outward appearance, and in the accidental ap-

pendages of life, yet uniting as one and indivisible in the only true sources of excellence and enjoyment, and in valuation and destiny as creatures; so that, as by a law of our nature, when we have fellowship with others, we are in full communion with ourselves; when we are kind to them, and yield them obedience, we best assert our dignity and respect ourselves; when we feed and comfort them in distress, we truly supply our own wants, and bind up our own wounds, for we "are all members one of another." We cannot transgress these laws of blood, break away from these relations of the "inner man," without doing violence to ourselves, obstructing the sources of our highest enjoyment, and opening those of perpetual strife and degeneracy in the household of our affections.

Philadelphia.

THE FRIEND ABOVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.”

THE rust hath found thy gold,
 Though lock'd within thy thought;
 And in thy richest vestment's fold,
 The moth its vengeance wrought.

The robber to thy hoard
 Hath cut his secret way—
 And what the toil of ages stor'd,
 A moment swept away.

If thou a wealth wouldst gain,
 Refin'd from earthly dross,
 And lay thy treasure up in heaven,
 Thou shouldst not suffer loss.

There was a tender love,
 Which all resistless stole,
 Until the Giver of thy joys
 Was banish'd from thy soul.

A blast thine idol shook,
 Cold in the grave it slept,—
 If thou hadst sought a friend above,
 Thou hadst not thus have wept.

Hartford, (Con.)





THE DEATH OF SAPPHIRA.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

SAPPHIRA! Sapphira, awake!

Alas! she is gone in the sleep
That but the archangel can break;
For life hath no slumber so deep.

'Tis Death! his pale ashes are cast
On those withered lips, where but now
An insult to Heaven was pass'd;
His dumbness hath followed the vow!

An arrow from God, swift and sure,
Hath blasted the pride of the clay;
The spirit, in boldness secure,
In guilt hath been stricken away.

Oh, child of delusion! to stand
The chosen of Jesus among,
To cover the fraud of thy hand
By falsehood to him on thy tongue!

How vain the deceit of the heart,
To shroud in a mantle so frail!
Its perfidy, thus, by its art
To think from Omniscience to veil!

Lost woman! but three hours before,
The form of thy partner in sin

Was borne, wan and cold, from the door
Where thou didst so rashly come in.

And they who had carried him out,
The clods o'er his bosom to lay,
Were waiting the threshold about,
To bear thy sad ruin away.

Sapphira, could Mercy restore
Or Pity thy spirit recall
To light up its dwelling once more,
It should not thus hopelessly fall.

But Mercy besought thee in vain
From death's awful brink to recede;
To shun the despair and the pain
Where she is forbidden to plead.

And Pity's warm tear-drops must roll
The more, that she cannot relume
The walls whence the self-wounded soul
Hath fled to a suicide's doom.

How potent, how maddening the love,
O Gold, of a mortal must be,
To challenge an arm from above—
To stake earth and heaven for thee!

For Justice to Judgment will call;
And who shall their coming abide,
When wrath the most fearful of all,
The wrath of the Lamb, is defied?

TRUE HEROISM.

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

“You have been good to come home so early to-day, and I am very glad. I have just put Edward in the cradle, have got my little tea-table ready, and had come out into the piazza, that I might look up the mountain-road, to see if you were coming; but I looked too far, and did not think you were so near.”

“Yes, I found my little patient much better. I think she will now live; and I felt so much relieved, that I hastened home to enjoy a sun-set with you, and to see you wonder at the dark shadow of the western mountain, as it creeps up that high mountain in the east. And what think you now, Phebe,—shall we become happy in our new home here,—away from friends and the world to be sure, but certainly one of the most lovely spots on earth? What think you, Phebe, shall we not become very happy here?”

“We *are* very happy already, William; and if I sometimes feel lonely when you are away, especially as it was last evening, when I could hear nothing but the roar of our river, or the howl of a wolf, while I was listening to hear the footsteps of Charley with his master on his back; and if I sometimes think of all our circle of friends whom we have left behind us; yet I *am* happy, and this *is* a delightful home; our prospects are good, and our hopes bright. The mail comes

within eight miles of us, once every fortnight; and I shall never feel otherwise than happy, while our cup is so full of mercies. But I must get our tea; and I hear Eddy moving."

Such was a conversation between a young physician and his beautiful young wife, at the close of a sweet summer's day. They were standing in the piazza of a small, new house, which his industry and enterprise had just reared. It stood in a deep but most lovely valley, between two lofty prominences of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. In front of their house and eastward, ran the road, which followed the valley through the state; and a little beyond, the beautiful little Battenkill river ran and tumbled among the smooth rocks, which frequently turned aside its current, here causing an abrupt corner, and there a graceful curve. Behind these rocks the waters curled around in dark eddies, which were here and there again broken by the bright, golden trout, as he leaped up, and, at a single snap, caught the poor fly or beetle as he incautiously fanned and cooled his wings, after the toils of the day, too near the water. A little farther east, rose the lofty mountain, covered with forest trees, thick and rich, now growing dark and mysterious by the shadows of the western mountain, as he heaved up his huge body between it and the setting sun.

You need to be there to understand the witchery of such a sun-set. The forest trees just move in the evening breeze, as if beginning to grow drowsy, and to nod. The top of the western mountain is gold and purple; while the rays of the setting sun show bright green forests, as they go up higher and higher on the opposite side of the valley; while here and there a white

marble slab, dressed and polished only by the hand of nature, gleams from the side of the mountain, as if too modest to do more than just peep out through the trees, and too vain of its beauty to keep itself entirely out of sight. The murmur of the river seems to swell almost into a roar, as the evening deepens. The mountain-birds, among whom are heard the sweet,—the indescribably sweet, melancholy notes of the wood-robin, have all ceased their songs, with the exception of a solitary whip-poor-will, who has ventured down into the garden, and squatting on the camomile-bed, is now uttering, in low tones, a thick clucking, as if afflicted with the asthma, while his public notes are loud, clear, shrill, and echoed from mountain to mountain, as if twenty fellows were trying to vie with him, while every attempt seems fainter and more distant.

This was the home of the young physician and his wife, and their first-born. They had left an older state, where they had moved in the first circles of society, and had come hither full of hope and full of happiness. The sorrows which had hitherto met them, were nothing more than a feeling of loneliness on her part, as she was mostly left alone with her little boy, and of anxiety on his part, as he now and then stood over a patient whom disease and death were pursuing even there. They were young, their prospects fair, were in good health, buoyant in spirits, his reputation was increasing as well as his practice, and it seemed as if the angel of mercy would never cease to watch around their dwelling; and that the wings of the Almighty, like the shadows of the mountain, would always be spread over them.

* * * * *

Years passed away. The scenes of nature were unaltered. The Green Mountains stood there still. The beautiful river, untired, still rolled its tribute of pure waters onward, murmuring and feverish, as if unable and unwilling to find a place for a pause. The elm had grown up, and hung gracefully over that home. The spring still gushed out its waters at the head of the garden. But the house was silent. The piazza had fallen to decay, the windows were closed, the gate was nailed up, the garden full of weeds and briars, and the foot-path to the spring grown over with grass. The whip-poor-will had forsaken his stand, and the owl hooted in the barn. The physician and his wife had become the parents of several children, still young. And where were they now? A small white stone, under an aged oak in a distant grave-yard, told where *he* sleeps till the morning of the resurrection. That wife, so young, so beautiful, so full of hope, was seen day after day, sitting on a rock by the sea-side, looking off upon the waters as they rolled by. No one knew, save He who tuned the harp of a thousand strings, what was passing within, except as the countenance, expressive of deep sorrow, indicated that an intense fire was feeding at her heart. She was a maniac, no more to enjoy her reason while her spirit inhabited its disordered tabernacle of clay.

A few words tell the story. For years this family were happy, frugal, prosperous and ambitious. He was high in his profession, and was fast rising in political life, when, by a mysterious providence, he was crushed by a single blow. For two years he did not rise from his bed; and, when he did rise, he came out a poor cripple, full of pain and sorrow. The grave

only relieved him. The blow was too sudden and too severe for his wife. Sick and feverish at the fall of the stroke, it destroyed her reason for ever. Their hopes were blasted, and her heart crushed,—he carried to an early grave, and she a homeless widow, not able to take care of her children, and they too young to take care of her.

But I am going too fast. By a long and most expensive sickness, and with no mother who could take care of the family, all the little property which the young physician had saved, was gone. Nothing remained at his death. Just before he died, he gathered his little children around his bed-side, and gave to each his counsels, his admonitions, and his blessing. Upon the youngest, a boy of about five years of age, a kind of Benjamin, he laid his thin hand with peculiar emphasis, and from a full heart blessed him again and again.

“And you, Joseph, my poor little boy, will shortly have no father. In a few days you will see them bury your father up in the ground. Oh! had you a mother who could take care of you—a home that could shelter you—a heart that could feel for you as I feel,—I should leave you in peace. But why should I not now? That God, who feeds the young birds when they cry; who shelters the young lamb from the storm; and who wraps the poor worm up in the leaf,—will surely take care of you, my own dear boy. Never forget, after I am gone, that you have a better Father in heaven. Ask Him to take care of you; pray to Him to be your Father, and make you good for Jesus Christ’s sake. Give your father one more kiss, Joseph; and now, farewell!”

In a few hours the father was gone. The poor widow

sat aside from the rest of the mourners, for her sorrow had no communion with theirs. She uttered a kind of deep moan, talking continually about the steep mountain side, and apprehending that "the Doctor would be thrown from his carriage before reaching home." And then she would go to the window and look out as she used to do, and complain that the "mountain-road" was so dark that she could not see it.

The next day the children were in the room by themselves, planning with a neighbour about the funeral. They could all appear decent, except little Joseph. He had no shoes. A poor widow, half a mile off, offered to lend him her Robert's for that occasion,—glad to do even a little for the family of one who had often been with her in the hour of trouble and distress. They gladly availed themselves of the offer, and the little fellow followed his father to the grave in a pair of borrowed shoes.

A few days after the funeral, these children were sitting together, planning how they might procure a pair of shoes for little Joseph. At length it occurred to them that their father might have a demand against some honest shoemaker to an amount that would procure the shoes. At once they fell to conning over his day-book, and to their great joy soon found an honest demand sufficiently large. The shoes were procured, and the child borrowed no more. I mention these little incidents, because they made a deep impression on the mind of the little boy, and because "little Joseph" is to be the subject of my brief tale.

There is no place for the creation and development of character like New England. It is a wonderful spot upon this footstool of the Eternal. In many parts of it, the

winter is long and cold, the snows deep, and the months are dreary. In many parts the fields are covered with rocks, in which the mica shines most plentifully. In other parts, the pine grows on large tracts of sandy soil; and in others still, the blackbird swarms in swamps which remain from age to age, unsubdued and undisturbed. It is a hard soil. The valleys, mostly running north and south, are beautiful; but the ragged hills on each side are frequently too steep even for the sheep to climb. But with all this, MEN are raised there. The traveller from a more sunny clime, and a more generous soil, is astonished to see the number and beauty of snow-white villages, each one embosomed in trees and shrubbery, sitting on some side hill, and looking off like some young queen. He is astonished to find that hardly a stream can leap down wild from the mountain, without at once being seized and tamed, and made to turn the wheels of some machinery; and scarcely can one steal away so noiselessly through the forest, as not to be pressed into the service of man. He goes into a small, red building by the wayside, with a pond hardly sufficient for a duck to bathe in, and is surprised to find things manufactured here which have gone through the land, and which, for abundance and excellence, he naturally supposed must have been manufactured in a building at least six stories high, with an apparatus corresponding with the building. He will find shops, which might be taken for little tool shops, in which articles are made, of a quality and beauty so superior, that they are not unfrequently imitated across the great waters, and stamped with the name of the Yankee patentee. He will find a school-house every two miles, in good order, filled with a hardy race of children, whose bright

faces indicate that mind within has already become awakened. He is very likely, too, to find the little brook near by the school-house, with a dam across it, and a wheel kept in perpetual motion, as if a young factory was about to grow up under the very eaves of the school-house. The climate, and the frugality and industry of the population, render them a peculiar race. Few young men have any thing to depend upon, except a good education and habits of industry. Few fail of obtaining an honourable competency, though there is usually a hard struggle at the point midway between poverty and thrift. This point once passed, they have no difficulty. Accustomed, often from very childhood, to rely upon their own energies and resources, there are few difficulties which they cannot overcome, few trials which they cannot endure, and few circumstances of depression above which they cannot rise. Minds which have given destiny to the nation, and which have been the astonishment of the world, have been reared up here. Many a great man, the pride of his country, has gone from the halls of legislation to the home of his childhood, and, when he reached it, alighted at the small, humble dwelling of the virtuous farmer or mechanic. The old man and the son meet, the one not feeling that his son has done better than he ought, or than might be expected; and the other feeling that his character is owing entirely, under God, to impressions which these aged parents made upon him when a child, and to the habits which they caused to become his own. Physical constitutions are here formed which can endure any climate; ingenuity is created which can extricate from almost any difficulties; a boldness which can endure any dangers; and an iron energy

which can carry the adventurer through any undertaking; and a strong, cautious, clear judgment, which frees from rashness as well as imbecility. There is no place for the creation of character like New England.

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Things, which to the human eye may seem small and unworthy of notice, may afterwards be found to be necessary links in a chain of great length and power. This is often evident in the natural world, but perhaps it is still more frequently made evident in the moral world. The father of this little boy had been dead about five years. The family, of course, had all been scattered. Joseph lived in a retired spot with a distant relative, an honest, good-hearted sailor, half farmer and half sailor, who treated him in general with kindness, but who, from defects in his own education, and from a want of self-government, was no desirable example for such a child to copy. The little incident which I am about to mention, was one among many which had an effect, probably a very decided effect, in forming the character of one who was left to be educated by the impressions of circumstances. His friend had a small farm, on which the boy worked with such men as from time to time happened to be employed. In a remote field stood a large tulip-tree, a tree apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species of tree. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree of huge dimensions, standing all alone, is a sublime object. On the top of this tree, for years an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year, and unmolested raised her young. What is remarkable, if it be remarkable, this tree stood full ten miles

from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle tree." On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed; but Joseph sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next." Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to "lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea! Joseph now determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. What boy has not thus watched the flight of the bird of his country in this way? She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding

the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as,—save the cooking,—a king might admire. “Glorious bird!” cried the boy in ecstasy and aloud; “what a spirit! Other birds can fly swifter—others can sing more sweetly—others scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed—when weary—when discouraged—when so far from the sea,—would do it! Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will *never* forget, hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but thou, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all. I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something, and to be something in the world; *and I will never yield to discouragements.*”

Such in substance—for I do not, of course, pretend that I have given the very words in which his thoughts were clothed—were the reflections of Joseph. The next day, from the fulness of the heart, he inadvertently dropped the hint of his determination to go to College some day, and received a hearty share of ridicule for the idea. But there can be no doubt but his mind received an impression, and his decision of character an increase from this circumstance, which was felt in all subsequent years.

Three years after this, a boy was seen tripping merrily along towards Philadelphia, with a stiff hickory cane in one hand, and a small bundle in the other. He

was alone, and on foot. This was the eighth day of his solitary travels, which he had continued to pursue with the sum of fifty cents a day. In his checkered handkerchief were all his worldly goods, consisting of a Testament, a few shirts with a black ribbon in the collar of each, and a small number of unimportant articles of dress. He was overtaken by a man on horseback, with a knowing, and somewhat dignified look. The boy at once recognised him as an old schoolmaster, to whom he had been for instruction, several winters before, in a free school. At first he seemed unwilling to use his memory, when hailed by the boy; but his good nature soon obtained the ascendancy.

“What, Joseph, is it you, down here so far from home?”

“It is indeed, sir; and I am right glad to see you, Mr. Beckwith.”

“But where are you going, my boy?”

“To Philadelphia, sir.”

“What, all alone? How old are you? What are you going there for, eh?”

“Thirteen years old next month, sir. My cousin, Mr. Eaton, told me last spring, that if I could get to him he would help me to a better education than I could get in Connecticut. So I have been contriving all summer how to get money enough to get there. I am now on the way, and hope to get there to-morrow morning, if I can get over that great river. I have got out of my way twice, already.”

“Out of your way twice! Why don’t you inquire, as I used to teach you? But I suppose you forget what I used to teach you, now that you are going to get a *better* education!”

"I did inquire, sir; but they called me a run-away boy, and so I stopped asking, for I did not like that; and I found my way again by the guide-posts. *I never feel discouraged.*" •

"Ay, that's right, that's right; just as I used to teach you. I always said you would make something or nothing. But I hope you have got money enough to get there?"

"I have, sir, and shall have a little left."

"Ah! how much will you have?"

"Why, if I can find another kind lady to-night, I shall get there with as many as six half dollars."

"Right, again. And now remember to be a good boy, and always do just as I used to teach you, and you will do well enough."

The friends again exchanged greetings, and separated. The schoolmaster held on his way in his vocation, in which he felt himself "almost omnipotent," while the boy soon found a new home in a land of strangers, amid temptations new and strong.

What was the precise history of this youth for a number of years, I cannot tell. I will, however, relate here and there an incident, as he related them to me some years afterwards.

He was musing at his window one evening, after the labours of the day. The cool, evening breeze began to play, and the hum of business began to die away, so that the footsteps of the throng on the side-walks began to fall with that sharp sound which *almost* calls back an echo—a tread and a sound peculiar to a great city. The tide of living beings, rich and poor, high and low, black and white, was pouring along, each heart centered in itself, and each making itself the centre of the world

to him. Just then a splendid carriage came rolling along. The deep bays, as if aware that they were made to be looked at, moved with a light but moderate step, curving and tossing their heads as if in scorn of the poor human beings who lacked their food and care. The carriage contained a wealthy merchant and his joyous family. They were full of life; the little ones with their hands full of flowers, which they had procured at one of those splendid gardens which adorn the suburbs of Philadelphia.

"That merchant," said Joseph to himself, "came here a poor, penniless boy. Without friends or aid he has become rich—has two or three great stores, ships on the ocean, a splendid house, and such a carriage! Why may I not do so likewise? I see I can never become a learned man, and take my place among the educated minds of the land; but I know I can be rich if I try. Yes, and I will yet go back to my native village in my own carriage, and they shall see what a poor boy can do for himself. They shall see a proud head yet!"

Just as these lofty and splendid images were passing through the imagination, a young friend,—now in heaven,—opened the door, and sat down by his side.

"Well, Dergy, I was just thinking about"——

"So have I been thinking about you, Joseph, all day."

"Ah! I am glad your thoughts were so well employed. Pray what about me did you think? That I am soon to be hanged, if I may judge from your looks."

"Forgive my seriousness, Joseph; but you have a *soul*—an imperishable *mind* to be saved or lost for ever. This life, which may end at any moment, is your only time to secure your salvation. My own life,

I am certain, is almost over; and it has been impressed on my mind that I must talk with you respecting your salvation. Have you never had any anxiety for the salvation of your soul?"

"Why, no. I have lived morally, have done no hurt, and I know that God is good. I have never done any thing to offend him. I am not in the least afraid that he will cast me off; and I beg that you will have no anxiety about what gives me no trouble. Come, come, away with that grave face; I am in no mood for it. We shall yet ride in a coach together often."

The conversation was *not* dropped until an hour after. No impressions seemed to be made, and the friend left him, feeling that his anxiety and conversation were alike lost.

That night Joseph did not sleep. When, at length, the morning broke, it found him pale, gloomy, irritable, and at war in his feelings with every thing. The glorious sun shed not a ray of light in which he could rejoice. He arose, and went up the sky, like a king in his majesty; but to this one heart he seemed clothed in sackcloth. The fact was, the Spirit of God was calling up his sins, and "setting them in order" before him, and he could not rejoice in any thing. Morose and wretched, a continual noise seeming to be in his ears, he walked out of the city—away and alone. The beautiful Schuylkill was then comparatively a lonely river. The noise of the spindle and the loom was not associated with the Indian name of Manayunk; the rail-road cars did not leap over the giddy chasm of the Wissahiccon; and the coal-boats had not learned to be ever coming and going up and down the Schuylkill, as at the present time. The young man climbed up one

of those steep and wonderful hills which seem to rise like pillows, against which the river rubs itself into a murmur, and in a lonely spot sat down, for his feet seemed to refuse to carry him farther. He then tried to pray, but his tongue refused to utter the words. A dark, indescribable feeling of horror filled his bosom, while the terrors of the violated law of God and a guilty conscience seemed to be laying their grappling-irons upon his naked soul. Tears of agony, not of repentance and contrition, flowed freely. Many times he rushed to the river and washed them away, and resolved that henceforth he would live a better life—would try to please God, and become good. But something seemed to say, “Will that atone for the past? Will you do it because you love God and a good life, or because you wish to pacify conscience with good resolutions? You have lived without God, been disobedient, ungrateful and unthankful, and will the promise of your poor obedience in future atone for your past life? Will this house, which you are now building upon the sand, be safe when the storms rise, and the floods come and beat upon it? Is your promised amendment and obedience any thing but self-righteousness in a new form; and has the Lord Jesus Christ any thing to do with it, except as you cast in his name to make out your righteousness in full measure, and to turn the balance in your favour? Is this any thing more than seizing the best materials within your reach, with which to construct a ladder by which to get out of this ‘horrible pit, and this miry clay?’ Are you not contriving how you may appease God, when you know that you do not love him? If God, from this moment and for ever, should feel towards you just as you do towards him,

would you dare rejoice in such a friendship?" The conscience answered, "No, no—my heart is cold, and dead in sin—selfish and vile. I am a ruined, lost sinner. I deserve nothing better than to be left under the dominion of sin for ever. I will arise and go to my Father, and say, Father, 'I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am not worthy to be called thy son.' I will consecrate my life to God. I will rejoice in his holiness. I will go to the cross of his Son, and throw myself upon his mercy; and, if I perish, I will perish there."

A few weeks after this season of review and distress, this youth was seen standing up before the great congregation, and uttering these vows in public. His life was not to be his own. The coach, and the trappings of wealth, were enchanting no longer. They were forgotten; while the desire for cultivating, enlarging, and disciplining the mind, and making it an instrument of usefulness, was every day growing stronger and stronger. It was all he had, with which to do good while he lived on earth. The desire to go to college was now rekindled with inextinguishable ardour. He resolved that it should be done. But what difficulties were in the way? He was without friends, among strangers, and entirely destitute of property, with not a single voice to encourage. Indeed, I have heard him say, that without a single exception, every individual with whom he conversed endeavoured to discourage him. One thought it a bold undertaking, and one which could never be carried through. Another, that he had not talents sufficient by which to become a scholar. A third, that he might make a good business-man, and it was a great pity to spoil him for business. He

had not a friend to encourage, or the means to purchase a Latin Grammar, when he determined to study.

A year or two after this, a young man was passing through New Jersey on his way to the nearest college in his native New England, with his wardrobe under one arm, and the books with which he fitted for college under the other. Who that has ever entered college, conscious that he was but indifferently fitted to enter and to compete with those who had every advantage, can forget the fears and doubts which drove away his peace for weeks previous? How anxious to have friends examine him that they may add to his confidence? But to go alone, destitute, with not a friend to sympathize, or cheer, or aid,—this is a trial through which a kind Providence calls but a few to pass. More than once in the course of the journey, did Joseph hear people ask if he wanted “to hire himself out;” or, in more polite words perhaps, ask if he “was seeking employment.” But onward he went, resolved that he would fit himself to honour God, and to be useful among men, trusting that the approving eye of the great Redeemer was upon him for good. With money barely sufficient to reach college, it would have been a mystery to all, had all known his circumstances, how he could thus hope against hope. But enter college he did.

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Did the reader ever enter the steamboat at Whitehall, and follow the muddy creek along up amid the wild scenery, here scaring up a solitary heron, and there a wild duck, wondering what would come next, till the heights and fort of Ticonderoga came in sight, and the beautiful Lake Champlain began to open, amid scenery scarcely surpassed in creation? Did he ever sit under

the awning of this same boat, elegant and bright like a bird of the lake, watching the ever-varying scenes, till Burlington was before him, sitting on the side-hill, modest and beautiful as one of her own daughters in her teens, and gazing gently down upon him? Did he not leave this sweet village with regret,—the squares, the lawns, the college, and even the fishing boy with his long line searching for the fish down the deep waters? And as he gazed back, did he not wonder how he could love this spot so much in so short a time? Did he not wonder still more, that he could so soon forget all this, as he passed on amid the increasing loveliness opening up the lake? Did the reader never look with admiration upon that enchanting spot called Grand Isle—anchored off as if cooling herself in the lake; while Plattsburg and St. Albans, like an eye in each state, New York and Vermont, seem to be casting most coveting glances upon this water-nymph? If he has not seen all this, he has much pleasure before him, should he ever visit this delightful region.

Before the steamboat had learned to traverse these waters, the lake and the isle were there, just as they are now. At the close of the day, in early autumn, I rode up to a small tavern on the lower point of the island, just in sight of the place around which during the last war, the British fleet hove on a bright Sabbath morning. There the cannon roared, the groans of death were heard, the blood reddened the waters, and the shouts of victory were heard—the victory of McDonough! I was standing in the little piazza, and calling to mind this strife of blood between two nations bound together by every tie—and between which no other feelings save those of mother and daughter ought

ever to exist,—when the landlady came up, and asked me to step up stairs and see “a poor sick young man—a stranger.”

“Do you know who he is, or where he came from?”

“No, sir. He came across the lake, a few days since; and when he rode up, I thought he must be intoxicated. He could hardly sit on his horse; and when he stopped, he rather fell off than got off. He has been here three days; and though I have tried to coax him, yet he has eaten nothing but one soft egg a-day since he came. The poor fellow tells me he has no friends, and I think he is not long for this world. He seems to be a very good man.”

On entering the chamber I found him on the bed, leaning on his elbow, and gazing out of the window upon the same spot at which I had just been looking. He seemed glad to see a new face; told me his name was Joseph —, a member of the junior class in college; that he had left college, as a last resort to gain his health, which was prostrated by study. He was supposed to be in, what is there called, the “galloping consumption,”—had reached this spot, and here became too feeble to go farther. Others thought he was near the grave, and would never leave this place: but he was cheerful, elastic, expecting to live and do much good. I shook my head, but did not shake his hopes or confidence. I never before saw a spirit so buoyant, so confident in the belief that God would use it as an instrument of usefulness to men. It seemed as if nothing short of the hand of death could crush, or even repress this hope. He had a dreadful cough, and every symptom seemed discouraging. Even his hopes—were they not such as every consumptive patient cherishes? I

left him, when I could possibly stay no longer, determined to call him my friend if he lived, and to weep over him if he died. I even selected a beautifully romantic spot, which the good landlady agreed should be the resting place of the poor student, if he died there. I was nearly as confident that he would, as if I had seen his grave opened.

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He did not die. It was years before I again saw my friend. Every time I heard from him, brought me the tidings that he was steadily, silently, *surely* advancing towards the goal upon which his eye was fixed, and which he always saw, let what clouds soever there might be, come between him and it. If his mind was not what might be called brilliant, and if his feelings were not so much like phosphorus as some admire,—yet for strength of conception, for accuracy of judgment, for weighing the reasons and causes of events and things, few were his superiors. I saw him struggle into his profession, and rejoiced that already he had acquired that best of all capital,—character.

I will bring my friend before the reader but once more. He had been in his profession some years, and so had I, when we met unexpectedly, under circumstances peculiarly interesting. I was passing through one of those small, quiet, beautiful villages, with which New England abounds, when I came to a neat little house, surrounded by flowers and shrubbery. At the gate two females were standing, engaged in conversation in low tones. Just as I was passing them, I heard one of them say, “Mr. Joseph —— has come, and is now with her.”

“Do you know Mr. Joseph ——?” said I.

"Yes, sir, very well. He often comes here to see about his mother; at least he comes every year."

"And is he here now? I did not know that he had a mother. Is she now living?"

"Why, sir, he has a mother, indeed. She has been a poor, deranged creature for many years—as long ago as he can remember—ay, and longer too. But he has been very kind to her."

"Yes, yes, I will vouch for that. I know him well. But does his mother live with him?"

"No sir; she lives in this very house. He has supported her for many years, like a good son, though she don't know him. But she is dying now, and he has come here, after riding all night. He is now in that house."

I was soon passing through the front-yard to greet my friend, but as I approached the door, which stood ajar, I recollected that it was the house of death. And we always unconsciously tread softly in the house of the dying, as if the noise of the footstep would both disturb the spirit about leaving its clay, and grate harshly upon the ear listening to the dying groans of a loved one. On entering the room, I saw my friend sitting with his back towards me, and holding in his arms an aged female. She was tall, noble in mien; but even then, while the breath came and went slowly and painfully, every breath seeming to be the last, the wild look of the eye told the tale—reason was still gone. The son was raising her up with the left arm, while with the right hand he administered some simple drink. He was looking anxiously into her countenance, to see if it were not possible to catch at least one look, one ray of light from reason, which might possibly glimmer

again. He often pronounced the endearing word "mother." Was the harp so crushed and shattered, that its mysterious strings could not emit one more sound? She evidently knew not the arm that sustained her, and had been sustaining her for years. To test her state of mind once more, he tried the talismanic name, and pronounced the word "the Doctor." A slight cloud seemed to pass over her face for a moment. Her mind was going back to other years.

"The Doctor! Oh, he has not come home. I will go and look up the mountain-road, to see if he is not coming. There is an awful place somewhere there, and I am afraid he will drive into it. It is getting dark, very dark, but it don't thunder, and I hope the Doctor will get home safe. I have put them all to bed, just as he loves to see them—even little Jose himself, though he cried hard to sit up till his father came home. He is a queer little fellow, that Jose—and I hope he will live."

"My mother, my mother, can you not know me?" groaned my friend.

"Yes, yes—you are—a good neighbour. But sure I hear the Doctor's horse! Has he got over that dreadful place? I must go to the door and meet him, and tell him about Jose; he said his prayers just as if he loved to say them, and I love to hear praying even from a child. And it comforts me, too, to have you come in and pray so often; but why don't you come when the Doctor is in? I know he would be glad to hear you. But oh! how dark it grows—my head too—the Doctor, and the children—the road down the mountain"—

It was all over. The spirit, so long confined to the

deranged habitation—the spirit, undiseased, rose to that God who made it. My friend, with his own hand, closed the eyes, which had not recognised him since his very childhood—till they shall open in the morning of the resurrection-day. For some minutes he sat holding the lifeless clay of his mother, evidently engaged in thinking over the mysteries of an all-wise and holy Providence, and praying that the gates of everlasting day might be opened to the ascending spirit. He then carefully laid down the corpse, and our eyes met for the first time. We rushed into each other's arms, and then tears flowed in abundance.

“Do you think,” said he, “that it is possible for a soul, situated in Providence as that poor woman has been for so many years,—do you think it possible that it may be sanctified and redeemed?”

“Let me ask you a question first: do you suppose it was the *spirit*, or the *body* that was diseased?”

“A new question truly; but I had always supposed both. What do you say?”

“I say that if both are diseased, then the spirit has passed into eternity, and gone back to its God diseased,—and a process of cure must go on there. No, I believe the *body* was diseased, and that the mind in such a body, could not receive correct impressions of outward objects. But I believe the mind within, is unscathed,—as music is untouched, while the harp through which it is poured, is crushed and broken. Consequently, I do believe the Holy Spirit may have access to the soul of the maniac, who was suddenly cut off from the common conditions of probation, and may there carry on a process of sanctification of which we may be unconscious. From what we know of mind, I

believe this *may* be so; and from what I know of the mercy of that God which has created the mind, and can have ways of access to it of which we are wholly ignorant, I believe it *is*, at least, frequently so. I can, therefore, conscientiously say, I believe there is hope, strong hope, and a *rational* hope, concerning your poor mother."

I staid with my friend till "dust had returned to dust." He followed his mother to the grave, a solitary mourner.

I have seen this man occupying a most commanding place in the church of God, commanding in influence, respectability and usefulness; I have heard him speak in manly tones, and with surprising power, before the great congregation; and I have seen his writings published in other countries and in other languages;—but I have never seen him where he appeared so truly great, as he did when he sat on the bed-side holding in his arms his dying mother. I have seen many most enviable characters, but few to be compared to this man for traits noble, manly, Christian. I never see him without admiring the native energy of his character, the wonderful providences by which he was led, and the fields of usefulness to which he has been conducted.

Philadelphia.

PRAYER.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

PRAYER makes us holy. But it seem'd with her
 To be some purer breathing of the soul,
 Than that which bows it to the altar-place,
 Beneath vast domes—'mid saints and images,
 And the great choirs.—There sat upon her brow
 A glory from above, that hallows prayer,
 And sanctifies the service.—As she knelt
 The rich hair cluster'd on her snowy neck,
 Shadowing the beauty that it could not veil;
 And her small chisel'd hand beneath the moon
 Gleam'd pale and trembling.—From her parted lips
 There went low sound of music—and the tone
 Was of a spirit that is heard in Heaven
 When Earth gives back no echo!

But her eye!

O who shall whisper of that light!—how far,
 And yet how tangible! You could gaze in,
 As to deep waters—when the sky is bow'd,
 A second Heaven pictur'd in the fount
 Of an unfathom'd glory!

I could hear

The voice of that sweet prayer—and as I heard
 My head was bent in stillness to the book,
 And my lip mov'd in reverence.

'Twas a prayer

Like that which angels chant above their lyres,

As they bend o'er them 'mid the listening stars!
It was that prayer of nobler eloquence,
Whose voice falls gently on us—but whose soul
Sweeps like a tide about us!

Oh! how deep,
How wondrous is this magic sympathy,
That breathes of Earth, yet fashions us for Heaven!

Portland, (Me.)

A MOTHER AT THE COUCH OF HER SLEEPING CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JOHN S. LARNED.

SLEEP, like the sigh of Summer,
Has sooth'd them into rest:—
How soft the breathing murmur
Of each young, guileless breast!

My lovely bairns! Dear, precious ties!
I scarce can hold the tears
Which gather in my brimming eyes,
As I gaze upon ye, dears!

The round cheek, almost hiding
The little dimpled arm—
The golden ringlets, twining
Around those brows so calm.

My fair, bright, smiling Annie,
With voice like music's tone—

My Ellen, sweet and cannie,—
I joy that you're my own.

Is it a sigh you murmur,
As o'er your couch I bend?
Can grief, or wo, or sorrow,
To guileless bosoms tend?

O, could a mother's wishes
Bring blessings to you, dears,
I'd seek enduring riches,
High hopes beyond the spheres!

What are the fleeting pleasures
Of such a world as this,
Compar'd to heavenly treasures,
To never-ending bliss!

Earth has no gem so precious
As a bright, happy child!
Its sunny smile will soothe us,
Till of our griefs beguil'd.

If the holy Saviour took
These dear ones to his arms,
A mother sure may look
Exulting on their charms.

To thee, O blessed Saviour,
My little ones I give:
Bestow thy gracious favour,
That they in thee may live!

WHO WAS MARY MAGDALEN ?

BY MRS. OPIE.

THE general answer to this question would probably be, "She was the woman in the city which was a sinner," who, according to Luke, when Jesus sat at meat in the house of the Pharisee, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with ointment; *the* woman to whom he said, after having drawn a comparison between her conduct to him and that of the Pharisee, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace."

But there were evidently two anointings. The one above mentioned, which is recorded by Luke; and another related by John. The former, as taking place at Nain or Capernaum, in the house of a Pharisee named Simon; the latter, at "a house in Bethany, where they made him a supper."

On that occasion, the anointer was "Mary, the sister of Lazarus," who brought a very costly ointment to do the Saviour honour, with which she is said to have anointed both his head and feet; but though like the nameless "woman a sinner," she wiped his feet with her hair, she did not wash them with her tears; nor does the Saviour address her as he addressed the weep-

ing penitent when he dismissed her. But when Judas Iscariot rebuked Mary for not having sold the ointment, and given the money to the poor, the Lord replied, "Let her alone. Against the day of my burial has she done this. For the poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always."

And learned commentators are not generally agreed that the woman *a sinner*, and Mary, the sister of Lazarus, *cannot be the same person*; but they also declare their belief, that the woman who is said by Matthew and Mark to have anointed the Saviour as he sat at meat in Bethany, at the house of Simon the leper, was Mary, the sister of Lazarus."

But "Who, then, was Mary Magdalene? Was she not the sinner mentioned by Luke in his seventh chapter?" I answer, let us turn to the beginning of his eighth: "And it came to pass afterward, that he went throughout every city and village preaching and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, and the twelve were with him; and certain women which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities. *Mary, called Magdalene*, out of whom went seven devils, and Joanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others which ministered to him of their substance."

Now, surely if Mary Magdalene had been the sinner mentioned in the preceding pages, the evangelist would have begun his eighth, after the manner in which John began his eleventh chapter. "It was that Mary," John says, "which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick." And Luke would most likely have said, had the fact been so, "It was that Mary

Magdalene who was the woman, a sinner, who anointed the feet of the Saviour and washed them *with her tears*." But he knew they were two distinct persons, and he describes her by her own and only peculiarity, namely, that she was one out of whom went seven devils.

Another confirmation of this view of Mary Magdalene, is offered by the *last chapter of Mark*. "Now when Jesus was risen early, the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils." But had he known her to have been the sinner who had anointed the Saviour, and of whom he had previously written, there can be no doubt but that he would have mentioned the fact, as well as the other. Besides she was the associate of the wife of Herod's steward. She was allowed to minister of her substance to the wants of the Saviour, which could not have been permitted to the woman who was a well-known *sinner*; and she is always named *first* on the list of his female followers, as if she was entitled to precedence.

According to commentators, she was called Magdalene because she lived at *Magdala*, of Galilee—whence she probably came, in the humble reliance of faith, to seek the Saviour, in order to be cured of her malady, and had afterwards devoted herself to his service, from grateful affection.

And how richly was she repaid for her devotion to her Redeemer, and for that fearless love which led her to be

"Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

To her he first showed himself after he rose from the dead, and to her he confided the message to the disci-

ples, informing them of his approaching ascension. These circumstances have long led me to consider Mary Magdalene as the most favoured and most enviable of all the Saviour's female followers, and indeed of "all mankind;" and I might add, the most CALUMNIATED also.

The disciples were, in one respect, equally enviable, because they too had ocular demonstration of his resurrection before the cloud received him from their sight. But to us, whose faith in that resurrection is founded on written testimony alone, it is comforting to remember the words of the blessed Saviour to the sceptical Thomas: "Because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

Norwich, (Eng.) 2d mo. 26th, 1837.

THE ENVIED ONE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

WHOM do I envy most of womankind?
 Where does my heart this envied object find?
 Not in the chronicles of sovereign sway,
 Midst queens who bade admiring crowds obey—
 Nor in the records of bright Beauty's power—
 Nor in the Muses' Amaranthine bower—
 Nor e'en amidst those loftier rolls of Fame,
 Where Virtue's glory shines round woman's name:—
 Within the Gospel's hallow'd page I find
 Her whom I envy most of "womankind:"
 That Mary, who, as holy men record,
 The first beheld and hail'd her risen Lord!

E'en ere the dawn one feeble glimmering gave,
 The faithful follower sought "the Master's" grave,
 And found, where late the martyr'd Saviour lay,
 The tomb unclos'd, the body borne away.
 Then to the town, on rapid feet she fled,
 And to the grave the Lord's disciples led:
 Alarm'd, they saw and wonder'd, while they griev'd—
 But one disciple, as *he* mourn'd, believ'd:
 Yet to their homes e'en he at once return'd,
 While Mary still remain'd, and watch'd and mourn'd:
 When, as around she anxious glances sent,
 Or o'er the sepulchre desponding bent,

That far-fam'd Bethany, ordain'd to prove
The scene of power Divine, and pitying love ;
But still more deeply dear to Mary's breast,
Because 'twas there he gave his last behest,
Ere yet the cloud receiv'd him from the sight,
And bore the Conqueror to his throne of light.

Thus Fancy pictures Mary's closing days,
Varied with works of love, with prayer, with praise :
Thus sees her, o'er the darken'd present cast
The pure, celestial radiance of the past ;
Till, by the Master's voice the summons given,
The faithful MARY hail'd her Lord in Heaven.

Norwich, (Eng.) 2d mo. 26th, 1837.





L. P. 1711

COTTAGE PIETY.

BY J. K. MITCHELL, M.D.

"YOURS is a hard lot," said Thornton to his neighbour Thomson; "I wonder how you contrive to bear up under it."

"If," replied Thomson, "I looked to earth as the only resting place, I should indeed be most miserable. The loss of property to an old man is often irreparable, but the loss of his children is a still deeper affliction. An old man necessarily sees his friends fall into the grave; and he feels, as each one bids him adieu, that there is no one to fill the void in his heart. Those of his own age are like old trees, that may show fresh leaves, but put forth no new branches. They have the courtesies, but not the affections at command. Those who are younger, have little desire for new friendships. They prefer the congenial associations of a similar stage of life. They are under restraint with their seniors, and true friendship grows not in a stiff soil. An old man, therefore, as his aged props are cut from beneath him, falls downward on the supporting love of his children; and when they too are dashed to the ground, he has but a cold earth to rest on. But, my dear neighbour, I have long been taught not to lean exclusively on any thing in this world. It is indeed a state of trial, in which a rational being should not shrink from the tests of his fitness for the unclouded glory of the world

to which we journey. His chief concern should be to so invoke the favour of God, as to have no unblest affliction, no useless trial. A grief which makes us better, or wiser, is like the overflowing of the Nile, which, though it drives the husbandman from his farm, amply rewards him for the sacrifice. But a sorrow which brings no improvement, is like the mountain torrent which sweeps away the soil and lays waste the labours of the peasant. The dear child, whom we have just consigned to the tomb, is nearly the last of our offspring. One by one, they have been demanded of us, and we have wept at the parting; but oh, what a consoling thought from heaven has mingled with the grief of nature! We trained them up in the way they should go, and they did not depart from the pathway of love and obedience. We buried their mortal part, but they had the double witness of scripture and conscience to prove their right to a seat in the many mansions of their Father's house in heaven. For them we ought rather to rejoice: for our loss alone we grieve."

"Well, neighbour," replied the other, "you have always had a singular way of viewing things; and it may be easier to bear such losses as these than I supposed. I have not been tried in that way; but I have known the distress of the loss of the greater part of the hard earnings of a lifetime, and you see what a wreck it has made of my poor frame. I have scarcely strength to come to sympathize with you, who have so often endeavoured to console me; and now I perceive that I might have saved myself the trouble, for *you* find comfort where *I* could not have discovered it for you. I trust you will never have such losses as mine, or that you will be able to bear them better."

“My dear friend,” said Thomson, “you do not appreciate sufficiently the *principle* on which I endeavour to support afflictions. The consolation of the Christian, the true Christian, is universally applicable and illimitably available, for it is the power and goodness of God. ‘Afflictions spring not from the ground.’ Devised by infinite wisdom, and sent by unbounded mercy, they come to us blessings in disguise. They are inflicted by love, for ‘whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.’ If, for our sakes, the Son of God bore the fiercest extremes of human sufferings, should we be unwilling to endure lesser misfortunes for our own sakes? Permitted to view this subject as I do, I trust that any loss will fail to break my heart, or ruin my health; and that I shall ever be able to say with sincerity,

‘O Master! good or evil send,
As seemeth best to thee :
But teach my stubborn soul to bend
In love to thy decree.

‘*Whatever* come, if thou wilt bless
The brightness and the gloom,
And temper joy, and soothe distress,
I fear *no* earthly doom.’

Such power of endurance, derived from such a source, is not unexampled. Job suffered under calamities which cannot be equalled in any possible contingency of mine; for he stood on the unsheltered pinnacle of fortune, where blow the fiercest storms, and from which the fall is always hardest to bear. Yet fortune, power, children, health, were suddenly destroyed, without the loss of patience, or of confidence in God. ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; *blessed* be the name of the Lord.’ Worse than all, far worse than the

privation of the natural and acquired goods of life, Job endured the slur on his hitherto unsullied character, and that too from his nearest and best friends, those who, when all the world deserted him, came to offer him consolation. That grief will at least be spared *me*; for it is not one of the least of the countless blessings of *our* system, that it avows the connexion between sorrow and divine love, and leaves us no longer to the terrific belief that we are smitten *solely* for our iniquities, and that the severity of a man's misfortunes is the measure of his wickedness. There is for me another consolation, under any possible evil. My dear wife is a Christian, and instead of urging me to 'curse God and die,' she constantly presents me the soothing texts where are recorded the motives for, and the uses of, affliction. Example is added to precept. Her tears are not tears of bitterness. They are shed in tenderness, and dried in hope. Her wounded bosom, like that of the pelican, affords a vivifying flow for her children. Chastened sorrow, and rational resignation, are lessons gracefully given, and therefore willingly received."

In this strain Thomson continued, less to soothe his own grief, than to convey to a friend whom he loved, in spite of his faults, a practical illustration of the value of a faith of which he held too low an estimate. The seed was sown by the wayside so far as Thornton was concerned, but it fell on a rich field in the bosom of his son, who sat in deep and almost breathless attention.

He had, with the full approval of his father, offered his hand to the eldest surviving child of Thomson; and he was told that nothing lay across his path to wedded happiness but the unwillingness she felt to trust herself to the control of a man, who might lead her away from her allegiance to her Master.

Ashton Thornton was virtuous, but not religious. His actions were usually governed by the morality of the scripture; but the motives were derived from a kindly nature, an ethical education, and favourable associations. These had been as yet exposed to no assaults from temptation; and Louisa knew enough of the theory of moral sentiment to feel insecurity in the character which was not founded on the stedfast basis of religion. Change of health might alter his disposition; trials not yet encountered, might subvert the effects of the earlier discipline of the school; and gay companions expose him to insidious adulteration. "I love you," she would say, "but I fear you. Two woful examples of ill-assorted marriage in our own neighbourhood, leave me no excuse for following the desires of my heart. I cannot desert my parents, and I will not bring an uncongenial inmate under their roof." Argument, on his part, was necessarily vain. The habitual rational principle of action sustained Louisa; and he had only the usual sophisms of self-indulgence to plead for him. It was impossible, too, for one so open and artless, to conceal from her his respect for the lofty principle of her conduct; and in the very promises he made to endeavour to qualify himself for her religious prejudices, as he called them, he conceded the whole argument, or he demonstrated practically the insecurity of his own position.

Earthly passions often lead to heavenly dispositions. "The wrath of man shall praise Him." The love for Louisa led Ashton to church; for he could not bear her absence. It brought him also into frequent contact with old Thomson and his wife, in whose agreeable society he usually spent his evenings. There is much in a moral atmosphere. It is like the natural air, rather

felt than seen; and we are most inclined to face it when it is in gentle and graceful motion. It is for this reason that, in the course of years, a kind, persuasive preacher, gathers the richest products of the labours of love. Ashton soon acquired a taste for the church, and a love for the old folks; and, when Louisa paid a visit of some length to a distant friend, he continued his attendance on the one, and his visits to the other.

The sudden death of Louisa's only sister, which occurred during her absence, left a deep impression on Ashton's mind.—The poor child, not quite fifteen, full of buoyancy and health, was cut off in the short space of three days. But though her death was sudden, it was not unprepared for; and she put off on the stream of eternity, from the rich and flowery shore of young life, with a reluctance produced solely by the parting with her parents and sister.

While sick, she took Ashton's hand in hers, and said, "I had, among the pleasures of life, promised to myself the happiness of calling you brother. How much, dear Ashton, that pleasure would have been enhanced by the assurance, in the very name, that you, whom we all love so much, were a brother, not for time only, but for eternity. How little they know of affection, who confine it to earth! Who can bear to love what they must some day part with for ever? That thought would embitter any true affection.

‘Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee.’

Can you, Ashton, nourish love, without cultivating the means of its perpetuation? Although there is no marriage in heaven, we can scarcely doubt the existence

there of love; and as Dives knew Lazarus, may we not believe that holier spirits will be as much gifted with powers of recognition, and that the friendships will be a rich part of the joys of eternity. Louisa loves you, Ashton; and if you knew the depth and fervour, the singleness and purity of her affections, you would place them far above all earthly value. They are worth the labour and the sacrifice of a life; but the effort you must make to possess her is one to ennoble yourself, and to give you peace on earth and a crown of glory in heaven. I know that my death will be a severe shock to Louisa, and that she will deeply deplore the loss of my society; but if I could promise to myself that you would soon supply my place in her counsels and her affections, I would have one pang less at parting. May I not hope for such a consummation? Pray, do dear Ashton, pray to God for skill and persistency in the ways of well-doing, and you will assuredly receive both."

The eloquence of look, tone and spirit, gave an almost unearthly force to the sentiments of the dying girl; and Ashton resolved to conquer his repugnance to the open avowal of the religious sentiments which were rapidly occupying his bosom.

When old Thomson had finished the discourse to Ashton's father on the consolations deducible from a confiding faith, the latter rose to depart; but what was his surprise when his son, with eyes swimming in tears, begged him for a moment's delay, and turning to Thomson, desired him to assist the painful struggles of his soul, by a prayer for a clearer faith, and a more abiding sense of the goodness of God—for obedience, humility and love. The acquiescence of Thomson was instant and fervent; and Ashton rose from his kneeling posture a resolute, uncompromising Christian.

Louisa, who had been advised of her sister's illness, returned on the following day to the mournful home of her father. Her grief, on the sudden announcement of her sister's death, was terrible. Nature overpowered reason, and it was some minutes before she could call to her aid the unfailing power of religious consolation. But that comfort came at last, and with it the agreeable discovery that Mary's dying prayers for Ashton's conversion had been productive to him of a blessing, for which she would herself have been almost willing to die.

Misfortunes, like stars, are clustered into constellations. Bitterly did poor old Thomson feel the truth of this observation. Hard on the death of Mary followed a rapid succession of pecuniary misfortunes. His crop was destroyed by lightning, his cattle died of the murrain, his favourite horse broke his little carriage to pieces, and severely injured his leg. To crown all, his farm was taken away from him, through a technical informality in the title; and he who had conveyed it to him, having become a bankrupt, could not restore the purchase money.

Old Thornton attentively watched the effect, on the mind of his friend, of these gradually increasing blows; but the spirit of the old Christian only seemed to rise with his emergencies. At length the time arrived for leaving the shelter of the beautiful cottage, which had been the scene of many pleasant and many painful events. The whole incidents of half a century were connected with that home; and they were to leave it for ever! But the old man said, as he had often said before, " 'Why should we mourn in the days of evil?' The richest part of our possession, the only imperishable part, is left to us; and trusting in God, who

brought water out of the unbroken rock, and fed the prophet by ravens, we will 'rejoice, for *great is our salvation.*' "

With less faith, and a weaker reason, that procession would have been as melancholy as sorrow could make it; but each had a ray of consolation, and the affection which delighted in reflecting it on the rest. Supporting love is never so forcibly exerted as when it demands for its success the whole stock of energy. It slumbers like the electric fluid, until the excitement develops it, and that which seemed to have scarcely an existence, suddenly leaps into almost irresistible activity.

Ashton Thornton, who had previously married Louisa, had a small farm and a little cottage on a lease; and although just able to pay his rent by the exercise of a rigid economy, he would not be denied the privilege of sheltering the father and mother of Louisa; to which, as a temporary arrangement, they consented. Ashton, in pleading for this favour, said he could spend more time in the fields, when he knew that Louisa had society at home; and Louisa could pay more attention to her dairy and garden, when her mother was left with the baby. There were also many little comforts which could be profitably dispensed with, to obtain the great one of the society and counsel of their parents.

Love is always an artful pleader, and when he pleads to the ear of love, seldom unsuccessful. The family party which is represented in the prefixed engraving, is an interesting one. The artist has succeeded in giving to the group the air of solemn satisfaction which, under every trial, kept its place on the face of Thomson and his family. The alteration in the mind of Ashton respecting holy things is beautifully

exemplified in his manner, when rushing in to convey some intelligence which he knew would enliven their lowly abode, he is suddenly arrested by the appearance of the group, while the patriarch is invoking the blessing of the Father of mercies on the stinted meal, and praying for spiritual illumination.

The trials of life are not always unto death. Patience had had its *perfect work*, and the very darkness of the night showed the approach of morning.

“ When the well is dry
Then the clouds are nigh,
The heavens of earth must borrow ;
And the streams that stray
Through the waste to-day,
Must sail above, to-morrow.”

The death of the elder Thornton improved the circumstances of his son ; and old Thomson recovered a considerable sum by the unexpected discovery of documents whose loss had been supposed irretrievable. But as they felt less than others the descent into adversity, so the sudden return of worldly prosperity brought with it less than the usual amount of elation. They were on a journey, of which these were the adverse and favourable incidents, none of which could either retard or accelerate their progress to *the end* ; and they encountered both, as things of only passing moment. The pride of the stoic, or the vanity of the man of the world, may enable him to conceal his sufferings ; but the Christian can look above them, and find even in his sorrows a peace which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. “ There is a pleasure even in the melancholy of a quiet conscience.”

Philadelphia.

THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

THE hosts of GOD, by Joshua led,
 Approach the Jordan's eddying tide,
 And priests, with veiled and bended head,
 Bear to its grassy side
 The ARK, beneath whose cherub wings
 Are kept the pure and precious things;—
 Behind, the morn its radiance flings
 On bannered lance, and buckler bright,
 And brazen trump, whose music rings
 To hail the dawning light.

II.

The flood before them boils and leaps
 Along its deep and rocky bed,
 But still the moving column keeps
 Onward its fearless tread,
 As though no foamy current flowed
 Between it and the blest abode
 To which, by many a thorny road
 And desert plain its steps had passed,
 And which in morning's glory glowed
 Green, beautiful and vast.

III.

And now, the Levites' sandalled feet
Are moistened by the river's edge,
Which curls and breaks, with murmur sweet,
Amid the bending sedge ;—
Yet pause they not ;—with heart of prayer
And faith-supported strength, they bear
That which the torrent shall not dare
Submerge or mar with angry tide ;
They know not *how*, but know that there
God will a way provide.

IV.

Their faith hath triumphed ;—with the sound
Of rushing thunder backward fly
The affrighted billows, and the ground
They moistened now is dry :—
Cleft in the midst, the waters stand
Obedient to their God's command,
Towering aloft on either hand
A glassy and resplendent heap,
Where scenes that bless the promised land
In mirrored beauty sleep.

V.

And fearless down the dark defile
The countless hosts of Israel go,
And loud from trump and harp the while
The strains of gladness flow :—
The depths, that voices never gave
But those of warring wind and wave,
Send from their dark and oozy grave
The echoing tread of joyous throngs,
And praise to HIM whose hand can save,
In loud triumphant songs.

VI.

And now the farther shore they gain,
And kneeling kiss the promised spot
Which, through long years of toil and pain,
Their anxious steps had sought;
Whilst with a wild and maddening roar
The tides, disjoined from shore to shore,
Their long suspended waters pour
To fill the yawning gulf between;
Closed is the bright, mysterious door,
By which they entered in.

VII.

Christian! behold the typic shade
Of that dim path prepared for thee,—
Behold in Jordan's tide displayed
Death's ever-flowing sea:—
Thou treadest still Life's desert plain
In toil and sorrow, care and pain,—
Trials, and doubts, and fears maintain
With thee a fierce and bitter strife,
And but for heavenly aid would gain
The conquest o'er thy life.

VIII.

Yet soon that toilsome war shall cease,
And thou beside the flood shalt stand,
Beyond whose waves are realms of peace—
A pure and holy land:—
But if thou still hast kept the Ark
Of God before thee as a mark,—
Fear not the troubled waters dark
Howe'er they rage, and chafe, and roar,—
On that mysterious voyage embark,
And God will guide thee o'er.

IX.

Press boldly on in faith and prayer,
And waves of doubt and floods of fear
Shall part, and leave a passage there
To changeless glories near ;
The dim obscurity shall fail
In Death's dark pass and shadowy vale,
And thou, with gladdened eye, shalt hail
Bright glimpses of the glorious things
Which lie beyond, and render pale
The angels' flashing wings.

X.

And when thou'st gained that blessed shore,
For ever freed from sin and pain,
Death's cheated waves shall hiss and roar
Mingling their streams again,—
Thence, ever closed, that shadowy door
Shall entrance give to Earth no more ;
And thou shalt reach the golden floor,
By JESUS lit and angels trod,
Ever and ever to adore
Thy SAVIOUR and thy GOD !

Dorchester, (Mass.)

A VISIT TO LOCH LOMOND

WITH SUNSET AMONG THE HIGHLANDS.

BY REV. JOHN S. STONE.

AT length we found ourselves in *Scotland*; and, what is more, in the very midst of her magic *Highlands*. The wild pass of the Trosachs, and the classic beauties of Loch Katrine had been left behind, and we were ready to set forward on our visit to the chief of the Scottish lakes. It was midsummer, and as lovely a day as ever spread itself over the earth. It might have been sultry, dusty, comfortless, in more southern latitudes; but around us there was just that clear and deep blue air, just that soft and balmy temperature, which give a sense of perfect luxury, and amidst which one feels as though he should like to live for ever.

We set forwards on donkeys, the road from Loch Katrine not admitting the use of carriages. The path lies through a desolate region; mountains on all sides, with scarcely an inch of cultivable land from lake to lake. It was about the middle of a long Scotch afternoon when we left *Stronclachaig*, the name of the hut on the bank of Loch Katrine; (among the Highlands they give sounding names not only to *towns* and *villages*, but even to single *huts*,) and when, with our donkeys and guide, we started westward for the banks of Loch Lomond. The inhabitants whom we met on the way

appeared much as they must have done ages ago, except so far as poverty may have broken their spirit, and suffering may have thinned their numbers. They were herdsmen and rude mountaineers, Gaelic in their language, and clannish in their habits. A few of them, who happen to have fallen on some little spot of soil, some miniature Arabia Felix of ten rods square, amidst the surrounding desert of leafless slopes and verdureless mountains, have patches of cultivation round their dwellings, though their cultivation is of the rudest kind, and their vegetable products few and simple. In summer, they may live here in tolerable comfort. The fish of the streams, the game from the mountains, the flesh from their own upland herds, and the scanty vegetable products of their gardens, furnish a plain and homely fare, sufficient for the hardy and abstemious frames of these sons and daughters of the hills. But in winter, one can hardly conjecture whence they procure the means of life and warmth. Such tracts of country lying wide and waste, in silent, solemn grandeur, look drear to the passenger from the beautiful and abounding Lowlands. But the enlightened eye sees that they are not useless in the economy of the Creator's works. Purifiers of the air; nurseries of freedom—her refuge too; silent teachers of the greatness, the majesty, and the power of God; archetypes of grand ideas, and sources of a taste for the sublime in man; loved, moreover, by the wild mountaineer, as the scene of his childhood, the only place in creation where nature looks natural, and where the familiar forms of all things about him whisper into his attentive ear the sacred language, and breathe into his thrilled heart the holy feelings, of HOME! I greet the mountains and

the valleys, their brawling streams and their tangled passes. God has fixed their forms and positions aright; and a costly exchange would be made if they were to be displaced by the fair and fertile levels of cultivation.

About midway between the two principal lakes, we passed, on the left hand, Loch Arklet, one of those numerous and beautiful little water-sheets which interperse these rocky realms, and mother of the Arkill, a small stream, along the banks of which we rode the rest of our way to old Lomond. Near Arklet, we had the honour of seeing *the real Rob Roy's fowling piece*, a relic which has descended from its original owner to the fourth generation, and is now in the hands of something like a twentieth female cousin, and lodged, in its venerable rust, within one of the turf-roofed huts that here and there skirt the dreary way. At the request of our guide, the ancient dame brought it forth from its place of deposit, and exhibited it with a very becoming air of importance. Its *lock* is quite perfect; though it should be stated in explanation, that this has been added since the piece was last in the hands of the famous levier of "blackmail;" as is probably the case with sundry other parts of this precious relic, such as the stock, the barrel, and the rammer. I gave its honoured possessor the customary gratuity for showing it; convinced that if she did not thus obtain money by the voluntary contribution of passengers, she would never have any of this important material at her disposal.

The approach to Loch Lomond from this point is truly grand. The mountains on the opposite shore rise nobly on the view of the approaching traveller. Before making the descent to the lake, we passed an interesting spot. Over the roaring Arkill is thrown a rustic

bridge, leading to Inversnaid mill and cottage on the left; while, on the right, rise the ruins of *Old Inversnaid Fort*, a garrison once occupied by the celebrated General Wolfe. It was built in earlier times, to repress the daring and predatory spirit of Rob Roy McGregor; though it was once burnt by him, and afterwards taken for awhile and held by his nephew. The region around it was the domain of the clan McGregor. Rob was not such a mere bandit as is sometimes supposed. He was gently born, the second son of Colonel McGregor, of Glengyle. Inversnaid was his patrimonial estate; but, having forfeited it to the ancestor of the present Duke of Montrose, and being by him forcibly though lawfully ejected from it, he abandoned himself to a sort of bandit life, annoying the country by levying "blackmail" on the cattle driven from these mountains to the lowland markets. "Blackmail" was a tax illegally exacted of the drover by the most powerful bandit chief, as a purchase from him of security against other and inferior depredators. The spirit of the transaction was—"Allow me to pillage you moderately, and I will see that weaker robbers do not pillage you without mercy."

The descent to Loch Lomond is long and almost precipitously steep, but is rendered quite pleasant by being made amidst a young growth of green forest-wood. Just before reaching the lake, the Arkill tumbles in foam, and with a wild though not powerful roar, over the precipice, and is speedily lost in the dark, deep waters below. At the foot of this cascade appears the hut of the fisherman and boatman, on whom the traveller depends for his passage across the lake, unless he happen to arrive in season for the steamer, which plies

on its waters, and touches at this most sweetly romantic spot. After lingering a few minutes among its refreshingly cool grotts and shades, and amidst the music of its waterfall, we took a boat to Tarbet, a beautiful inn and hamlet on the western, and opposite shore, about five miles south of Inversnaid. On entering the boat, we came near meeting with an adventure. The boatman, who was to set us across the almost bottomless waters, was in a drunken frolic. We objected, therefore, to the exercise of his office as our ferryman, especially as we saw, standing near, another stalwart and sober Scotchman, who, though not owner of the boat, was ready to do us service. On learning, after some difficulty, the ground of our objection, the boatman showed strong symptoms of Highland wrath. But his wife, evidently the more powerful of the pair, beckoned to him, and, with a few words of noisy Gaelic, succeeded in commanding him back from the boat to the hut. As he left, however, he cast on me a lowering look, and threw at me a muttering word, his whole demeanour seeming to say, "There *have* been days among these rocks and shades, when no Highlander would have brooked such an imputation on his boatmanship."

Having left Stronclachaig about the middle of the afternoon, it was, of course, drawing towards sunset, when we launched from the cascade of Arkill upon the dark bosom of Loch Lomond. The place of our destination for the night was Rowardennan, on the same shore of the lake with Inversnaid. In reaching it, however, we were obliged to take Tarbet on our way, though on the opposite side. This twice crossing of the lake is rendered necessary by the fact that no Highlander will row from Inversnaid to Rowardennan. We

tried, but in vain, to induce our boatman to proceed directly from the one place to the other. These Scotch watermen are somewhat like the horses on an English stage course. Each has his distance to run, and having run it, will not stir another step. Either obstinacy, or the punctilio observed among them, keeps each within the limits of his course. But, whether obstinacy or punctilio, we were glad for once that the boatman had his own way; for, as the lake here makes a sweep round the western base of Ben-Lomond, the distance from Inversnaid to Rowardennan is but little increased by taking Tarbet in the way; while Tarbet itself is one of the stillest, sweetest spots of Highland beauty, on which it is possible to lay the eye. It lies on the margin of the lake, occupying a bosom of land, round which the tall, steep and rugged mountains retreat, leaving a few acres of delightfully green and fertile earth, sheltered on every side, save that of the lake, by lofty natural walls, and improved by the hand of art with exquisite shrubbery, and every other ornament appropriate to the scene. The inn and all its accommodations were in charming taste, and the provisions made for the traveller's comfort and luxury such as you would find in the best ordered village in England. No contrast could well be greater than that between the commencement and the close of this first part of our little voyage—taking us from naked rocks washed bare by the incessant tumbling of the cascade, and from a rude hut and drunken boatman, to one of the greenest, freshest spots imaginable, in the midst of which smiled all the refinements of taste and luxury.

As we left Tarbet, the sun was just beginning to dip behind the lofty summits of the mountains that lie back

of the inn, and along the whole western shore of the lake, Ben-Duchray, the western Ben-Voirlich, Ben-Arthur, and all the other Bens in this region of the Grampians. The boat in which we found ourselves seated, unlike the clumsy affair which bore us from Inversnaid, was a tasteful shallop, neatly painted and fitted, as graceful in its shape and pattern, and as nimble in its bounding over the waves, as could have been found on the classic Cam, or on the wealthy Thames. For awhile, as we made from the shore, the sun ceased his *apparent* going down, and *seemed* to stay his course among the magnificent summits, till, as we changed our direction and stood down the lake for Rowardennan, he slowly descended behind the western battlements of Scotland. The heavens were clear, without a cloud or a vapour; the atmosphere was still without a breeze or a breath; the waters were mirror-like, without a swell or a ripple; and the shadows of the mountains, as the sun went down, lay in black, heavy and growing masses along the western margin, and upon the western waters, of the lake. The temperature of the air was mildness and balminess itself; and, as our intelligent and cheerful bargeman pulled lustily towards Rowardennan, as it lay in the calm and silent distance, our gentle motion through the air, cooled by the soft, pure waters over which we floated, gave a luxuriousness to the scene which nothing could exceed. On our *left*, coming down to the very brink of the lake, and occupying almost the whole of the *eastern* horizon, towered, thousands of feet towards heaven, Ben-Lomond, the tallest of this noble cluster of summits. On our *right*, swelling with almost equal abruptness from the water, and arising to an almost equal height, the *western* range piled up his

almost numberless pinnacles, which run in a broken and ragged outline, as far as the eye could reach, along the borders of the lake. Between these eastern and western barriers lay old Lomond itself, thirty miles in length, broad at its foot, but here already contracted to a mile in width, and tapering away towards its head at the north, where the mountains crowd closer and closer together, till finally they *seem* to join their inner faces, and the narrow sheet vanishes amidst their dim and distant windings. This confined position of the lake, together with its immense depth, soundings having been made of one hundred and twenty fathoms, or seven hundred and twenty feet, gives its waters, though perfectly clear and pure, their peculiarly dark and *inky* hue, and increases much the solemn effect of the whole scenery.

The hour providentially chosen for the passage was most favourable. It was the close of the day, when all is still and disposed to quiet. And it was at the termination of a series of views, beginning with the morning at the eastern entrance to the Highlands, and rising, each in interest above its predecessor, till the last swelled into a natural climax, filling and dilating the mind almost to the breadth of its capacities, and spreading through it a sense of vast satisfaction, not so much with itself as with its Creator and his noble works. Here was luxury indeed; not the luxury of *art*—not that which cloy—*not* that which leaves behind a jaded sense, a palled appetite, and a torturing conscience; but the luxury of *nature*—that which never satiates—that which leaves the healthful taste longing for more—that which gives the mind a moral food, and makes the heart better.

But, what finished the picture, which I have endeavoured faintly to sketch—that, without which the magnificent whole, however grand in itself, would have been *comparatively* tame—was the gorgeously sublime and touchingly solemn effect of SUNSET among these Highland peaks. As we swept along the glassy surface of the dark waters, we saw, on turning our eyes to the north and looking away into the narrow and endless recess, headland behind headland running down from the tall western mountains into the lake, like enormous buttresses propping the battlements of a mighty castle, and leaving opening after opening through the split summits, which threw themselves up in all imaginable forms, and among which Ben-Arthur, with his “cobler” shaped pinnacle, rose away into the heavens in all his wild raggedness and grandeur. To sit thus, and look upon these noble mountain forms; upon the soft, the rich, the almost holy light of the setting sun, as it tinged their summits, and poured its flood through their openings, *as if in molten gold*, upon the lake; to look upon the bold and fantastic outlines of their ridges, standing out in luminous relief against the glorious evening sky; upon the deep and widening masses of shade, cast by the mountains upon the edge of the lake, and seen in dark contrast with alternate floods of golden light; and upon the still sleeping of these almost fathomless waters, containing, like a deep mind in its stillest mood, all their mystic treasures and all their resistless power;—to sit thus, and look upon this splendid conflict between departing day and coming night, upon this gorgeous gilding of creation, as if in promise that the coming day should be as beautiful as the past, was to live amidst a scene indescribably grand,

and to feel the impossibility, to a serious mind, of contemplating its still, and deep, and solemn pathos, without correspondingly still, and deep, and solemn emotions. *Our* thoughts, amidst the silence of the passage, went irresistibly up to heaven, and busied themselves amidst the wonders of that world, where more glorious heights arise, where a more glorious light shineth, where more mysterious depths spread themselves beneath the mind, and where all *tokens* of God's presence give place to the infinite *reality* itself. There our thoughts dwelt the while in calm delight. It was a fitting hour for realizations in heaven; and into one of those realizations the dealings of our heavenly Father enabled our minds to pass with an extremely facile transition. The day, which removed from us an object perhaps too dearly loved, was still too fresh in our memories to allow of so near an approach in spirit without finding ourselves once more in her presence, listening once more to the prattle of her childish affection, and feeling once more the warm breathings of her infant love. It was perhaps a *selfish* luxury, amidst the scenes of a heavenly feast; but we had not power to deny ourselves. The parental sentiment subdued our souls, and opened anew the deepest fountains of our feelings.

We reached the place of our destination at nine o'clock; a powerful twilight still remaining, and showing us still some of the lingering glories of a scene, and of a day, never to be forgotten.

Boston, (Mass.)





THE BRAHMIN SUICIDE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

On the way, seeing a number of natives passing them hastily, and inquiring the cause, they were told that a Brahmin had drowned himself under the pressure of pain; upon which they took occasion to point out the wretched condition of their guides, and exhorted them to seek the grace and peace of God in their hearts, which would enable them patiently to endure calamities. Some of them insinuated that God had predestinated the Brahmin to his miserable end; but the missionaries testified that God was not the author of evil, but was a lover of our temporal and eternal happiness.—*Memoirs of Rev. C. F. Swartz.*

BEAUTIFUL are the feet that stand,
 Of heralds on the heathen land!
 Beautiful on the distant mountains,
 And by cool and gushing fountains;
 Beautiful by the river's side,
 Where heaves the idol dome in pride,
 Where is stretch'd the Suicide!
 Beautiful is Humility
 Speaking 'neath the banyan tree,
 Warning the aged devotee;
 Telling the young of a Shepherd nigh,
 Whose arms are safe, whose fold is high;
 Telling the poor of pearls and gems
 Seen not in Earth's diadems;
 Telling adorers of the river,
 Many floods can ne'er deliver—

Gunga cannot save the soul,
Jordan only maketh whole.
Telling to him who painfully goes
On pilgrimage, that fleshly woes
Ne'er atone for precept broke—
Ne'er release from Error's yoke.
O, beyond all worldly treasure,
O, beyond all worldly pleasure,
Is an errand such as this—
Is the Missionary's bliss!
Heaven's highest seat is found
For him who toils on heathen ground!

And who is he on the Indian sands,
That like a heavenly teacher stands?
Near him towers the Moslem's mosque,
And Paganism's proud kiosk.
O'er him blooms the scented lime,
And the noble trees of the eastern clime,
Sheltering from the noon-day glare—
And see! what listening crowds are there.
The listening traveller reins his steed,
The water-bearer giveth heed;
Each seeks his face with gaze intense
As if, save one, were locked each sense.
Earnestly seize the old and young,
Words that drop from the stranger's tongue.

And who is he, of the lifeless form,
With drooping limbs and blood yet warm?
They've rais'd him from the river's bed—
The water-lily round his head—
The pulse all still, the spirit fled!
And this is why is told the tale
At which the Hindoo's cheek is pale.

'Tis of one who fed the altar's fire,
And walked around the suttee's pyre,
And stood before his god of stone,
Blind worshipper of the Unknown.
In senseless mysteries bearing part,
Vers'd in the Shaster—not the heart.
Ay, and he felt a void within,
That waters were bootless for his sin:
Ay, and he bow'd beneath his pain,
And rush'd uncall'd to God again!—
What hell can burn away that stain?

Beautiful now are the feet of him
Who comes with voice of the seraphim,
Standing and telling of a balm for woes—
A fount for the leper, that ever flows:
A gilead and Physician too,
Which Paganism never knew.
And teaching that relentless Fate
Doth not on hapless mortals wait.

Oh, God is not author of evil—his love
Share the dwellers below and the happy above!
Sweeter than breezes of the south,
Is pity from the teacher's mouth;
Sweeter than music of the spheres
Which the errand angel hears,
Are tidings that fall on the Pagan's ears!
And he will hear, and the heart will melt,
And the knee shall be Christ's which to devils has knelt.
And meekness he'll learn from this deed of pride,
And life from the BRAHMIN SUICIDE!

THE SPRING BIRD.

BY REV. M. A. D'W. HOWE.

They who dwell on the eastern coast of Massachusetts know how sadness steals over the sensitive during the vernal rains, accompanied as they always are by chilling easterly winds. On one of the most ungenial days of this ungenial season, the writer felt his ennui justly rebuked by a bird of gayer note, and more placid temperament than he possesses.

WHEN fancied woes my heart oppress,
 And joy my pensive thoughts disown,
 No songs dispel my wretchedness;
 Scarce grief refrains its plaintive moan.

Yet thou, sweet Bird, when storms invade,
 And tempests fill the frowning sky,
 Canst shake the rain-drops from thy head,
 And chaunt thy cheerful minstrelsy!

Though clouds with teeming torrents lower,
 The sun his beams reluctant hide,
 Thine eye paints verdure on each bower,
 And hope creates a summer-tide.

Sweet songster! pour thy note of glee;
 Faith shall dispel *my* spirit's gloom—
 Unseal my eyes,—and bid them see
 A clime, where flowers perennial bloom!

Roxbury, (Mass.)

FANNY MORELAND;

OR,

USE AND ABUSE OF THE RISIBLES.

BY MISS CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

THERE are some very peculiar characters in the world, who seem to carry with them and around them an atmosphere of fun. Wherever they go, something amusing is sure to occur. Never any thing ludicrous can happen for miles around, but they are sure to be there. While thousands of others can go the same road, and visit the same places, year after year, and never a thing occurs to start even a smile,—no sooner do these favourites of Momus appear, than man and beast, nature and art, all seem jostled into some new and comical arrangement for their special edification and amusement. It is true, that in accounting for this peculiarity, some assert that such persons have such a love of humour, and such a quick perception of the ludicrous, as enables them to detect what would escape less searching glances. Others have insinuated, that a little elf of exaggeration always aids to spin a web of fairy work about their adventures and rehearsals; while others maliciously declare, that, bent on discovering what they so much love, when they cannot meet it ready made, they scruple not to secure it by wholesale manufacture.

Whatever may be the philosophy of the case, it certainly is a fact that there are such persons in the world; and it is just as much a fact that Fanny Moreland was one of their number. Fanny was not handsome—she was not witty—she was not learned—she was not rich—nor was she particularly useful; and yet she was a universal favourite. Wherever she went she seemed to carry sunshine, and to give a new spring to every body's spirits. She had an airy, graceful figure, a pretty little hand and foot, quick and sprightly movements; a stealthy, roguish smile, and a perking sort of whisk with her head, that altogether made one think of a frolicsome little kitten. Fanny was always finding something that was "so funny," that she must run and tell somebody of it; and she had such a joyous and comical way of rehearsing the matter, that the listener was half done laughing before she had half finished the story. Had it not been that Fanny possessed an unusual share of good common sense, she certainly would have been spoiled; for never were parents so at their wit's end to know what to do with a creature, as were hers. It was impossible for them to reprove her as they did their other children. She always had some such comical apology, or such a laughable way of acknowledging her faults, and was so really amiable and unwilling to offend, that no one could look her in the face, and feel displeased long enough to administer a serious reproof.

Her sports and pranks at school, as well as at home, were without number, for her invention was endless, and her activity untiring. But too kind in heart ever intentionally to wound the feelings of others, and professing a native refinement that saved her from *hoiden-*

isms, though she often interfered with the order both of the family and the school, she was oftener let off with smiles than with frowns. At school she was the universal favourite, the leader in all sports, the plotter of all tricks, the author of many a merry prank; and it was from her teacher she received the compliment of being "for ever busy in doing nothing," and the familiar appellative of Fanny Frisk.

Among their family relatives was an uncle of Fanny's mother, of whom the elder children often spoke, but whom Fanny had never seen. She had heard of Uncle Enoch, how good he was, and how solemn, and how strict; and when it was rumoured that Uncle Enoch was coming to make them a visit, Fanny was often admonished after this fashion: "Well, Miss Fan, when Uncle Enoch comes, you will not dare do such tricks before him." "I should like to know what Uncle Enoch will say to you when he comes."

Now Fanny had a sort of intrepid spirit, that was rather stimulated than daunted by difficulties, and she generally listened to such remarks with a sly sort of a look, and a twinkle in her eye, which showed that she felt no little curiosity to see this solemn uncle, who was to frighten her into sobriety; and a sort of suspicion that she should somehow contrive to slip through his fingers, if he should try to take her in hand.

At length the time arrived, and it was announced to Fanny that Uncle Enoch was come. Down went her little garden hoe, and in she ran. At first she took a peep at him through a long window that opened into the verandah. There sat Uncle Enoch—a long, lank figure—bolt upright in his chair; his feet placed side by side, in exactly parallel lines; his knees both bent

at exactly the same angle ; his shoulders square, and his hands laid in exactly the same position before him. His face was sallow, and strongly marked ; his cheeks were somewhat sunken ; and his mouth had that appearance of compression that indicates firmness and resolution. Huge dark, bushy eyebrows hung from his forehead, and his eyes were entirely concealed by a pair of large, round, green glasses, with thick, black, tortoise rims, which added an owl-like expression to the forbidding aspect of his other features. The first glance sent a solemn look across Fanny's face, from very sympathy ; and she turned off with a puzzled sort of look, as if she was quite at a loss to know how to approach such a personage. Soon, however, she was seen gliding around in the back part of the parlour, where Uncle Enoch sat talking, in slow and solemn tones, with her mother. Fanny seemed listening, and watching, and peering about, like a kitten who spies the house mastiff, and almost, but does not quite, dare to venture on a spring at him. At length her mother spied her, and calling her up, presented her to Uncle Enoch, as the infant she once brought to his house. Uncle Enoch looked at her with a long, steady look, through his great green glasses, and then extended his hand towards her. Fanny slowly drew up to him and gave him her hand ; and then, in reply to his deliberate question if she was "pretty well," gave a simple "Yes, sir," and vanished away. Soon, however, she returned to the charge, and kept around, listening to his remarks, and drawing nearer and nearer to his seat. She remained silent through the hour of tea, and in the evening scarcely made a remark. At length, however, her mother sent her for the bootjack and slip-

pers, and while aiding in the operation, she adventured one or two sprightly remarks, which she fancied made the muscles move a little towards a smile around Uncle Enoch's mouth. She then ran for her father's loose gown, and with great volubility succeeded in persuading him to take off his thick coat, and sit in the easy chair.

By this time the old gentleman and Fanny were on quite easy terms. Then, as if it were a matter of course, yet in a roguish sort of way, she invited him to "take off his great green glasses." It was said in the same style as if she had asked him to take off his great-coat and hat. At this sally the muscles of Uncle Enoch's face were all relaxed; he turned and looked down upon her with a surprised and wondering look, and yet with a manifest and most benignant smile. Fanny looked up in his face with one of her most comical glances, and, lifting her hands with a sort of imploring air, she fairly pulled the glasses from his face. Behind them appeared a pair of mild and dark, yet kindly beaming eyes; and all his features seemed so entirely changed, that Fanny gave a jump of real joy, hid the glasses behind her, and ran off, declaring that the wicked things should never again hide her from such kind and pleasant eyes.

What human being was ever proof against the united charms of kindness, flattery, and fun! Fanny had passed the Rubicon—had won the day; and, after this, Uncle Enoch never seemed better pleased than when Fanny was flitting about him. It was all novelty to him. Nobody before had ever dared to invade his dignity in that style; and, though he seemed greatly puzzled, and sometimes a little troubled, he certainly

was wonderfully pleased. It was a most amusing sight to witness Fanny, skipping about his path, or hanging on his arm, chatting about any thing and every thing, telling him about this, that and the other thing, and seeming as comfortable and chatty with him as she was with every body else.

Uncle Enoch did not approve of levity; he thought it very wrong to indulge in idle laughter. He was troubled to see his little favourite so thoughtless and so forgetful of the solemn duties of religion, and of every thing he deemed serious and important. He would often begin to talk seriously with her about her flightiness, and about her duties to God and man; but somehow she would always contrive to slip off into something else, so that the old gentleman seemed all the time puzzled and pleased, anxious and delighted, and at the end would sigh and say, he "could not make any thing of the child, and he was afraid nothing could, unless it was the grace of the Lord."

As time passed on, Fanny and Uncle Enoch continued warm friends; and, at his earnest solicitation, she once went to spend a fortnight in the retired and primitive village where he ministered as pastor. Here Fanny found so many odd contrivances, so many queer looking people, so many new and comical matters of one sort and another, that she was constantly amused herself, and constantly amusing all around; though she continued to do it without hurting the feelings of any one. But the old gentleman seemed to grow more and more discouraged at the prospect of ever doing her any good. And yet, when the time came for him to part with her, it was with tears in his eyes, and for the whole day he wandered about uneasy and restless, as

if a dark cloud had shut out the sunshine of life. But it was not the charm of her society alone that he felt, and of which he lamented the loss. He bore her on his heart as a wandering lamb, far from the fold of safety, for whose eternal interest he trembled, for whose spiritual welfare he daily prayed. And a time came when those prayers were answered—when that wild and joyous spirit, which for years had skimmed like a butterfly over the surface of this world's charms, forgetful of its glorious origin, its noblest capacities, its immortal destinies,—was brought under the influence of those solemn truths of religion, which alone can control and regulate the disordered powers of the human mind. The interests of an immortal existence—God, and his spiritual service—heaven, and all the terrific hazards of our probationary course,—these became the leading objects of thought, of feeling, and of purpose. Such a change, in such a mind, could not long be a matter of concealment in a family where religion was first, and all other concerns were regarded as minor and subordinate. Uncle Enoch soon became a sharer in their hopes and gratitude; and, month after month, so urgent and repeated were his entreaties for another visit, that neither child nor parents could withhold consent.

But why was it that Fanny, who in the days of her worldliness did not hesitate, was so slow and apparently so unwilling to meet her pious and joyful old friend, when her most sacred sympathies were all in unison with his? It was the evening previous to her departure that her father found her alone and in tears.

“What is it that troubles you, my child?” said he.

“Father, I dread this visit to Uncle Enoch.”

"Dread this visit! What can be the reason?"

"Oh, father, I am not what Uncle Enoch expects me to be. I know I cannot keep my spirits from overflowing. Religion has made me happier than ever I was before, and it is a sober and rational sort of happiness; but it does not make me quiet, and sedate, and solemn, as Uncle Enoch will expect to find me, and I am afraid it never will."

"Well, my child, I do not think it ever will; and I do not think you need to distress yourself if it does not."

Mr. Moreland was a wise man, who had seen much of the world and much of human nature; and he was an intelligent, refined, and Christian gentleman. The difficulty which troubled his daughter was one that had occupied his own speculations, and he took this opportunity to communicate more definite views to her mind than she herself could command.

"Do you suppose, my child," said he, as he drew her on his knee, "that it is wrong to be amused, or to laugh at what is ludicrous?"

"No, father, it cannot always be wrong, for sometimes it is out of our power to refrain. For instance, yesterday, when old Mr. Banks made such a sad mistake at table, and then looked so frightened, and made such queer grimaces, and such an odd apology, I could no more help laughing than I could help breathing, for I am sure I tried my utmost to refrain, both for his sake and my own."

"True, my child, and therefore we are certain that sometimes it must be right to use the risible faculties which God has implanted, in circumstances where they inevitably will be called into exercise. In addition to

this, we find that there is a great love for what is calculated to excite these susceptibilities. There is nothing men like better than to be made to laugh, and whoever affords them this gratification will always be a favourite, especially if it is done in an innocent and lawful manner. We also find great constitutional differences in mankind, as it respects the love of the ludicrous, and the power of appreciating wit and humour. There are also great differences as to the flow of animal spirits. Some are habitually cheerful and equable; others are phlegmatic, and prone to seriousness or even melancholy. What a difference we find in our own family! Your brother Frederick, from very infancy, how reflective, sedate, and almost melancholy; you are as much in the other extreme; while Mary, so equable and serene, is just half way between. Now, did you expect that religion would change these constitutional peculiarities, and make you such a character as your brother Frederick?"

"Why, father, I had no very definite view on the subject; but I perceive that I ought not to expect it."

"I think," continued Mr. Moreland, "that in estimating religious character, too little regard is paid to constitutional peculiarities; and that a serious countenance, and quiet and contemplative habits, have taken a place as evidences of religious character, which is not exactly correct. Religion certainly tends to make us more serious, rational and contemplative, than if it did not exist; but it does not tend to destroy the peculiarities of nature; nor are we to expect that all consistently pious persons will be of a serious aspect and contemplative turn. Look, too, into the community around. There is our neighbour, Bob French; he is

always full of spirits and animation, and always ready for a joke. And yet he is deeply interested in religion, and seems to enjoy all its duties. On the other hand, there is John Grant, who has not entered a church these five years, and who sneers at religion and at all connected with it; and yet what a solemn, demure countenance he wears. The celebrated Rowland Hill was as much distinguished by his humour and oddity, as he was for his deep interest in religion. He could not talk five minutes without giving occasion for a smile; and, though he never purposed it, he seldom delivered a sermon without moving the risibles before he was through. And yet, though born to wealth and belonging to the proud aristocracy of England, his time, his influence, and his wealth, were all devoted to the promotion of religion in the world."

Here Fanny looked up with a smile. "And so, father," said she, "you are thinking that I shall make such a funny sort of Christian as Rowland Hill?"

"No, child, I hope you will not have *as many* odd and ludicrous conceits to contend with as he did. Still you will never make a very staid, serious, or contemplative person. Yet you may be as good, and even a better Christian, than many who possess those traits of character."

"Father," said Fanny, "the other day I heard Dr. Jones say, that nothing was better for the health than a hearty laugh; and that half the time I could furnish a better prescription, at least for the preservation of health, than any of his medical nostrums. He said that every one ought to laugh, at least once a day, so as fairly to shake his sides."

"No doubt there is some truth in the Doctor's re-

mark," said Mr. Moreland, "and it were well if some religious persons were convinced of this fact. It is true, that habitual levity of mind is inconsistent with Christian character; but it is equally true, that occasional seasons of relaxation and merriment may sometimes be a duty. It seems to me that the constitution of things, in this world, is adapted rather to what men ought to be, than to what they are. If religion held that place in their thoughts and interests which its importance demands, it would produce such strong stimulus, and such deep feeling, as might injure both health and reason, unless some alternative could be introduced, that would, at times, relax the mind, and turn it entirely from such exciting and engrossing interests. And there seems to be a class of persons who, by constitutional temperament, are predisposed to furnish this kind of relaxation, which, in proper times and proportions, is not only lawful but healthful. The difficulty is, that men do not give religion its proper place in their interests; and yet, that the love for this kind of excitement is so strong that there is constant danger of going to dangerous extremes. And it is because of this danger that there is so much watchfulness in the religious world, in excluding this kind of enjoyment. And the great difficulty always must be, to decide when and how much of this kind of relaxation is safe and right.

"A person constituted as you are, needs to bear in mind, not only what may be right in itself considered, but also the circumstances in which you may be placed. Your danger and temptation will be to excessive levity; and it may aid you to control it, to bear in mind, that the excessive levity and amusements of worldli-

ness have led many pious minds too far in an opposite extreme; so that you will often be called to practise on the principle of the apostle, when he would not eat meat offered to an idol; not because he deemed it wrong in itself, but because it might tempt a weak brother to offend. So you are required to be careful not to tempt others to violate their conscience by doing what you deem innocent and lawful.

“You will find that many irreligious persons, also, suppose that the profession of religion includes a belief that all merriment is wrong and to be avoided. In such society, you ought not to allow what they will suppose to be a violation of your principles, unless you can have a proper opportunity to make known what they are.

“The most proper time and place for such indulgences is in the family circle, at home. Parents, in the nursery, or at the fire-side, can find opportunities enough for relaxation, by joining in the sports and amusements of their children. At the same time, they will be gaining an influence over their children that none can secure so surely as those who share in their amusements. This is the reason why your mother and myself so often have joined in your amusements; and why we have allowed you so free license at home, while we strove to restrain you abroad.

“It will do you good to be placed under those circumstances of restraint, which kindness and Christian principle will impose in the society of your uncle; and it is possible you may modify some of his notions, that verge to an extreme of restriction, by watching your time, and accommodating to circumstances, with a kindness and tact which you know how to employ.”

Fanny paid the visit to her uncle, and, with her

usual fortune, was just in time to witness the only ludicrous occurrence that had happened in the village for years. It was the very next Sunday after her arrival. She had just seated herself in the antiquated church, the relic of the earliest period of the village history. It was a beautiful, warm, winter morning, succeeding one of those *sleet storms*, so well known in New England, which cover all nature with a garb of smooth and shining ice. The houses reflected the sun, like vast mirror plates; the tapering stalactites hung gleaming from the eaves; every tree and shrub was bending beneath its shining load, while the slightest twig or spray was bearing its sparkling jewel. The drifted snow-banks, the whitened fields, the fences, rocks, and every visible object, were glistening in sheets of transparent ice.

Within the church, the congregation were assembled, waiting in silence for the commencement of service. Uncle Enoch was seated in the elevated box, yclept a pulpit, under the pendant, steeple-shaped sounding board, which, as Fanny said, looked like a turnip hanging over an apple-bin. In front of the pulpit, in the little pen called the deacon's seat, sat Deacon Smith, with white hair, meek countenance, and half closed eyes; and beside him Deacon Tuthill, with a stolid, fixed and solemn look. The singers were seated opposite, in the gallery, headed by Squire Bissel, the chorister, with his pitch-pipe before him, all ready for use. The side door, which, in old fashioned churches in New England, opens into the broad aisle, directly opposite the pulpit, was standing open to admit the warm rays of the sun.

No sound was heard, except the regular patter of the

drops from the eaves, or an occasional crash, as some burdened tree, assisted by the sun, shook off its heavy load, and sent the rattling fragments far and wide, till their last tinkle died away into silence.

The church stood at the foot of a hill, so steep that no direct path led to the side door; but, as the sleighs and foot passengers came along, they could be seen through the open door, passing on the summit of the hill, as they wended along down to the back of the church.

Just as Uncle Enoch rose to commence the service, a sleigh passed on the top of the hill, and, as it came opposite the door, Miss Betsy Bibbins also was seen walking along, with her little wooden foot-stove in her hand. Now this Miss Betsy was a comfortable little dolt of a body, who always calculated to do every thing just about right; one who never troubled herself about others, while others never troubled themselves about her; a quiet, insignificant person, who seemed to be placed in society just "to fill up a chink."

She was always dressed *just so*, and no otherwise; and she carried the most placid look of satisfaction at every thing about herself. The sleigh overtook Miss Betsy; she stepped out, so as to be sure not to be in the wrong place. Just then her foot slipped, and, finding she could not stand, Miss Betsy sat; and, finding she could not sit still, she began to move; and, though she would greatly have preferred another course, it was directly toward the open church door. First, off slid her nicely folded handkerchief, then her psalm book followed after, and, continuing its course, entered the church door with a bounce, as if to announce the approach of its owner. At length down came Miss Betsy,

holding up her foot-stove in one hand, and anxiously paddling along with the other, till she came, full tilt, clear through the door, and plump into the broad aisle. Then, with a most rueful look, she gathered herself up, and, trotting round a corner, ensconced herself in her wonted seat, and sat as demure and quiet as if nothing in particular had occurred.

The shock on the congregation was irresistible. No mortal, that had a risible, could refrain from, at least, a momentary twitch. Uncle Enoch, as he stood fronting the scene, had witnessed it all, and for a moment he was obliged to step back and hide his face. But it was only a moment, and it was followed by such a look of contrition, and such a prayer of penitent humiliation, that seriousness and devotion were soon restored to their wonted rest.

But, after this, Fanny easily gained her starting point; that the control of our risibles is sometimes beyond our power; and then she urged the peculiarities of natural temperament; and then she pled her own cause, with one whose heart was all on her side; and ere she left, she had so adjusted matters, that she never again was found weeping at the thought of a visit to Uncle Enoch.

Walnut Hills, (Ohio.)

WHAT IS A NAME?

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

WHAT is a name ! the Glory
 We gather from the Earth ?
 The ray that lights the story
 Of our weariness or mirth ?
 Is it the beam that round our years
 That faultless lustre flings,
 Which gives them, though conceiv'd in tears,
 The flight of angel wings !

II.

What is a name ! the Beauty
 That bows the heart like prayer ?
 That makes the worship duty,
 Which once was but a care ?
 Is it to hear the harmony
 Around us, as we tread,
 Of vows that but the good who die
 Hear in their narrow bed ?

III.

What is a name ! to listen
 To plaudits loud and long,
 Where flashing banners glisten
 About the path of song ?

Is it to hear from those who bow
In flattery's garb they borrow,
The idol tone they render now
To him they taunt to-morrow?

IV.

What is a name! the wonder,
That round the ringing way
Of hero crown'd with thunder,
Breaks like a second day?
Or is it that undying voice,
Like clarion heard, and far,
Of welcome to unfathom'd joys
Beyond the cloud and star?

Portland, (Me.)

“VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH.”

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Fight the good fight;—lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail,—unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,

Truth's champion can compel,
 However prest, to flight;
Invincible upon the field,
He must prevail,—unless he yield.

Apollyon's arm may shower
 Darts thick as hail, and hide
Heaven's face, as in the hour
 When Christ on Calvary died;
No powers of darkness, in the field,
Can tread thee down,—unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might,
 Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and like him in fight,
 By dying conquer death;
Then rise to glory from the field,
And with thy sword thy spirit yield.

Great words are these, and strong;
 Yet, Lord, I look to thee,
To whom alone belong
 Valour and victory;
If God be for me in the field,
Whom can I fear? I will not yield.

CREATION FULL OF ACTIVE LIFE.

BY REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.

THE incessant activity that pervades creation is, to a great degree, unnoticed by us, on account of the silence which attends it. The astronomer's orrery, and the magnifying glass, occasionally remind us that all things are full of life and motion; but, after the most protracted and instructive observations, we are compelled to say of the universe that which is sublimely said of its great First Cause, "Lo! these are parts of its ways, but how little a portion is heard of it; the thunder of its power who can understand!"

Nothing that God has made is inactively at rest. "In Him is life;" and every thing unperturbed from its original condition bears evidence, in this respect, of being his offspring. Let us begin at the centre of our system. Addison's epithet, "the *unwearied* sun," is expressive, when we think of that luminary, in the popular sense, as having risen and measured out the day, and rising again for six thousand years. All this time he has shed forth light and heat, and waked up life in numberless organic forms throughout the system depending upon him as its centre. Not content to be a stationary source of blessing, he revolves upon his own axis, turning round his amazing fires from a simple abhorrence, as it would seem, of being at rest, but really from the same great principle of incessant mo-

tion which the law of attraction and gravitation sustains in all parts of the system. The sun is supposed to be incessantly expending itself, and must of course as incessantly be in itself elaborating its means of vast expenditure. The centre and source of light and heat is probably the subject of the most all-pervading and ceaseless motion, especially if, as many suppose, every part of it is flying off in infinite particles, followed by a perpetual succession.

If we look at other parts of our system, we shall see the same great law of activity pervading the whole. Every thing is kept at work, and idleness seems rebellion. The whole material system is constructed on the principle of keeping its tremendous energies in constant operation. The planet is not an extended plane, motionless, and lighted by an unvarying light. It is a globe, which must turn itself in order to enjoy the grateful succession of day and night, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter. It is not fixed on motionless pillars, but gives employment to the sun who keeps it by constant attraction in its orbit, while at the same time its centrifugal motion is always throwing it off, and the two contrary principles keep up its incessant movement. It is interesting to observe, that the two fundamental principles in the motion of the planetary system are opposed to each other, the one drawing its object one way, and the other compelling it another. But what harmonious opposition! What peaceful strife! Their very contrariety conducing to the order, steadfastness, and life, of the universe. Man has not yet fully learned the principle of instruction taught here, that contrariness of disposition, interest and pursuit, does not make enmity necessary; but,

without doubt, in good beings, as well as amongst the orbs of heaven, is a means of perpetual and harmonious activity and life.

The atmosphere that surrounds the earth to the height, as some suppose, of about two miles, partakes of the same principle of constant motion. By means of it, the rays of the sun are subdued and softened to the organ of sight. The atmosphere is thus continually modifying the power of the sun, and its wise interposition between us and that luminary shows us again, that many things which might have been so constructed as to fulfil their intention without help from other sources, are made dependent upon them, that the universe may put forth all its active principles, and every thing be drawn into serviceable life. The atmosphere moves with the earth, rolling along its enginery of subtle but mighty powers. Its electrical agencies are continually at work in sublime and beautiful manifestations. These, with the constant decomposition of the gases, probably make the air currents, varying from the zephyr to the tempest and hurricane. Meteors are born there; luminous paths, circles and arches, are sent from it to the face of the sky; the rainbow is its adopted child; and rain and dew, and the treasures of frost, snow and hail, in a constant process of formation, speak of the energies that fill the firmament.

Whenever we look upon this earth, we are met by this same great principle of active life. How wonderfully is it manifested in the earth's vegetative power. The earth is even in a state of preparation for putting forth its fruits, when it is locked up with frost. That which seems death, is, in fact, a process of restoration of exhausted life. When the autumn is finished, and

the tired earth is unable to begin immediately its labour, and decay would spread amongst its secret vital powers if left exhausted and exposed, as it does amongst its products, the frosts of winter soon come and bind it up in a state in which it not only has rest and preservation, but acquires strength for the labours of the coming year. If it is not the case that winter resuscitates the earth, and that a process of restoration is going on while the frost prevails, how strange that three months of death should prepare the earth for the bursting life of spring. Before the appointed season arrives, the tender green blade and bud thrust themselves forth with impatience of delay, and the earth seems full of desire to put forth its hidden vegetation. What infinite life and activity then appears. There is not a tree that lives whose fibres, from root to branch, are not visited with the life-giving sap, threading itself out into the new bud of leaf or fruit. Every plant, and bush, and shrub, feels the general motion. The surface of hill and valley smiles. A thousand fountains leap forth to the sun, and hide themselves in the earth, or course away to the sea, partaking of the general joy. Then the clear, penetrating wind, and the early rain, and the sun coming forth as a bridegroom to his bride over the smiling earth, wake up its innumerable operations. Suppose that it were possible for man to invent such a process as this, by which he could originate and sustain the power of universal vegetation. What clamorous and thundering enginery would he probably set in motion; and, judging from his present inventions, how painful would be the noise and confusion of his handy-work! Observe the contrast in the present organization of nature. These infinite operations proceed with

perfect stillness. The whole earth awakes to life, but with perfect peace! There is no confusion, no noise; but an impressive silence speaks the praise of that omnipotent God, whose skill and power are no way more perfectly contrasted with the imperfect skill and the feebleness of man, than in the silence of his stupendous works.

Those parts of the earth which had been kept secret till they were laid open by man, show us, that in all its dark places it is pervaded by the same principle of active life that appears upon its surface. Chemical agents are continually at work in the production of new forms. A thousand involutions of affinities, and the combinations of their results, as well as the action upon each other of opposite qualities of matter, fill the interior of the earth with constant motion. Old eruptions and new volcanos show, that the deep places of the earth are moved with the principle of life; and the well-known sympathy between volcanos, which at several times have made eruptions simultaneously in different parts of the world, is a proof of a secret, universal agency through the centre of the earth. Unnumbered curious and beautiful forms of the mineral kingdom, produced, many of them, by the action upon their original substances of solvent or crystallizing agencies,—stylactites in caves, petrifications, veins of metals running through beds of solid rock, prismatic colours of exquisite beauty and variety found on flinty substances, quarries of coal, alluvial deposits, beds of the various chemical earthy substances, formed by the disengagement of gases or their combinations with matter, are the results of an incessant activity, which, instead of being impeded, is quickened by resistance, and

is throwing the latent parts of creation into multiplied shapes beyond the comprehension of man. The earth, from its centre to its circumference, is a world of life and motion.

“So is this great and wide sea, in which are creeping things innumerable, both small and great.” It is perhaps a matter of fancy rather than of fact, but which indeed is often apparently confirmed by observation, that every thing on land has a corresponding form in the sea. Looking at a collection of marine productions, it is easy to discover in almost every one of them a resemblance to some well-known fruit, vegetable, plant, or other land production. The sea teems with all manner of curious forms, whose construction and combination manifestly indicate incessant life in places which we assign to the region of the shadow of death. There is no rock lifting itself up, a monument over the ocean’s dead,—or, when covered by tempests and hidden from the navigator, strewing the sea with wrecks and forms of men,—but gathers round its deep, dark sides a little world of vegetable, animal, or half animated being. While to the eye of the sailor it is nothing but the gravestone of ships and men, it is at once parent and home to a thousand forms of organized life. The luminous streaks on the surface of the ocean at night, which are supposed by some to be processions of millions of little creatures passing on their way, guided by the same wisdom that directs the eagle’s and the angel’s flight, are proofs of the life that is in the sea. Not a ship can pass through its paths but the barnacles will cleave to its sides, and compel it to bring to men on land the proofs, in their curious and apparently useless formation, that the watery worlds are pervaded

by the same principle of incessant activity. It is curious to observe upon an object that was lost from a ship at sea, and many years after is fished up from the deep, the rude, heterogeneous accretion of shells, plants, coral, imbedded in each other's growth, in their strife to secure a place each for itself, as though there were no other convenient resting-place for any of them amongst the crowded population of the deep. Under currents, without number, keep the centre of the sea in perpetual agitation. Look at its surface when you will, the same incessant motion which began with its birth, rocks it now. Go to any shore, and the untiring succession of wave after wave is still seen. Its hidden depths are filled with swarms of living things; and it might well be a matter of dispute whether, as it is often said, the smaller tribes were created to supply the larger with food, or whether the larger were created to prevent the ocean from being overstocked, and to give continual room to its prolific energies. Formations of curious substances, analogous to geological formations on land, are continually going on in the sea. In the Southern Ocean there are huge perpendicular walls of coral; and in the Pacific Ocean coral islands, whose substance is a combination of mineral matter and carbonate of lime. The common sponge, found upon the rocks in the Mediterranean Sea and elsewhere, which naturalists knew not for a long time whether to call a mineral, vegetable, or animal, is now pronounced to be of the latter class, holding, with an immense number of similar formations, an intermediate space between animate and inanimate life. The restless combinations of chemical properties in the sea, as well as on land and in the atmosphere, gives

birth to these innumerable forms. Lime, in one of its chemical states, falling in with gelatinous substances, is said to produce this curious article of commerce just named; and is an instance of that wonderful secret in the operations of nature, by which two apparently inert substances combine, and produce a species of life. Whether, therefore, you consider the walls, or islands, or branches of coral, or the half-animated substances which fasten themselves to the rocks, and there, many of them, for ever undiscovered, incessantly obey the tossing to and fro of the sea; or the shell-fish that comes into being with embryo pearls in it, and lives as it were only for their formation, and is all the time imparting to them its own substance; or whether you look at the luxurious growth of the green weed and sea-plant, in their almost numberless varieties; or the formations upon rocks; or the deposits of ocean on its thousand shores; or the innumerable tribes of living things that cleave its depths, or haunt its recesses; or the polar seas, with their world of wonders, beautifully terrific; and, to crown the whole, the unceasing motion of the mighty element, moving together as if it were one, and having no rest from age to age,—you cannot but be struck with the principle of activity that pervades this majestic portion of the universe of God. Life, life, meets you wherever you turn, and even the inanimate emulate the living things. Thus every thing on high, around, beneath, and in the waters under the earth, is full of motion.

We cannot express the perceptions of wisdom which we must necessarily have in contemplating the physical system as now described. It appears that every part of it, and its organization as a whole, is constructed on

the principle of bringing all its energies into active and benevolent operation. As in a well regulated and happy family each member has his duty assigned him, and all of them moving harmoniously in their proper station make a result of efficient and delightful co-operation,—so the employment of each of the vast family of universal agencies moves the whole onward in useful and beautiful order. Every thing has its employment, and depends upon or assists another. One process or combination gives existence to things which in their turn are the originals of others. As the great commercial cities of a country are of necessity, by the activity of business, most intimately connected with each other, so the great departments of nature are mutual dependencies and allies. The earth and sea continually send up exhalations into the air; the rain and dew come down to bless the earth, and, feeding the secret springs, enable the mountains, like eastern kings, to send their tokens to the great sea. Incessant motion in all parts of the physical universe creates dependence in each part on another, not merely for supply, but for opportunity of relieving itself of its continual productions; just as a fruitful clime requires another distant place, which, by receiving its products, will permit their growth. It cannot fail to interest any one who has a love for nature, to think of this law of mutual dependence in all parts of creation, and to think of it as arising from the perpetual activity that pervades the whole.

The view of the universe which we have now taken is fitted to give us enlarged conceptions of the power and skill of its great First Cause. That mind must certainly be destitute of some of the original principles

of moral excellence, that will not instinctively turn from such a system, fearfully and wonderfully made, to inquire concerning its author. As a matter of intelligent inquiry, and of intellectual as well as of deep moral interest, any one would naturally suppose that those who have perceptions of the wonders of the universe, would make it an object to know as much as possible of that Being who devised, constructed, and sustains the whole. Neither can any but an atheist feel, that the suggestion to his mind of such a Being is unpleasant, without betraying a derangement of his moral and intellectual state. To a good mind, the simple idea of a Being worthy to be the author of such a stupendous system, is attended with conceptions of inconceivable sublimity. The consciousness of having Him for a father and friend, does not impair the enjoyment derived from contemplating his works.

This principle of incessant activity in the physical universe, is to be looked upon as intended chiefly to set forth before intelligent beings the natural attributes of God. How full the earth is of things which seem to have no other end than to awaken thoughts of God, through illustrations of his infinite perfections. Why have not the birds throughout the world the same plumage? Why that exquisite diversity of green, and blue, and scarlet tints, and snowy white, upon their feathers? What wonderful variety of voices and songs! The evident purpose in this is to illustrate in part the character of that eternal Mind so full of conceptions of beauty, that it is continually using new forms in which to embody them, and throwing them out for its own infinite pleasure, and that of intelligent creatures, that they may see God in and through his works. I say,

God's own infinite pleasure; for it is a false notion which many have of the Supreme Being, that it is dishonourable to Him to suppose that He can take pleasure in such minute things. "For his pleasure they are and were created." Every thing that is beautiful and glorious in the created universe, originated in the mind of God. He formed the conception of it before it had any being. If, then, these wonders of creation are the efforts of his mind, how unspeakably glorious must that mind be. We need not fear to look upon any thing, however small and insignificant in itself, as an object of the attention and love of God. Indeed, his character is seen in a most interesting light, when we trace his wisdom and skill amongst the very minutest orders of creation. The poor insect from which man shrinks instinctively with loathing, when examined is found to be an object of Almighty wisdom and favour. The downy green light on the back of an East India Beetle, and the endless variety of similar appearances amongst the insect tribe, are the results of a perpetual activity in the creating mind, using new forms in which to express itself. It is true that these things awaken admiration and pleasure in man; but it was not the only or the chief end of their construction to please him, though he is included in the divine intention. Where benevolence to man was evidently not the motive, the same incessant activity shows itself, in the same profusion of beauty and skill. Wild flowers; minerals of astonishing formation and colours; marine shells, with inward surfaces of perfect enamel, and their curiously twisted but regular shape; precious stones, dug up from the foundations of the earth, as though they were not made for the sight of man; the different forms of moss which it

seems sacrilege to touch, filling the hidden places of a high mountain, where it seemed improbable that man would ever find it—living alone, reflecting back upon its Maker his beautiful skill; and the innumerable forms of perfection which our present acquaintance with the wonders of the sea leads us to infer exist there, but which will never see the light or meet the eye of man;—all show that the eternal Mind is the abode of perfect beauty, order, and harmony, and these secret things of the creation are the irrepressible outpourings of its amazing and beautiful conceptions. In unexplored wilds, how many thousand birds are there whose plumage and music man has never known; and curious creeping things, and exquisite plants and flowers, prairies of wonders, and worlds by themselves of animated and perfect organization, whose only design was to gratify the love of God in beholding happiness even in the unintelligent forms, and as it were to relieve the overflowings of his mind of its devices of beauty and wisdom!

If the Supreme Being were malevolent, the creation by means of this principle of universal activity would present a very different appearance. If he were not perfect in goodness and excellence, we should discover it to our sorrow in a thousand painful contrasts to the present organization of nature. All the harmonies of the world would be discords: its colours would be inappropriate to their places, and painful in their effects upon our sight. As man proceeded to uncover the hidden parts of creation, and to explore unknown regions, proofs of disorder and discord, and want of skill, would meet the eye. The principle of universal activity, would every where be felt to be a lurking and

dangerous enemy, against whose combinations there was no defence, and whose efforts might at any time result in the convulsions and desolations of the world. The unseen agency by whose direction it was kept at work, would be feared and hated, and men would live in perpetual apprehension of that malevolence or mistake by which conflicting agencies or parts of the system might meet in such tremendous ruin, that annihilation would be a happy and welcome escape. How different does the present construction of the physical universe show the character of God to be. The incessant motion of the heavenly bodies goes on in perfect order, though the paths of some are crossed by others, which intersection, if it did not occur at precise times, would involve worlds in ruin; and though comets, with dreadful speed, shoot athwart the track of worlds, whose partial delay or haste beyond a fixed time would kindle their final fires; yet every thing proceeds with perfect safety, and "He maketh peace in his high places." Should the power of attraction in the sun be accidentally increased but a little, the world and all that is therein would be burned up. Or suppose that the onward tendency of the earth should slightly overcome the attraction of the sun, how soon would land and ocean return to original confusion and darkness, and that noble chant of "Creation," which has awed and delighted so many of our race, would be sung in other worlds with additions of fearful and tremendous meaning. But though it might be comparatively easy for an omnipotent Being to govern the course of a great planet, how much more difficult does it seem to superintend those hidden and mysterious agencies,

which by themselves are harmless, but which, if brought together, would work destruction no less fearful than that of clashing worlds. Let but the decomposition of the gases—those subtle and insidious powers,—or their combination proceed too rapidly, or out of right proportion, and this place would become the crater of a volcano, and we and all around us understand by experience, the terrors of the last days of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There is no feeling of safety when we contemplate the active energies of the universe, until we learn from revelation that infinite goodness and skill is the attendant and director of them all. When we are assured of this, the more we know of the perpetual operations of the powers of nature in working out their glorious and wonderful results, the more our enjoyment in contemplating them is increased.

This subject leads us by analogy to take an interesting view of the operations of this same Creator, in other parts of the universe. We cannot well suppose that a planetary system, in which this earth is one of the smaller bodies, and all whose members are governed by the same external laws with this earth, is not pervaded from star to star, and from its centre to its remotest circumference, by the same principle of life which is manifest here. There are without doubt, therefore, other worlds where the same infinite Mind has employed itself in forms of wonderful skill and beauty, it may be, superior to any thing in this planet. The same activity pervades every part of the material organization of those worlds, and multiplies new objects and combinations of wisdom and power without any limits. What wonders may we know hereafter, of

which we now have no more conception than the infant in the cradle has of the sciences. And yet how sublime the thought, that as the mind of man has made such progress in the discovery of great principles and their operations here, it is destined, if regenerated, in an elevated and spiritual state, to become acquainted with a universe where his present knowledge will appear as inferior, and at the same time as holding the same fundamental place in his knowledge, as the alphabet amongst the attainments of a man of science.

We cannot but feel at times, that in such a universe we are too inferior to attract the notice of God. For in addition to what has been said, there can be no reasonable doubt that there is a universe of spiritual beings. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." If his unceasing skill is employed in the curious construction of inanimate things; if the lower orders of creation are the subjects of such exquisite beauty; if the wonders of this world are the result of his irrepressible love for what is excellent,—can we suppose that there is not an infinite variety of spiritual orders, and that intelligent mind is not a field for the display of divine wisdom, as well as the material universe? There is every reason from analogy to believe that as life exists in this material universe, in every possible gradation, from the creeping thing and the zoophyte up to man, so from man upwards, vast gradations of intelligent orders rise, rank above rank, ended only by the burning seraphim, so instinct with life that like the other unsullied works of God, they *cease not* day nor night in his service and praise. Now when we consider the material heavens, and all the wonderful works

which God has ordained, and think of a universe peopled with spirits, we cannot repress the feeling, "what is man?" nor shun the apprehension that we are too inferior to attract the notice of God.

This is not the case, and on the contrary, that which is to many minds the reason of our inferiority, may be the reason why man is an object of special favour with God. We are made of the earth. With many, there is nothing in this thought but humiliation. That which makes it humiliating was not original to man. Sin has made us mortal, not God. "In his own image created He him." I have said that the material universe was the result of God's love for all that is beautiful and glorious, and that He has employed this physical creation in which to set forth his power. May we not suppose, then, that God loves this material creation? When He had finished it, He saw that it was very good: and how perfect must that be, with which the author of all that is good and glorious is satisfied! The moral injury of this world has not extinguished the excellency of its material formation, and therefore He loves it as He did when He pronounced it very good. Now it must be observed that in the person of man, God has brought the material and spiritual universe together. They are both represented in man. His physical organization gives him a relation to the universe of matter which spiritual beings, perhaps, do not possess, (and is it dishonourable to be related to such a world of beauty and glory?) while, at the same time, his spiritual part connects him with spiritual intelligences. It seems easy to perceive in this, a reason why God should regard man with special favour; or having ascertained the

fact of such favour to him from revelation, it is easy to assign one probable reason for it. He made man in his image, the last and most perfect of his works, curiously and wonderfully illustrating the possibility of the union of spirit with matter—a union of the two great departments of the universe—gave him this fair creation as his abode, and visits him with loving kindness and tender mercy; sent his own Son to take man's nature, and redeem him—which nature that Son will wear in the form of a glorious body for ever, and thus distinguish man in the universe from angelic beings, by His own likeness to him rather than to them. There is something in man, as man, which God loves; and is it not possible that He sees in his complex formation the most perfect exhibition of wisdom and skill? After He had made beings that were purely spiritual, and a material creation, He brings together all that is excellent and glorious in them in a new creature—and that is MAN. It remains for us to see hereafter, whether, in the wonderful construction of this world, the abode of man, at the birth of which the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy—and in the formation of man, in his history and redemption, the character of God will not be more illustriously developed to the intelligent universe, than in any of his works; and whether that incessant activity which pervades this part of creation, and fills the divine mind, and which formed our bodies and fashioned our spirits, has not chosen this world and its inhabitants “to the intent that unto principalities and powers in heavenly places may be known the manifold wisdom of God.”

If such be his dignity and high destiny, let man con-

form himself to the great principle which we have now considered, that meets him every where in the world which God has given for his abode. Let him be constant in good and useful works of body and mind; move on in all his relations, public or private, with a calm and quiet energy; be earnest and fervent, like the ordinances of heaven, without excitement and noise; live in communion of spirit with all mankind; show forth with earth, and air, and sea, and all that has breath, the glory and love of God; and though the last of Jehovah's works, and made at the evening of creation, he may shine hereafter amongst the inhabitants of the universe as conspicuously as the evening star amongst the hosts of heaven, and for a similar reason, that he is nearer to the infinite Source of light and love.

Boston, (Mass.)

PEACE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“The Lord will bless his people with peace.”—*Psalms* xxix. 11.

OH seek her not in marble halls of pride,
 Where gushing fountains fling their silver tide,
 Their wealth of freshness toward the summer sky;
 The echoes of a palace are too loud,
 They but give back the footsteps of the crowd,
 Who throng about some idol throned on high,
 Whose ermined robe, and pomp of proud array,
 But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.

Nor seek her form in poverty's low vale,
 Where, touched by want, the bright cheek waxes pale,
 And the heart faints, with sordid cares opprest;
 Where pining discontent has left its trace
 Deep and abiding in each haggard face,
 Not there—not there, Peace builds her halcyon nest:
 Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering dome,
 And misery frights her from a lowly home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister, where the sage
 Ponders the mystery of some time-stained page,
 Delving with feeble hand the classic mine;
 Oh, who can tell the restless hope of fame,
 The bitter yearnings for a deathless name,
 That round the student's heart, like serpents, twine!

Ambition's fever burns within his breast ;
Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest ?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,
Where the low, whispered music of the heart,
 Is all unheard amid the clang of gold ;
Oh never yet did Peace her chaplet twine,
To lay upon base Mammon's sordid shrine,
 Where Earth's most precious things are bought and
 sold ;
Thrown on that pile, the "pearl of price" would be
Despised, because unfit for merchantry.

Go—hie thee to God's altar,—kneeling there,
List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer,
 That swells around thee in the sacred fane ;
Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,
When grateful praises on the still air float,
 And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain ;
And learn that Peace, sweet Peace, is always found
In her eternal home on *holy* ground.

Brooklyn, (L. I.)

REFLECTION.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

WELL, the bright hours have come and gone,
 Which hope in gorgeous hues array'd;
 I hear no more the viol's tone,—
 But from the moonlit forest's shade,
 "Floateth the night-bird's serenade!"
 Sweet warbler o'er thy folded wing!
 Thy soothing melodies I hear,
 Like the first anthems born of spring,
 Or voices from a happier sphere.

The calmness of this gentle scene
 Is holy—passionless—divine;
 And gazing on the waving green
 Of glimmering spray or distant pine,
 Where massy wreaths of ivy twine—
 Gazing on these I melt, I burn:
 New strength my drooping spirits feel;
 As to yon glorious vault I turn,
 Where *worlds* in dazzling orbits wheel.

Spirit of Night! thy power profound,
 I feel too deeply and too well;
 O'er the hush'd vastness spread around,
 Thy brooding wings in silence dwell:
 Thy dismal secrets who can tell?
 Perchance the pinions of the Dead
 Now fan me with their plumage pale,

As if some angel's robe were spread
In airy dalliance with the gale.

Yet while my fancy wakes, and springs
Up from the stream, the tree, the clod,
Some voice divine, inspiring, sings
The grandeur and the power of God.
Lo ! at his voice the forests nod !
The whirlwind rusheth from his lair—
The burdened clouds in darkness ride ;
And the bright rainbow, high and fair,
Bends smiling o'er the torrent's side !

Yes ! in His breath, the summer clouds
Their rich and damask wings expand,
And round the sunset float in crowds,
Like banners of the spirit-land
Borne o'er some high celestial band :
And when I read the written sky
Fretted with gems of golden fire,
To God my spirit makes reply,
And kindling thoughts aloft aspire.

And shall my heart refuse to join
The stars, the skies, his name to praise ?
Shall those far-sparkling orbs divine
Pour down their multitude of rays,
While my dull voice no hymn can raise
To the great Source of love and grace ?
Arouse, my soul ! and let thy wings
Devotion's heavenward strength put on :
So shall I reach those crystal springs,
Which flow beneath th' Eternal's throne !

MY COUNTRY.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMER.

Patria alta reposcit.

THE discovery of America was one of six of the most important events which have occurred since the spread of the gospel. The first of the six was the invention of the art of printing, in A. D. 1459. The second was the revival of letters under the patronage of the family of Medicis, whose illustrious founder departed this life in 1464. The third was the discovery of this continent, in 1492. The fourth was the opening of trade with the East Indies around the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497. The fifth was the glorious reformation from popery, which began in 1514. The sixth was the great improvement that about this time took place in navigation, through the reduction of its principles to a science, and through the increased knowledge of the use of the mariner's compass, which, though known for more than two hundred years, had seldom served more than to guide a vessel in cloudy weather along a neighbouring coast. These events, pregnant with incalculably beneficial results, were crowded together in the narrow space of little more than half a century; and, mutually conspiring for successful operation, began to break the slumbers, and expel the darkness, and un rivet the fetters of a world, which, during a millennium, had

never awaked but to wretchedness, or to some wild exploit of maddening fanaticism. The stars in the firmament, the islands of the sea, and the worthies of mankind, are often found in groups; so here was a cluster of events, connate with a knowledge of the existence of this continent, all conspiring to awaken high hopes in behalf of a benighted, polluted, enslaved world.

The character and circumstances of the first settlers of this country were such, as to awaken the expectation that God was about to rear a race of men for a service to which the bulk of mankind were not competent. The selectest part of the population of Europe, for half a century, was emigrating to these states, and imparting, not, as is often done, the vices, but the virtues of their birth-place. The origin of a large portion of those who settled the colonies, was no doubtful index to the character of their future population. God sifted kingdoms to obtain the choicest wheat to sow in this new and boundless plantation. These self-expatriated and holy men did often and solemnly avow their purpose in selecting the wilderness for a home, to be the attainment, for themselves and their posterity, of a quiet retreat from the power of a bloody hierarchy, and the intolerance of a haughty monarch; and the hope that God would open the way for publishing the gospel of his grace among the heathen. The severity and unhealthiness of the climate in the colonies; the necessity laid upon the people to become famous, not in erecting pyramids, but, as Israel's singer said, in "lifting up axes against thick trees;"* the absence of the effemi-

* Psalm lxxiv. 5.

nating refinements and luxuries of the old world; the constant perils and appalling hardships of a border war, rendered exceeding horrible by savage yells and still more savage customs,—all required an amount of energy, courage, enterprise and perseverance, never found in those whose views were confined within one lifetime. The spirit of noble daring and high design was almost necessarily connected with existence. To live without it was destitution of the currency of society, and indifference to the brightest examples. If the early history of Moses and Samuel had regard to the part they should act in subsequent life, no less closely does this nation's rise mark her out as peculiarly intended by God for some sublime achievement. This nation had rather a creation than a birth. She began her career with the elements of a vigorous character, and a healthy constitution, and a matured intellect, like Adam coming ripe and finished directly from the hand of God. We had not, as most nations, an infancy and a childhood of untutored rudeness and imbecility, out of which it required centuries to emerge. Let us emblazon on our escutcheon the sentiment so often repeated by our fathers, that neither gain, nor pleasure, nor ease, nor honour, but the glory of God, in the maintenance and propagation of the truth as it is in Jesus, was and ought to be the reigning motive with all whose souls had dilated with the love of God, and whose national inheritance was solid freedom.

The nature of our political and civil institutions is another item in a correct estimate of national duty and national destiny. Our untrammelled freedom allows us the use of speech on all political, philosophical, historical and moral subjects. Our press is without cen-

sorship, save that of public opinion, and restrained only by the rights of personal reputation. Our exemption from burdensome taxation for the support of a hereditary monarchy and a perpetual nobility, and their ten thousand minions, leaves to the industrious his earnings, and to the economical his savings for any work of beneficence to which his love of country, of man, or of God, may prompt him. In this land, who will may aspire, and to what he will. Education, alike attainable to the rich and the poor, and the habits and sentiments of society inviting all to deeds of greatness, every noble purpose may be cherished with hope of final success. Let any youth of this land design to belt the globe with a hallowed influence, and if life be spared it may be done. Samuel J. Mills "formed a purpose to feel and act efficiently for more than two-thirds of the human race never baptized by the Christian name,"* and he executed his purpose, though he numbered on earth less than a moiety of the three score and ten years appointed to mortals.

It is also true, that the simplicity, purity and efficiency of our religious institutions, mark us out for high exploits of mercy. Were there amongst us a lordly priesthood, of scandalous life or doubtful piety, to maintain whose civil rank the evangelical must consume their days and nights in toil, the energies of the church would be entirely crippled. It is a charitable estimate of human character which regards one in ten of the ecclesiastics of the purest established churches as willing subjects of the first law of Messiah, which is holiness to the Lord. Every church and state estab-

* Life of Mills, p. 25.

lishment is an incubus on the best feelings and mightiest energies of all who fall under its hated power. It is the great Upas tree, whose leaves, and blossoms, and very shadow, are at this day scattering death, and barrenness, and consuming blight, on protestant Europe. But in this land, the divine Author of Christianity hath said to his church, whom he hath "betrothed to himself in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies, and in faithfulness,"* "Thou art loosed from thy infirmity." None need wait the nod of a mitred or crowned head, ere he can go and execute his benevolent purposes towards his fellow men of every clime.

The extent of our territory, the fertility of our soil, the variety of our climate, and the abundance of our resources, promise an increase of population, an amount of wealth, and a range of talent and character, sufficient, if rightly directed, to compass any design which the largest benevolence hath ever formed. The United States could this year pay twenty millions, and enlarge her gifts a million annually for a long time to come, and could spare thousands of her sons and daughters to works of mercy in distant nations, and yet increase in all that makes a people great and good, more rapidly than any other nation is now doing. About a century ago, a little company of six hundred souls on the continent of Europe began to send messengers of salvation to the tribes on "Greenland's icy mountains," and to the besotted negro of South Africa and the West Indies. The nation of Greenlanders is now Christian, only one hundred and eighty-two souls among more

* Hosea ii. 19, 20.

than six thousand being unbaptized. More than forty thousand negroes now raise their hands in prayer, and their voices in praise, unto Him that hath loved them. The wild Indian of America, and the fierce fugitive of Surinam, averse to all subjection, have by the same people been led joyfully to wear the yoke of Christian obedience. Now the numbers of these missionary people are incredibly increased, and their wealth is likely to prove their greatest bane. Why may not the church of God in this land imitate an example so noble, and with corresponding results? Our soil, under wise cultivation, will yield to one labourer the bread of seven. Nor may we forget, that having "every variety of temperature, from the snows and barrenness of the Rocky Mountains to the perpetual bloom of the Floridas," and institutions of learning and religion all over our widely extended territory, we shall be able to furnish men with constitutions prepared for the severities of a winter in Kamschatka or Siberia, or for the sickly vapours of the Gold and Coromandel coasts.

From the combined influence of moral and physical causes, Americans are distinguished for fertility of invention, for copiousness of resources, and for facility of self-adaptation to pressing exigencies and unexpected reverses. Should any doubt the truth of this remark, let him study the history of the frontier settlements, or visit the patent offices of this land, and he will doubt no longer. This versatility of character is one of the most important qualities in devising and executing magnificent and difficult enterprises, and is never to be overlooked in the estimate of human duty. Can it then be believed, that all this fertility was designed only for the production of thorns and briars? Or was there *no*

design in its bestowment? Doth the Creator intend, that, so soon as we shall have conquered our "forests, reaching from eternity to eternity," and completed our great national improvements, we shall sink down into oriental softness and stupidity? Or will Jehovah annihilate our national character, that he may reduce us to the stature of the pigmies of other and older countries? Nay. We believe this gift of God is without repentance.

The scriptures direct our attention to a commercial people as likely to act a prominent part in blessing the world. "The ships of Tarshish shall first bring thy sons from far."* On this score our nation has a vast and growing power for good or evil. The trade of the Black Sea was not open six weeks, until our busy merchantmen were penetrating every indentation on its coast. Even England must increase her efforts, or in a quarter of a century the daughter will wear the mother's robes. It is hardly conceivable what power is connected with commerce. The imposing appearance of a gallant ship, the intelligence supposed to belong to her officers, the facility thus furnished for intercommunication with distant nations, the new and striking examples thus held forth, all combine to make its effects lasting and important. Behold how commerce hath covered with horrible dreariness a thousand leagues of African coast, and let in the burning waves of intemperance on islands just beginning to emerge from the barbarism of centuries. Take another example. Time was, when Venice alone did more to form the manners of the world, to reap the wealth of the whole

* Isaiah lx. 9.

earth, and to guide the destinies of man, than all northern Europe. Commerce, christianized in its conduct and objects, is unquestionably destined to work wonders in filling the world with the knowledge of God. The ports of the islands of the sea and of the populous empires of the East, are open to our "swift ships," laden with the treasures of the gospel, and going on errands of salvation. And shall they not be entered?

It is also true, that while the despots of Europe are not without jealous fears towards this land, yet as a general thing, to be an American is to have a passport to the human heart. Few of the tribes of earth have learned to regard us as invading conquerors, or haughty masters. Our insolence hath not vexed, though our enterprise hath aroused mankind. No "old hatred" severs us from any nation. Our remoteness prevents all dread of our arms. Our history quells suspicions of our designs. So far as distinctly known, we have a "good name, which is rather to be chosen than riches." With individuals credit is wealth—with nations a good reputation is power. For what end hath God entrusted to us this talent? That we should hide it in a napkin? That we should glory in it? Or that we should employ it for the spread of his truth? Unquestionably for the last of these purposes.

Ever since the first settlement of this country, God hath blessed us with glorious revivals of religion. About a century ago a new era began in these important dispensations of grace. And about forty years ago, another and yet more remarkable era commenced in these displays of mercy. And although, for the present, darkness covers our prospects for a little, yet will we believe that God will "revive us again, that his

people may rejoice in him;" and that it shall often again happen that "into our assemblies there shall come one that believeth not, and the secrets of his heart shall be made manifest; and so falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in us of a truth."* That these glorious scenes are well calculated to yield a harvest of the very best specimens of practical, laborious and enterprising Christians, all experience, many candid and eminent men, and sound philosophy alike testify. Revival converts at the first filled the earth with the song of redemption. And revival converts shall again tell the story of redeeming love to the myriads of dying men. Just in proportion as God blesses a people with glorious revivals, does he prepare and call them to the highest achievements of Christian benevolence. America, therefore, may not keep silence and slumber, when the salvation of the world draweth nigh, without incurring unparalleled condemnation.

The high respect we have acquired in recent efforts for founding a mighty commonwealth, in executing plans for the relief of human woe and the prevention of human guilt, and in acquiring a great national influence, must enter into our final account. Often of late have the oldest powers of Europe listened to the instruction of our example, or sent messengers to inquire after our wisdom. France hath not been ashamed to ask how she may best regard and treat those who by crime may have forfeited their claims to liberty, but not to humanity. Great Britain and Prussia, in the paroxysms and throes of their torment, gladly adopt

* 1 Cor. xiv. 25.

our simple yet mighty expedient for rolling back the burning tide of intemperance. The Autocrat of Russia, and his deadly foe, the Grand Turk, alike reward our superior skill in naval architecture. Our improvements in the mechanic arts are supplanting the models which ages had been endeavouring to perfect. Why hath the King of nations given us all this respectability, but that we may have both the disposition and ability to employ it for the furtherance of his gospel?

Time will not allow a detail of causes, but the fact may be stated, that our plans of evangelization, while undoubtedly capable of improvement, are yet better than any models furnished by our transatlantic brethren. We have experimented on a greater variety of character, and on a greater extent of plan. We have the world more distinctly before us. The character of our missionaries is confessedly superior. An eminent English missionary says, "So far as I have had the means of judging, I believe, generally speaking, that the American missionaries are in some important points superior to our own."* The Bishop of Calcutta says, "The missionaries from America are filling India, Ceylon and Burmah. They seem able, well informed, pious, devoted, self-denying men, with little or no party spirit. If they proceed as they do, and England is as tardy as she now is in sending out missionaries, America will convert the world. I have been much struck with the superior talents and piety of those whom I have seen. The immense population of your United States, their vigour of intellect, their simplicity of manners, appear to mark them out for great things in the diffusive work of the gospel of Christ, our Lord."

* Dr. Philips's Letter, p. 24.

That the abundance of the sea and the forces of the Gentiles shall be converted unto God is certain, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. That this work is to be effected by human instrumentality, the scriptures constantly affirm. That some one nation will take a very prominent part in the commencement of the work, is at least probable. But England, with her thousand millions of national debt, her privileged orders, her vast fleets armed for dreadful war, and her immense standing army, with a monarch receiving from his subjects a million sterling annually, will hardly be prepared for the work. Russia is a thousand years behind the spirit of the age. In her icy dominions benevolence is congealed into frozen rocks. Her name is dreadful. Her institutions are granite. Greece is in her infancy: a century will hardly give her the vigour of manhood. Prussia may now and then yield a world-stirring Gutzlaff, but she hath no commerce. France is still poisoned with abounding secret infidelity. Other Catholic countries will perhaps be the last to renounce idolatry. It is a mark of the Apocalyptic Beast that he never repents, but must be consumed with the spirit of Jehovah's mouth, and destroyed with the brightness of his coming.* Earth *shall*, however, be evangelized. Who, then, shall lead on the "sacramental host of God's elect," if America hold back?

General views, similar to these, have been entertained by many of the soberest and soundest minds both in this country and in Europe. We present the views of but one. He is still living, honoured by the liberal and intelligent Christian of every nation. He

* Compare Rev. xvi. 11: and 2 Thess. ii. 8.

says—"America is to modern Europe, what its western colonies were to Greece—the land of aspirations and dreams, the country of daring enterprise, and the asylum of misfortune; which receives alike the exile and the adventurer, the discontented and the aspiring, and promises to all a freer life and a fresher nature. The European emigrant might believe himself as one transported to a new world, governed by new laws, and finds himself raised in the scale of being: the pauper is maintained by his own labour, the hired labourer works on his own account, and the tenant is changed into a proprietor. The world has not witnessed an emigration like that taking place to America,—so extensive in its range, so immeasurable in its consequences,—since the dispersion of mankind; or perhaps since the barbarians broke into the empire.

"A moral influence is withdrawing their subjects from the old and worn-out governments of Europe, and hurrying them across the Atlantic, to participate in the renovated youth of the new republics of the west; and hordes of emigrants are continually swarming off, as ceaseless in their passage, and crowded, and unreturning, as the travellers to eternity. Even those who are forced to remain behind, feel a melancholy restlessness, like a bird whose wing is crippled at the season of migration. Every change in America has occasioned a corresponding change in Europe: the discovery of it, overturned the systems of the ancients, and gave a new face to adventure and to knowledge; the opening of its mines produced a revolution in property; and the independence of the United States overturned the monarchy of France, and set fire to a train which has not yet fully exploded. At every expansion of American influence,

the older countries are destined to undergo new changes. The American states will every year exert a wider sway over the minds of men, and hold out to them a more illustrious example of prosperity and freedom. In little more than a century, the United States must contain a population ten times greater than has ever yet been animated by the spirit and energy of a free government; and in less than a century and a half, the new world will not be able to contain its inhabitants, but will pour them forth upon the shores of less civilized nations, till the earth is subdued to knowledge, and filled with the abodes of free and civilized men. But the spirit and imitation of American freedom will spread still more rapidly and widely than its power. No force can crush the sympathy that already exists, and is continually augmenting between Europe and the new world. The eyes of the oppressed are even now turning wistfully to the land of freedom, and the kings of the continent already regard with awe and disquietude the new Rome rising in the West—the foreshadows of whose greatness yet to be, are extending dark and heavy over their dominions, and obscuring the lustre of their thrones.”*

Such being the posture of affairs; our nation growing with unexampled rapidity in numbers, wealth, and power; what shall employ us? When other nations have gained power, they have employed themselves in making conquests; but we have already more territory than we can occupy. Or they have plunged themselves into long and bloody wars; but the time is near at hand, when “they shall beat their swords into ploughshares

* Douglass on the Advancement of Society, pp. 71, 72, 73, 292, 293.

and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”* In many countries, heathen and Catholic, the number of holydays, added to excessive taxation, keeps the people poor and broken in spirit; but the majority of the people of these states will hardly consent to consume time and substance in the fooleries of a sottish superstition. Once, the spirit of chivalry, and bloodshed, and martyrdom, and fanaticism, strongly combined to enlist mighty potentates for the rescue of the Holy Land. Whether a plodding and practical people could ever be summoned to a distant shore, on some wild crusade, there to perish of plague, to burn in fever, and die in battle, is not gravely problematical. There was a period when men were willing to spend all the harvest-time of life in culling from heaps of rubbish a few quaint sentences, and puerile antitheses, and scholastic dogmas; then writing a book, and bidding the world farewell. But the guardian angel of humanity hath sworn that such time shall be no longer. Nor can you persuade the millions of this Union innocuously to spend their time, “doing nothing else but to hear and to tell some new thing.”† Our young men cannot be induced to consume the vigour of youth and their patrimonial substance, in making the ascent of the rugged hill of science and literature, rewarded *only* with the privilege of plucking by the way some flower of rhetoric, or with the hope of seeing at the end of their toils some new planet; and there, far above the clouds of popular ignorance and vulgar prejudice, sitting down on a barren rock, and shivering in melancholy inutility

* Isaiah ii. 4.

† Acts xvii. 21.

and bleak loneliness. Americans will do something—something great for good or for evil. Forbid them to extend the conquests of benevolence, to purify the haunts of vice, to reform the habitations of cruelty—hold them back from a world's conversion, and soon the excess of wealth will breed luxury, corruption, and devotion to shows, and games, and sensuality. The national mind under deep-toned excitement—the national talent under high cultivation—the learned professions crowded to excess—political contests waxing more and more fierce; faction, that common grave of republics, will begin her work of death—riots will abound—disunion will hasten on—the tocsin of civil war will send a terrible blast to every fireside,—and the withering curse of Meroz will make us to consume away like the fat of lambs.

To show the practical bearing of this discussion to the present generation, it may be stated, that we have constantly multiplying proofs that the harvest of the earth is ripening apace. Physical strength and moral power—in other words, numbers on the one part, and justice, truth and right on the other—never before, as now, thundered forth their resistless demands in the halls of legislators and the cabinet of kings. Their cry must be heard—it is heard; already the gloom of despair hath bound the demon of tyranny. Men once wrapped in reckless stupidity, collect in little groups or dignified assemblies to discourse on the state of empires, the balance of power, the rights of man, and all things high and eternal. All orders of men, from the meek disciple of the despised Nazarene to the vile atheist, are industriously wielding the power of speech, and the greater power of the press, in propagating

their opinions. Political sagacity once might venture to foretell the course of events for a century to come; but of late, all discerning statesmen are "lying prophets." Their very wisdom misleads them. The fifth vial has, it would seem, for forty years been expending its wrath on the seat of the Beast; and the river Euphrates, the Ottoman power, is being dried up. Both truth and error are becoming fully organized. Old systems of false religion are becoming intolerable, and sinking into decrepitude. "Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."* The man of sin, the false prophet, and the champions of idolatry, are perplexed with fear of change. While the spirit, that worketh in the children of disobedience, never maddened some minds to a higher phrensy by the sorcery of sin—yet that Spirit, which maketh of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord, since the days of the apostles, never gave us men of more might, or valour, or success, than some who adorn and bless this age.

Why then, we ask, are matters in this posture? and why do all these facilities and qualities concentrate in America? Why hath God so highly exalted both our state and our hopes? What do these things teach? but that **THE CHURCH IN THESE UNITED STATES OUGHT TO REGARD HERSELF AS CALLED TO BEAR A PROMINENT PART IN THE WORK OF CONVERTING THE WORLD UNTO GOD.**

Richmond, (Va.)

* Heb. viii. 13.

THE SISTER ROSE.

BY DANIEL B. WOOD.

The "dew of morning" is a beautiful emblem of holiness; and, when that dew bathes the young rose-buds, and makes them glitter fresh and bright in the rising sun, it seems a touching emblem of *youthful piety*. As the "dew of *morning*," rather than that of evening, is chosen to represent the "beauty of holiness," we cannot but think that piety most lovely which we see in the *morning of life*.

In composing the following verses, the writer has in remembrance an accomplished young lady, who possesses the art of embalming every action and word in the memory, by her winning manner, her sweet look, and her gentle voice. He has seen such an one lead away a younger sister to her night's repose,

"As a flower at set of sun."

She would press the young innocent to her bosom with the soft tenderness of a sister's love, and her "doctrine would drop as the small rain, and distil as the dew, which gathers in bright drops upon the opening petals of the young bud." She would gently bring her to that Saviour, who once took such children in his arms and blessed them. Then would their voices sweetly commingle in some song of thanksgiving and adoration. Does not God look with approbation upon this lovely being, as she lifts the heart and bends the knee by her sister's couch, and holds intimate communion with the Father of their spirits? Do not the angels hover with pleasure over such a kindred spirit and scene?

THE *infant bud*, which scarcely shows
 Those lovely tints we soon shall see,
 How know we, that the *fairest rose*
 That infant bud will ope to be?

On the same stem, and side by side,
 A youthful *sister rose* is seen,

With every charm, but void of pride—
Of all the flowers the lovely queen.

Methinks that infant bud will learn
Of her sweet sister *how to grow*;
The charms and fragrance we discern
In her, *example* will bestow.

Thus you may see the reason, why
Our sweet and happy infant friend,
Who seems an *opening bud* of joy,
Will each soft charm and virtue blend.

A *sister rose* blooms by her side,
Lovely and fragrant—Oh, how blest
That spot with such a flower its pride,
That home of such a gift possess!

Prayer is the fragrance angels love,
And *piety* the *softest bloom*:
That *bloom* adorns the fields above—
That fragrance lives beyond the tomb.

How happy, then, the sweet employ
To rear a plant for God on high!
Angels must view the sight with joy;
A sister cherish'd for the sky.

Sister! as nightly thus you bend,
Wat'ring your bud with heavenly dew,
Heaven's choicest blessing will descend
In a refreshing shower on you.

CONSOLATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY WILLIAM G. GODDARD.

CHRISTIANITY is evidently a restorative dispensation. Contemplating man as estranged from holiness and happiness, it offers to his acceptance the means of moral renovation, and the joys of everlasting life. This is the grand central truth in that system of truths which the Bible has revealed. In adoration of its sublime efficacy, the penitents upon earth pour forth their voices of thanksgiving, and the unfallen spirits in heaven touch their golden harps to songs of unending praise. It is, however, not alone for this distinctive characteristic of Christianity, that the tribute of devout acknowledgment may be challenged. Sorrow, as well as sin, being the inheritance of our race, we need not only to be purified, but to be consoled. Dark and agitated indeed would be our passage from the cradle to the grave, if Christianity had not unsealed a fountain of eternal illumination and repose; if, over our heritage of woe, it had not shed the light of its peaceful hopes, and invited afflicted man to look for comfort to its never-failing consolations. It is not only amid the overwhelming calamities of life that these consolations are needed, or that their power to soothe and to sustain comes to be experienced. Under circumstances of less aggravated trial, they are endowed with an unobtrusive but triumphant energy. Amid mystery and change—in seasons

of doubt, and loneliness, and depression, the worn spirit flees to the consolations of the gospel, as the oriental traveller fleeth to "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This latter view of the subject it may not be unprofitable very briefly to illustrate.

Notwithstanding all the discoveries of science, and all the revelations of the Bible, how wide is the dominion of mystery throughout the universe of matter and of mind! The maxim of the schoolmen—*omnia exeunt in mysterium*—will not be disputed by any one who is acquainted with the physical and moral economies which God has established. However minute and exact may be the observations of modern science—however expansive her generalizations—and however splendid her achievements, she is often compelled to the humbling confession that she can advance no farther; and that, in a multitude of cases, naught remains to her but the duty of patient thought, or diffident conjecture, or mute admiration. In the constitution of the moral world, the element of mystery is also to be found. Minds of a peculiar organization, it is to be feared, are sometimes betrayed into sadness, and doubt, and despair, by a partial contemplation of what is mysterious in the structure and arrangements of the material world; or in that moral government which God in his wisdom has established. They seem to forget that mystery is relative only to the faculties of *created* beings; that it is perhaps necessary to the purposes of our moral probation; and that, however it may shroud the throne of the Eternal, it never obscures the path of duty. Such minds are perplexed, nay, sometimes appalled, by the varied forms of physical suffering, and by the fearful exhibitions of moral evil which abound in this our world.

In anguish of spirit, they are tempted almost to believe that the Creator has forgotten to be gracious, and that, in righteous indignation, he hath surrendered up this revolted province of his empire to the awards of a cruel and inexorable destiny. Now, to all such thoughtful and perplexed observers of the constitution of things, Christianity is fitted to impart the most grateful consolations. It does not pretend to solve every moral problem, nor, by irresistible evidence, to dispel every painful doubt. Leaving unexplained many mysteries to exercise our faith, and to humble our pride, it furnishes such touching proofs of the wisdom and the love of God—it renders so intelligible the relations which we sustain to him—and it offers so freely to all the means of restoration to his forfeited favour, that it is our perverse choice if we dwell in the regions of darkness, and doubt, and agitation.

In the season of youth and of health, before the elastic spirit has lost its light bound, how little do we dream of the melancholy changes which, in the progress of life, are destined to befall us. Strangers to sorrow, and buoyant with hope, we practically discredit the testimony of all human experience; we virtually refuse to believe that the days of darkness will soon come over us. With eager step we pursue the business or the pageantry of life; we are fascinated by varied amusements; we delight ourselves in the brilliant creations of genius; we revel amid fantastic hopes of superabundant wealth; we look, with longing eyes, upon anticipated honours. But suddenly these beautiful apparitions vanish away. Sickness impresses upon us its monitory lessons; death bereaves our domestic circle of its selectest ornament; or calamity, in some

other form, blights all the promises of our being. Then do we ask ourselves, "What has become of all those vernal fancies which once had so much power to touch the heart;?"* we feel that we have for ever parted with our gorgeous illusions, and that we are summoned to an intercourse with stern realities. We look abroad upon our contemporaries, and we look outwardly and inwardly upon ourselves, and we mark, in sadness of spirit, the changes which time has wrought in both. Upon the once clear brow we detect the shade of pensive melancholy, or the furrows perchance of some deep and nameless sorrow. From lips once attuned only to the expression of the lighter thoughts, we now catch the accents of chastised affection, or the lessons of grave experience. These changes which we thus note as having passed upon others, we are admonished have likewise passed upon ourselves. And this is not all. Time never intermits his work. Year after year robs these bodies of some portion of their beauty or energy, and takes from these spirits some sensible evidence of their undying power. It is impossible to contemplate these changes without emotion. They touch us so nearly, and they speak to us so eloquently of that other and final change which awaits us, that, while we ponder them, we confess how inadequate is all human philosophy to teach us the duty of submission. Amid these affecting memorials of decay—these mute prophecies of our end,—we need to be comforted by hopes and promises which take hold upon immortality. Christianity offers to us the sublimest solace. It assures us that the changeful and troubled aspects of human life are designed for our everlasting good; and

* John Foster.

that this season of trial, so necessary for the discipline of moral character, will prepare every sincere follower of Jesus Christ for the rest and the happiness of heaven.

In closing this imperfect essay, I may be allowed to advert to the consolation which Christianity imparts to those who instinctively seek much of their happiness in the loftiest regions of intellectual and spiritual contemplation. It is the destiny—in some sort, the sad destiny, of minds of this high order, to live somewhat remote from the sympathies of the beings around them. They are accustomed to dwell, with consecrated enthusiasm, upon the varied forms of material and moral beauty; to study, in the spirit of a devout philosophy, the sublime relations which the truths of Christianity sustain towards individual and social man; to look upon this earth with the eye of a pilgrim and a stranger, and towards heaven with somewhat of yearning for its purity and its repose. Although they may walk, with unfaltering step, the round of common occupation, and delight to recognise, in the humblest man living, the moral image of Christ, yet so elevated are their intellectual tastes, so enlarged their spiritual apprehensions, and so triumphant their faith, that they find imperfect communion even among the multitudes of the pious who surround them. To all who, in the midst of society, are thus lonely, Christianity administers abundant consolations. It familiarizes to their minds means of activity and enjoyment, which the many are either unable to seek, or are prone to neglect; it utters a response to their deeper sympathies; it invites them to a yet deeper study of the economy of nature and of grace, and to yet nobler contemplations of duty and of truth.

Providence, (R. I.)

TREES FOR THE PILGRIM'S WREATH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"Knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed."

Romans v. 3, 4, 5.

TRIBULATION, if by loss,
Or by thorny gain—the cross,
Thou art not a barren tree;
Seeds of patience drop from thee.

Patience, bitter from thy root
Upward, till we reach thy fruit,
Thou hast golden grains to sow,
Whence Experience full shall grow.

Broad Experience, rank and dark,
Thick in leaves and rough in bark,
Through thy dubious shade we grope,
Till we grasp the bough of Hope.

Hope, we're not ashamed with thee,
Showered by drops from Calvary,
When thy branches shoot and bloom
Through a Saviour's broken tomb.

Trees, whereof the pilgrim weaves
For his crown the mingled leaves,
Wreaths of you are rich and bright;
Earth's the shade, and Heaven's the light.

Newburyport, (Mass.)

THE STORM IN HARVEST.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“THE earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof.” How naturally should this passage of scripture occur to us, when we look upon the fields whitened by the harvest, and listen to the merry song of the reapers as they gather it into barns. But alas! we are too often only made sensible of the mercy of God, after we have felt his power; we too often need the storm in harvest to remind us that it is “God alone who giveth the increase.” To one whose habits of thought enable him to

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,”

I know of no finer moral lesson than may be derived from the beautiful picture which graces the accompanying page. Admirable as a work of art, it is still more valuable for the sentiment which it conveys to the contemplative observer. We see the desolated harvest field, with the golden grain trodden to the earth beneath the footsteps of the tempest, and we cannot but remember that, even at the last hour, when hope seems almost merged in fruition, it is in the power of the Almighty to overwhelm us with disappointment. The little group of reapers, nestled beneath the shelter of the spreading tree, may teach us another lesson of wisdom. In the appealing countenance of the young husband we read

how doubly sensible he is of his own helplessness, when he feels his utter inability to protect the terrified wife of his bosom; the awe-struck expression of the father tells us, that though he has many times "bided the pelting of the pitiless storm" in safety, yet he has never ceased to remember the *power* as well as the *goodness* of God; while the placid face of the mother of the family seems to say, that to her the Lord speaks not in the whirlwind, nor yet in the fire, but in the still small voice that whispers peace.

The picture tells its own story, and description or eulogy would be equally superfluous; but let us contemplate it in a broader light, and look upon it as an epitome of human life. How few, how very few, of the myriad groups which make up the great human family, have never been compelled to sit in anguish and desolation, amid the overthrow of their cherished hopes! How few have planted, and watered, and garnered their treasures, without having encountered a "storm in harvest!"

The votary of Mammon rises up early and lies down late, while he toils after the perishable riches of the world; he eats his bread with carefulness, and of the days of the years of his life he has no pleasure in them. At length his task is nearly done. Like the king of Babylon, he boasts of the mighty works which his hands have wrought; he gathers about him vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and anticipates rest for his soul amid the soft luxuries of sensual enjoyment. But lo! the handwriting appears upon the wall—he is weighed in the balance and found wanting—the duration of his dream of happiness is determined—the treasures for which he periled his soul are given to another; and,

while he shrinks before the uplifted dart of death, he learns too late that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Who will deem this sketch too highly coloured? Even while I write, its fearful truth is every day exemplified. Never have so many temples been reared to Mammon—never has so much incense smoked upon his altars, as within the last few years. The proudest intellect has bowed itself in the dust before him—the noblest hearts have been trodden under foot of the idol. Nay, have we not served him as the men of olden time served Moloch? have we not made *our children* to pass through the fire of worldly temptation, that we might do him honour? "Alas! man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." The time has come for gathering into barns—the labourers are making ready for the task,—but the thunder of God's power has been heard afar off; the storm in harvest has already begun its ravages, and fearful may be the desolation before that storm shall pass away. May God, in his merciful providence, grant that the tempest which is now sweeping over the commercial world may purify its moral atmosphere.*

Let us visit the abode of domestic happiness, where every duty is prescribed by affection, and performed with the alacrity of a willing spirit. How beautiful is the picture there presented to us—how much it seems to realize our ideas of a terrestrial paradise! The discords of an unfeeling world are never heard to mar the sweet harmonies of life within that bower of bliss. The tones of manly affection, the gentle accents of

* Written during the great commercial distress of April, 1837.

womanly tenderness, the sweet music of childhood's mirthfulness—all are there to fill the heart with joy. But the love of earth too soon becomes idolatry—the sunshine of prosperity too soon draws out those noxious vapours which obscure the pure light of heaven—unholy meteors begin to gleam over the path of those happy beings, in place of the stedfast light of God's beneficent smile, and then comes the tempest! The desire of their eyes is taken from them at a stroke—an idol is dethroned in their hearts—and, though in the first bitterness of their bereavement they may sit like Rachel mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted, yet in the end they will learn patience under their affliction, and be taught to exclaim, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: let him do what seemeth good in his sight."

And have not nations also their storms in harvest? Who does not remember the summer of '32, when wealth was pouring into our country like a continual stream; when our sails whitened every sea, and our merchants were as princes in the land. We were then as a shining mark among the nations, and the pride of power and self-knowledge was among our rulers. But the protecting arm of the Lord was for a time withdrawn; the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" was permitted to go abroad among us, and deep fear was among the people. The earth gave forth her fruits in unwonted profusion—fruits tempting to the eye and luscious to the palate; but the prohibition once uttered in Paradise seemed fearfully renewed, and "on the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"—seemed inscribed in legible characters upon every thing that was pleasant to the taste of man. To use the ex-

pressive language of one whose words are sometimes as graphic as a painter's pencil, "It seemed as if death kept guard over every avenue of enjoyment." Yet the aspect of nature remained the same. Day after day the sun pursued his allotted course in majestic brightness, and gathered his gorgeous drapery of clouds about him when he sunk to rest. Night after night the stars looked down, with their soft, sweet eyes, from heaven's high watch-tower. The freshening dew still visited the thirsty soil—the perfumed breezes forgot not their gentle ministry among the flowers—all the operations of nature were carried on with undeviating regularity; but the blessing which had heretofore been a part of man's heritage was withheld, and without that blessing the very sustenance of life became the most fatal weapon of death. Deep gloom fell upon all men: the pride of life was forgotten—the pomp of riches was unheeded: the only question asked was, "Watchman, what of the night?" the only answer, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain!"

Brooklyn, (L. I.)

THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH:

A SCRIPTURE SCENE.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE sun, over Hebron's green plain rising bright,
 His first rays of glory has sent
 To blend with the tears, where the dark eye of night
 Has wept round the patriarch's tent.

For, sorrow and death, with the night, hover there—
 The spirit of SARAH has fled;
 Her form lies at rest, while the soft morning air,
 With ABRAHAM, sighs o'er the dead.

The tall, aged oak, that is guarding the door,
 With arms spreading widely away,
 A fresh, living curtain hangs trembling before
 The peaceful and spiritless clay.

And there in his grief does the patriarch stand,
 He looks to the left and the right,
 And forward and back, for a place in the land
 To bury the dead from his sight.

But, thus far away from the land of his birth,
 From all of his kindred and name,
 No spot where his lost one may sleep in the earth,
 The lonely Chaldean can claim.

A field lies before him, with trees green and high,
A grove that embosoms a cave ;
And this does he seek with his silver to buy,
To hallow it thence, as a grave.

The people of Canaan, who pass to and fro
From the gates of their city, draw near
The tent of the pilgrim, their pity to show,
His woes and his wishes to hear.

Majestic in sorrow he stands, while the crowd
From o'er the wide plain gather round :
With reverence now to their chief has he bowed,
Till his white, flowing beard met the ground.

His accents are firm : in his eye is there shown
The wisdom that beams through a tear ;
And thus is the grief of his bosom made known,
While Ephron, the ruler, gives ear.

“ A stranger I come from my home far away ;
The ground of a stranger I tread :
While death has a place in my dwelling to-day,
I've nowhere to bury my dead.”

“ Behold,” replies Ephron, in sympathy's voice,
“ We have many sepulchres made,
Where slumber our dead, and we give thee thy choice
Of all, wherein thine may be laid.”

The patriarch answers, “ Can silver procure
A spot, that to me and to mine
Shall be a possession, made sacred and sure—
I ask it of thee, and of thine ?

“The cave, that is there in the end of the field,
The cave of Machpelah, the earth,
And trees round about it, I ask thee to yield
To me, and to name me their worth.”

“’Tis four hundred shekels of silver : but what
Is silver between thee and me ?”
The generous owner replies, “Of the spot
I give full possession to thee.”

Once more speaks the sage of Chaldea : “The *land*
I take, but the *gift* I decline :
The price duly weighed, putting now in thy hand,
I make the place righteously mine.”

And now, on the fair land of promise is laid
The first claim of permanent hold !
A grave is the purchase ! the first ever made
Of earth, with her silver or gold.

Blest CAVE OF MACHPELAH ! how holy the trust,
That long has been given to thee !
Enshrined in thy bosom how rich is the dust !
How great its disclosure will be !

For, when the archangel descending the skies,
Shall give the loud summons to all,
Then ABRAHAM, ISAAC and JACOB will rise
From thee, and come forth at the call !

Newburyport, (Mass.)

THE TWO TRIOS.

BY MRS. COPLEY.

CAROLINE, Emily, and Lucilla, were brought up on the lap of affluence and luxury. One of the earliest impressions on their youthful minds must have been, that they were the chief objects of attention in the family, surrounded by beings, whose whole employment was to gratify their capricious humours, to assist their weakness, to supply their wants, to remove or prevent any thing that might possibly occasion them a moment's inconvenience or irritation, and to admire and report all their pretty sayings and doings. Expense was wholly disregarded in gratifying all the wishes of the children, or the imagination of their parents, or the suggestions of visitors or of servants, of something wanted to complete the accommodations or adornments of the nursery, or the gratification of its inmates. Nor were the wishes, the feelings, or the claims of others for a moment consulted, if one of the young ladies chose to command their services, though in the most unreasonable and capricious manner, or at the most unseasonable time. Thus ideas of their own consequence were coeval with their earliest consciousness; and the seeds of pride sown in their infant hearts, soon sprang forth in intolerable insolence, turbulence, and self-will. To be a few minutes in the room, without engaging the attention of their parents and the company, was a neglect too great

to be brooked; and would excite the most violent expressions of rage and disappointment. At a somewhat more advanced age, similar violence would be provoked if any one at the table was helped before them; or if any one happened inadvertently to take the orange, or the piece of cake on which any one of them had set her mind. If the slightest opposition were made to their most unreasonable wishes, or even a moment's hesitation in complying with them, the ready and prevailing threat was, "If you do not give it me this moment, I will scream!"

While it was thus an established point, that every wish was to be gratified, the means of furnishing these gratifications was a matter of little consideration to the young ladies. They grew up in life utterly unaccustomed to self-denial; never had they heard, much less uttered, the phrase, "I cannot afford it." Never had they been called upon to consider the cost of any article they desired. Their wishes were constantly anticipated; costly presents were continually heaped upon them, and they were furnished with a profuse supply of pocket-money, of which they little knew the use. Their education was conducted on the same scale of elegance. The first-rate governesses and masters were engaged, to impart to them every fashionable accomplishment; and, as they possessed good abilities, their acquirements were considerable. They played, danced, sung, painted, and dressed, to admiration. Their personal attractions, fashionable manners, and flattering prospects, early secured to them a host of admirers, and they were regarded as the centre of the gay circle in which they moved and shone. But their minds and hearts had not been cultivated. They had never been

taught to exercise their intellectual powers, or to regulate their feelings and conduct. Hence, though their manners wore the polish of society, their dispositions were selfish, haughty, and overbearing. They possessed, indeed, the showy accomplishments which please in company; but for solitude or domestic retirement, they had no intellectual resources.

At an early age Lucilla was married. Mr. Maude was a man of taste and refinement, usually of discernment also; but "love is blind," and in this most important choice he was egregiously deceived, as time too fully proved. He had flattered himself that the beautiful form and features of the object of his admiration, and the soft blandishments of her manners, were the accompaniments and expressions of gentleness and kindness of heart; and construed her superficial accomplishments into indications of general taste. Pleasing himself with the idea of sharing with a congenial mind, the high gratifications of intellect and taste, he proposed, for their matrimonial excursion, a tour through Switzerland and Italy; to which the young lady readily assented, declaring herself passionately fond of the sublime and romantic scenery of nature, and desirous above all things of beholding the celebrated triumphs of human skill and genius which had excited such universal admiration. Accordingly, immediately after the nuptial ceremony, the splendour of which was duly announced in the public prints, the happy pair set off, accompanied by Emily the sister of Lucilla, and a sister of Mr. Maude. Such a tour is calculated to develop to each other the several dispositions of the party. The development awakened some undefined feelings of disappointment in the mind of the husband; and in that of

his sister, anxious forebodings as to the colour his future years would assume in consequence of the connexion. Many indications peeped out, that the soft and tender airs of Lucilla and her sister, were but the expressions of selfishness and affectation; and though, when the beauties of surrounding objects were pointed out, they took as much care as possible to admire in the right place, and to be sufficiently loud in their expressions of admiration, they were evidently destitute of that genuine tasteful perception which can result only from a habitual exercise of the reasoning powers; and is by no means necessarily connected with even a high degree of imitative skill and aptitude. It is very possible for persons to draw well and play well, without having a soul to appreciate the beauties of painting and music; and to talk borrowed sentiment about hanging woods, and laughing valleys, and purling streams, without being genuine lovers of nature; and it is very possible to wish to see what every body admires, without that classical taste, and acquaintance with history, which would at once perceive and recall the associations connected with these objects. Mr. Maude could scarcely conceal from himself the mortifying fact, that while his own sister possessed a mind capable of appreciating and enjoying all she saw, his wife and her sister were really uninterested spectators. It was necessary to arouse their attention, to direct their observation, and to explain every allusion in a way by which, at best, all the freshness of pleasure was sacrificed, and which was often received with apathy and indifference. The gay promenade and public spectacle, alone, could excite interest in their minds; and it was painfully obvious, that their acquirements

were only for the purposes of display, not for those of enjoyment or improvement, nor for the gratification of their friends.

The ties of society kept the party together during the excursion; but it was often with reluctance and ill grace that Lucilla and Emily agreed in any rational and quiet plan of pleasure proposed by their companions, who frequently sacrificed to their preference for public scenes, some more intellectual enjoyment. Indeed, there were frequent altercations between the sisters themselves, which could be but ill concealed from their fellow-travellers. Each had a point of her own to carry, which she selfishly pursued, in total disregard of the wishes of others; an air of insolent triumph marking the victory of self-will, and one of petulant gloom and irritation its defeat.

These unamiable tempers cast a shade over the pleasures of the excursion; and the feelings of disappointment, so reluctantly admitted abroad, were but confirmed on the return of the young couple to their home. Home is the great trial of female character. She who well acquits herself there, habitually aiming to discharge every duty, and to promote the comfort of all around her, is sure to be as much sought in company, and to command quite as much admiration, as will be for her real good; but she whose mind is absorbed in the idea of shining abroad, will certainly fail in the obligations and duties of home; and will ultimately find, that in neglecting the substance, domestic happiness—she has forfeited the shadow, public applause.

Visits engrossed the first few weeks of residence at home. During this period little else was expected, and every allowance made by the fond husband for

seeming deficiencies. He was gratified by the admiration excited in company, by his wife's manners and accomplishments; and he looked forward, with hope, to the season when these formalities should have passed by; and when she should begin to live for him and home. But, alas! the cessation of visiting engagements only served to render palpable the painful truth, that she was not formed for domestic life. She was neither qualified nor disposed to superintend the affairs of the family, but left them entirely to servants, over whom she exercised an arbitrary and capricious authority, characterized both by unreasonable requirements and false indulgence. Vain was every endeavour, on the part of her husband and his amiable sister, to rouse her to active benevolence. She regarded the poor around her with ineffable contempt; and, though she was not unwilling to see her name on subscription lists, which to her involved no exercise of self-denial, nothing could induce her, personally, to investigate the circumstances and wants of the poor; or in any way to come in contact with them. Neither was she an intelligent or amiable companion for her husband. She could, when she was in the humour to do so, entertain him with music, or display to him her drawings; but she took no part in intellectual conversation, or literary pursuits. Her reading was confined to novels; and even of these, when her husband endeavoured at once to gratify and improve her taste, by introducing works of real merit, she had not patience to hear or read the whole, and enter into the spirit of the author, but was intent only on the incidents of the tale. "Mated, not matched," was the painfully growing conviction of her husband's mind. At length that prospect was presented

to Lucilla, which scarcely ever fails to elicit the strongest energies of the mind, and to bring into exercise the best dispositions of the heart—she was likely to become a mother.

Her husband fondly hoped that this interesting circumstance would prove the turning point in her character, and would arouse her to a taste for the duties and delights of home; but this fond hope also was disappointed. Lucilla, indeed, was pleased with her offspring, and interested in procuring for it the richest and most costly robes, and a nurse who had lived in a family of distinction. There was no failure in any point of expense, fashion, or display; but there was no intention of qualifying herself for, and entering upon the actual discharge of, her duties as a mother. Attention to her babe was not to interfere with the pursuits of pleasure, nor had it entered into her mind to discipline its affections and cultivate its powers. She ordered the nurse to pay very close attention to it. If she heard it cry, she rang the bell violently, and insisted on its being appeased. If she fancied it was indisposed, she immediately called in a physician, and she thought herself a good mother. What more could she do?

Happily for the little one, its father and aunt were more alive to its interest, and, as far as possible, supplied the lamentable deficiency of a mother's care. But, however kind and judicious the substitute, a child must sustain an irreparable injury, who, having a mother living, has to associate its earliest enjoyments and instructions with any other individual, and to regard its mother in any secondary light. A mother ought to be to her child the centre of its little system; and if

it be otherwise, however well her place may be supplied, she cannot possess all the enjoyment, nor the child all the advantage, to which the relationship entitles them. A thorn was continually rankling in the father's heart, while he perceived the deficiencies of his wife, and her total disinclination to seek improvement; nor was it possible for her to go on in this course of negligence without moral deterioration. Indifference to duty, leads on to the active exercise of the selfish and malevolent passions. Self-indulgence occasioned the neglect of maternal duties, and self-love prompted the malignant feelings of jealousy towards those who performed them. Any mother, of Lucilla's acquaintance, who conscientiously discharged the duties devolving on her, was sure to be the object of her sarcasms and insinuations. She was even jealous of the improvement of her own child, because it had been effected by other exertions than her own; and jealous of the attachment and gratitude which the child discovered towards those to whom it was really indebted. This was a continual source of family altercation, in which Lucilla was often aided by the interference of her own sisters, between whom and Miss Maude, a mortal feud subsisted; or rather a strong dislike on the part of the former, against one whose superior excellence served to display their own inferiority. It were well if the envious would throw half as much feeling and energy into endeavours to improve themselves, as they do in endeavouring to disparage and oppose others; the cause of their envy and enmity might soon be satisfactorily removed. But such an effort would require greatness of mind that never belongs to the envious. In every possible way Lucilla and her sisters endeavoured to thwart the move-

ments of Mr. and Miss Maude ; and by false and secret indulgence, to undermine their hold on the affections of the child, or by presenting some offered gratification with the remark, "But perhaps your papa and aunt will be angry ;" or, "I dare say your aunt Maude will not approve of it ;" thus exciting in the mind of the child, either desires for things that were really improper, or awakening its jealous suspicions of harsh and arbitrary restrictions in the government of its best friends.

On the birth of a second child, Lucilla seemed determined to come to an open quarrel with her sister-in-law, whose influence she had always secretly disliked. She had resolved, she said, to take the child under her own management, and adopt her own plans without interference. That she should devote herself to the management of her child, so far from being offensive to Miss Maude, was regarded by her as a most gratifying and hopeful intimation ; and nothing could be farther from her intentions than impertinently to intrude or interfere. She could not but wish that her sister-in-law discovered a stronger disposition to inform her mind on the nature of the duties she had resolved to undertake ; yet the very fact of her setting about them would, she hoped, awaken inquiries, and lead to improvement. The resolution, however, was but short-lived. The love of ease and pleasure soon surmounted the claims of maternal duties ; and the infant was left, as in the former case, to the care of servants, on whom, however, the father and aunt exercised a conscientious but unwelcome surveillance.

About this time, strange vicissitudes took place in the family of Lucilla. Emily, the accomplished, senti-

mental sister of Lucilla, degraded herself by a clandestine marriage with a low-bred, unprincipled gambler, with whom she had picked up an acquaintance at an assize ball. She was immediately abandoned by her family. Some property, which came to her by her mother's family, was at her own command; but her father declared she should never receive a shilling from him. Her own portion was quickly squandered by the infamous wretch with whom she had connected herself, and by whom she was deserted, and left in destitution, with two helpless infants. Meanwhile, her father died suddenly. Whether or not he intended to carry into execution his threat of disinheriting Emily, was, in point of fact, of little consequence, for his death disclosed the astounding fact that he had nothing to leave. His affairs were in such a state of derangement, that his death not only disappointed the lofty expectations of his family, but caused the failure of the great mercantile establishment with which he was connected. The widow, with her remaining daughter, Caroline, retired on the little property that was secured to them, into a station of comparative obscurity. They had still enough, with moderation and economy, to supply their real wants; but they were destitute of that mental cultivation, and those well-regulated habits, which are necessary to qualify persons for enjoying and adorning life in any situation, and especially for accommodating themselves for any change of circumstances. They were proud, impatient and discontented—continually changing their abode. Sometimes fancying they should be happier apart, they separated for awhile; afterwards, considering that their little resources would enable them to command a better appearance if united, they again lived

together for a time. This course continued for several years, during which time the deserted Emily and her children had been chiefly dependent for their support on the kindness of Mr. Maude and his sister. Nor had that kindness been confined to the supply of their necessities. They had laboured, and with some degree of success, to arouse the better feelings of the mother, and inspire her with a spirit of exertion, and a desire of self-cultivation, by which her formerly useless acquirements might be gathered up, and made subservient to her own support and that of her children. It was long before her ill-regulated mind could be made to stoop to the degradation of getting her own living; but by judicious kindness, firmness and perseverance, these prejudices were in a measure worn down. Specimens of her performances having been seen and approved, Emily entered into an engagement with the proprietor of a repository for painting flowers, transparencies, and other fancy articles. At first, the application required seemed rather burdensome; not but she had frequently applied much more closely when intent only on her own gratification, but the idea of working for an employer produced the feeling of irksomeness. Kind encouragement was suggested by the amiable friend of Emily, who often visited her in her humble apartment, and occasionally assisted her in her work. Again, it was no small struggle, when the work was to be carried home and the payment received. Could she, a young lady who had been brought up to her carriage, and who had never thought of performing any office for herself, could she stoop to such degradation? No—she would send the servant of the house. A little reflection convinced her that this would be unneces-

sarily imparting her affairs, and leaving herself at the mercy of a stranger. After some conflict she went: she was treated with civility and respect by her employer, who seemed to regard her not at all as if she degraded herself. She received her money, and, for the first time in her life, had the pleasure of providing for her own wants and those of her children. This gratification was so sweet, as to stimulate and encourage her to future exertion; and, in course of time, Emily in a considerable degree realized the truth of the maxim, "Choose the course of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it most delightful." She knew something of that expressive blessing, "Let his hands be sufficient for him."* She enjoyed the grateful affection of her children, and the respect of her real friends; and she seldom heaved a sigh for the days of her splendour and self-indulgence. As selfishness and pride were in some measure subdued within her, the kindlier feelings gained the ascendancy. Her chief distress, (next to the thoughts of her worthless husband, from whom however she received no interruption,) was in the unrelenting pride of her mother and sister, who, notwithstanding their own troubles, sternly refused to see her. Even Lucilla could scarcely be brought to consent that she should be admitted to her table, or to treat her with common civility. Over these things poor Emily often wept bitterly. But the discipline, though painful, was salutary. It humbled and chastened her mind, and led her to seek that consolation, to which she was directed by her inestimable friend, and which can be found in Him alone whom the

* Deut. xxxiii. 7.

scriptures reveal, who never despised the needy nor rejected the penitent. And ultimately Emily had the unspeakable satisfaction of being useful to, and melting by kindness, those who had so determinately forsaken and cast her off.

During the temporary absence of Caroline, the mother was seized with a paralytic stroke, which immediately rendered her helpless. Emily heard of it, and hastened to render her every assistance in her power. Caroline was not there to refuse her admission, and her mother was not in a state to oppose it; and in a few days her services were found to be so valuable and indispensable, that there was no disposition to part with her. In the intervals of watching by the sick bed of her mother, she contrived, by dint of industry, to keep up her engagements with her employers; and her children were kindly cared for by her friends. She affectionately attended her mother to the last, and received such expressions of forgiveness, affection and gratitude, as she was capable of rendering. At her death, the little remainder of her property descended to her children. Lucilla needed it not, and her husband desired that her portion should be divided between her sisters.

As the little girls of Emily were now rising to an age when regular instruction is required, it was suggested to their mother that she might with propriety and advantage receive a few more little girls to instruct with them. Conscious of her early deficiencies, she shrunk from the undertaking; but the sincere desires and diligent attention to self-improvement which she had for some years discovered, convinced her judicious friends that she might be safely encouraged. She en-

gaged a small but well situated house, and commenced her school with three little girls besides her own, still employing her leisure hours in painting, which for some time continued the most profitable source of support. But her endeavours with her pupils gave satisfaction to their parents, and introduced her to farther notice. By degrees she established a flourishing school, and comfortably supported herself and children by her own exertions.

As to her sisters, Lucilla was considerably improved by the society of her husband and his sister, especially by the example of the latter, in whom she now saw exemplified the character of the discreet, affectionate wife and mother, and apparently felt a wish, and made an effort to imitate her. The sincere desire to improve is never unavailing, and Lucilla at thirty years of age was incomparably better than Lucilla at twenty; but she never attained to the degree of excellence as a wife, mother or mistress, for which her native abilities had qualified her, had but her early education been properly conducted.

Caroline remained unmarried. She had not sufficient property to attract the notice of one who cared little about mind and temper; neither were her mind and temper such as to win the affections of a judicious man, whose own property enabled him to regard that as a secondary consideration. Nor were her notions and habits sufficiently humble and domestic to fit her for a tradesman's wife. After many flirtations, she subsided into a card-playing, scandal-talking old maid—lived unbeloved, and died unlamented.

Emma and Ruth were the daughters of an excellent and judicious mother. The line of life in which the parents moved, enabled them to command every advantage in the education of their children. But that important process was happily commenced under the auspices of the mother, long before the aid of governesses and masters was sought. The first lesson was that of subduing self-will. This initiatory lesson was instilled at so early a period, that no recollection could be retained of the drilling. From their earliest infancy, the cry of self-will had never been gratified; hence it was not often repeated, nor greatly prolonged. Children will seldom take the trouble to cry for any thing, unless they have experienced that it is to be had for crying for. How much the comfort of the children at the time, and their future tranquillity of mind and temper, are promoted, and how much the labour of those who attend upon them is lightened, perhaps scarcely ever enters into the calculations of those who accustom themselves to gratify a crying child, by yielding to its clamorous desires. A similar fit of illness, or accident, occurring to two children brought up on the different plans, would strikingly show the difference. A surgeon was called in to a little girl, between three and four years of age, who had broken her arm. To his great surprise, he found the child quietly seated on its mother's lap, prepared willingly to submit to his interference, which the mother had warned her would probably for the time increase the pain, but was necessary to her recovery. A neighbour hearing of the accident, kindly but needlessly called with two of his men, to offer their assistance in holding her down during the operation. The parents of the child were astonished at the idea of the

thing being considered necessary ; but the surgeon assured them that only a few days before he had been called to a child of the same age, who had met with a similar accident, when it so violently resisted every attempt he made to take hold of the arm, that it was necessary to employ all the force in the house to hold it down ; and afterwards, by its violent and impatient struggles, it removed the splints, and displaced the fractured bone, by which its pain was exceedingly aggravated, and the probability of a complete cure materially lessened. While the little quiet creature, on whom he then attended, being accustomed to implicit obedience, remained perfectly still during the few days it was considered necessary, contentedly amusing itself with pictures, playthings and books, or watching the plays of the other children, and was in a surprisingly short time completely restored to activity and enjoyment.

Emma and Ruth were early taught that there were certain times at which they must be quiet, and that they must wait for the performance of any little service they required, when the person who performed it was otherwise engaged. Hence, when a little cousin of theirs was visiting them, they were perfectly astonished at perceiving that she was permitted to call the servant from her dinner, to put together a dissected puzzle for her. They had never before witnessed, much less practised, such an act of inconsideration.

Their good mother had accustomed them, as early as possible, to wait upon themselves. To acquire the art of tying a string, putting on a shoe, or folding a frock, was esteemed matter of congratulation ; and she who had once acquired it, was never disposed to sink again

into the helpless dependence of infancy. They were soon accustomed regularly to put away their boxes and implements of work and play, when done with; to clear the nursery previous to each meal, and to retiring to bed; and to put their clothes neatly in the drawers. The habits of neatness and independence thus early formed, grew into a kind of second nature. It seemed perfectly instinctive to these girls to restore every thing to its place as soon as done with, and to surround themselves with neatness and order; and, so far were they from feeling it essential to their comfort and dignity to be waited upon, and have all their little wants supplied by others, they regarded it as the degradation connected with infancy; and though they were taught to cherish feelings of gratitude towards those who had ministered to them in their state of helplessness, they had no disposition whatever to prolong or renew the indulgence. From helping themselves, the transition was easy and honourable to assisting others. It was reckoned a high promotion, to be employed by the mother in some little domestic service; or to be permitted to work for, and convey relief to the poor neighbours. All this while their education (according to the common acceptation of the term) was going on; and the more they were engaged with regular masters and lessons, the more they learned to economise time, that they might be enabled still to keep up and extend their little schemes of benevolence. At a very early hour in the morning they were busily engaged in their studies; and the little shreds and patches of time, which too many young ladies squander in indolence and frivolity, were carefully improved, and turned to good account either for themselves or others. By the judicious cul-

tivation of their minds, which had been carried on from the earliest dawn of reason, these young ladies were qualified to enter, with real spirit, taste and improvement, into the various branches of literature, science and accomplishment, to which their attention was directed. They were not merely taught to repeat like parrots, or to imitate like copying machines, but they learned to enter into the sentiments of the author whose works they perused; to perceive the bearings and relations of science, and the concatenation of events, and the development of human nature, in history. Thus their minds were being furnished, and they becoming fit for intelligent companionship. The lighter accomplishments, music and drawing, were not exalted into the grand business of life, though they were cultivated with taste, and executed with spirit and simplicity. To the humbler and too much neglected branches of female education, arithmetic and needle-work, a due portion of attention was paid. The young ladies were accustomed, under their mother's direction, to purchase their own clothes; and to assist in cutting out and making personal and household linen of every description. Thus they were familiar with the materials, qualities and prices of the various articles; they learned also how to regulate their expenses, and to know how to direct others in performing their work, or how to perform it themselves, if circumstances should deprive them of the means of employing others. In like manner their judicious mother initiated them in household affairs, first by permitting them in turns to accompany her in her daily superintendence, and, as they grew up, delegated to them, alternately with herself, the charge of housekeeping; at the close of the week regularly in-

specting their books, and pointing out any incorrectness or excess. And did she thus make her daughters vulgar drudges, or introduce them to a degrading familiarity with servants? Far from it. They were as intelligent in their conversation, and as polished in their manners, as if they had no idea whatever of income or expenditure, of the management of business or the allotment of time; while, by the hour or half hour daily employed in superintending domestic affairs, they acquired a portion of valuable practical knowledge, for the want of which no light accomplishments could compensate. They gained that proper superiority to their servants, which belongs to a just appreciation of their duties and claims, and a capability of directing them in the prosecution of their business, and of understanding whether they performed it properly. They learned also to form a scale of expenditure, and by economy and care to provide ample resources of benevolence, which, through ignorance, extravagance and waste, are often thrown away. It was the remark of an aged and faithful servant in the family, "To see our young ladies in the store-room, or visiting their poor, sick neighbours, nobody would think that they knew any thing about music, and drawing, and such like; and to see them in company, no one would suspect that they had ever entered the kitchen, or visited a cottage. They are what I call right, real ladies. Half the dressed-up girls that hold their heads so high, without a guinea in their purses, would think it far beneath them to do what our misses do; but real gentlefolks can afford to be humble."

In due time Emma and Ruth were removed from the parental roof, and connected with other families. Then

were the faithful care and judicious management of their parents fully rewarded, when they saw the accomplishment of their fondest wishes; "their daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace"—the ornaments and stability of the families to which they belonged and those with which they connected themselves, and the faithful and intelligent depositaries of the best interests of future generations. Both entered upon domestic life with flattering prospects, and were happy in their domestic relations; but scenes of wo as well as of pleasure served to illustrate the value of those sound principles in which they had been educated, and of that religion by which they were actuated. In the course of a few years after her marriage, Emma was called to endure much personal suffering and great anxiety in rearing a delicate family; but her meek patience and submission to her own trials, and her unwearied maternal care, tenderness, and discretion, shone with a mild lustre through every trying scene, and endeared her to all around her. "Her husband praised her in the gates, and her children rose up to call her blessed." Ruth was exercised with affliction of a different kind. She became the mother of a healthy, promising group of children, who were reared with so little trouble that she scarcely knew the interruption of a night's repose; but the beloved partner of her joys and cares fell into ill health, and after lingering more than a year, left her, a young widow with an infant family, in a great measure unprovided for; their income having depended on the father, who was removed at too early an age to have had much opportunity of saving. The violence of the blow, succeeding a season of protracted anxiety and indefatigable exertion, for a

time threatened to deprive the children of their remaining parent; but maternal tenderness proved the counterpoise to overwhelming grief. She aroused her energies to supply the place of both parents, and with uncommon vigour, perseverance, and success, supported her family by her own exertions—exertions for which a well regulated education aided by the influential principles of religion had qualified her. She enjoyed her reward in the gratitude and affections of a lovely and prosperous family, each striving to be foremost in solacing by every act of dutiful and filial affection, the declining years of one to whom they were so deeply indebted.

Louisa, a cousin of Emma and Ruth, had been very differently brought up. Not so much from pride as from false indulgence, her mother had accustomed her to be waited upon by servants, and had taken no pains to give her an idea of domestic management, or female notability of any kind. Her whole attention had been devoted to fashionable accomplishments and ingenious amusement. When the second of her cousins was married, Louisa was bridesmaid at the wedding, and spent a few weeks beforehand in the house of her uncle and aunt, and a few weeks with the bride after her marriage. This visit was the turning point in Louisa's character; she was a girl of native good sense, energy of mind, and docility of disposition. The scenes she witnessed were to her perfectly new and instructive. Her aunt's daily inspection of domestic affairs; the activity and independence of her cousin in arranging her own little affairs; the habitual consideration of the whole family in avoiding needless expense, and needless trouble to servants, and turning to account, for the re-

lief and comfort of their poor neighbours, those scraps of time, and provisions, and clothing, which are too often suffered to waste. Louisa admired the quiet independence of her cousin, in almost unconsciously doing those things for herself, which she had been accustomed to ring for a servant to do for her; she was delighted by the humble, simple expressions of gratitude poured upon her by the poor, old and young; and she was stirred, not to envy, but to emulation. "And why," asked she, "should not I be thus useful, independent, and respectable?" With unaffected humility she acknowledged her ignorance and errors, and begged to be permitted to attempt, though she feared she should prove but an awkward assistant, to join their labours of economy and charity. She soon became expert in whatever she attempted; and experienced (as all persons of her disposition who make the attempt will do) that to be usefully employed, brings with it its own pleasure and reward. In the house of her new married cousin, she had a new opportunity of observing the value of discretion, industry, and good management, in securing the largest portion of comfort, and presenting the most elegant and tasteful appearance, at the least possible expense. She saw the advantage of a young mistress commencing housekeeping with such a degree of domestic knowledge and experience as enabled her to direct her servants, instead of being altogether dependent on them; and she resolved to spare no pains in acquiring similar knowledge. From the house of the bride she went to that of her sister, who already had two little ones. There she gained a little knowledge of nursing and managing infants, and attending to their clothing. She was astonished at the trifling pursuits

that had hitherto engrossed her attention, and went home resolved to employ a portion, and that a large portion, of every day, in works of real utility for herself and others. In this resolution she steadily persevered and improved; and not very long afterwards herself entered on domestic life, and became not only an amiable and affectionate, but also a judicious and active wife and mother.

Oxford, (Eng.)

LOOKING TO JESUS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial,
 I dishonour thee;
When thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall;
Nor for fear or favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
 Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
 Spread, to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

If, with sore affliction,
 Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;
Then, upon thine altar,
 Freely offer'd up,
Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

Sheffield, (Eng.) 1836.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

BY MISS JANE W. FRASER.

As late, I musing sat, in pensive mood,
Soft slumber weigh'd my heavy eyelids down;
Straight, at my side my guardian angel stood,
His radiant visage shaded by a frown.

"And sleep'st thou here," with voice severe he cries,
"While unimprov'd, thy hours so swiftly pass?
With jealous haste, each busy moment flies,
And shakes, with rushing wing, Time's marking glass.

"Each tiny atom, in its noiseless fall,
To Reason's ear a speaking echo gives;
And startled conscience hears the awak'ning call,
Breaks from her death-like trance, and feels she lives."

Arous'd—alarm'd—I hear the stern demand,
“Restore the *talent* which I gave to thee;
'Twas small, 'tis true, and ask'd a careful hand—
But as I gave it, give it back to me.”

Neglected long, and dimm'd the polish'd ore,
Rusted, misus'd, and wasting to decay,
Cumber'd with weak resolves, a useless store,
Its value lost, the buried talent lay.

The clock's loud tongue spoke midnight's solemn hour—
I woke—no seraph watch'd beside my chair;
But pious Fancy saw th' ascending Pow'r
Bear to the mercy-seat this humble prayer.

Father! forgive the follies of my youth—
Forgive the errors of my riper age;
Teach me to know “the way, the life, the truth,”
And write my name on Heaven's undying page.

Bordentown, (N. J.)





THE POLISH EXILE.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

NIGHT set on Poland's sinking sun,
 Her harrow'd cities darken'd stood,
 And the last light of day went down
 On fields of carnage and of blood:
 The insulting victors proudly strode
 Across its desolated plain;
 The clanging hoofs of chargers trode
 O'er tombless heaps of early slain;
 And like a waning star of night,
 Its glories melted from the sight.

But one went forth to exile there,
 The eagle of his eye untam'd—
 An aged Pole, whose hoary hair
 Left free the brow fear never sham'd;
 He wept not—for the fount of tears
 Within their burning cells were dried;
 He wept not, though a father's fears
 Soften'd the marble of his pride:
 One proud and piercing look he cast,
 Where foeman's shouts rung on the blast.

His glance had caught the curling blaze
 Circling o'er Warsaw's flaming wall;
Had seen, amid its flickering rays,
 Its towers of strength and grandeur fall:
Afar its fertile valley rose,
 A blacken'd mass 'neath hostile tread,
A yawning vault, for savage foes
 To people with his country's dead;
A couch, whereon his comrades sleep
In death—and yet he could not weep.

He could not weep, though tears of wo
 Fell from the dark and shaded eyes,
That ever wore, for him, the glow
 Of summer midnight's starlit skies;
Though the still hand in silence lay
 Within his own—no answering clasp
Warm'd the benumb'd and chilly clay,
 That clung with fondness to his grasp;
A daughter's tears, though thick as rain,
Peopled not Poland's plains again.

Though on his proud and swelling breast,
 With upturn'd orbs of earnest gaze,
The bright and shining head did rest,
 Of her, the darling of his days;
She, his last child, who sadly hung
 In sorrow on his bosom now;
Around whose form his arm was flung,
 She drove not sternness from his brow.
O'er his crush'd heart wild passions sweep,
The exil'd patriot could not weep.

“Vengeance is mine”—a voice from heaven
Spake gently in the exile’s ear ;
“Vengeance is mine—though lance be riven,
And crush’d, awhile, the broken spear.”
As sunshine, through a darken’d sky,
Scatters the storm-clouds hovering round,
E’en so that murmur from on high,
The ice-chain round his heart unbound ;
He wept for children, home, and rights—
God, for his suffering Poland, smites.

Philadelphia.

THOU ART OF MY SPIRIT.

Lines to one who had mind as well as heart in her religion.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

THOU art of my spirit, and thine eye
Is pregnant with that language which I love.
I read in that deep fountain of its light,
Which seems but more unfathom’d as I gaze,
All that I dream of a celestial birth—
The loveliness and lustre of that sphere
Which bands unearthly traverse—with the stars
As their companions, and the silent sky
The radiant pathway of their tireless tread !
I can draw near thee, and thy presence comes
Upon me like a shadow that I feel,

Bringing repose and luxury ; and, within
Whose mellow'd glory, I can gather me
As to some worship that restores the heart
And makes my being better. I can feel
Thy spirit coming, as some holier thing,
That would hold look and utterance with mine ;
I have that sympathy with thee, that ne'er
Goes like an answering pulse to the deep place,
The temple of my nature, save from souls
That seem, even now, more conversant with heaven
And its vast page of mysteries, than all
The earth can offer in its loveliness,
Or joy, or hope, or greatness. I can sit,
And hear thee tell of that philosophy
Thou from thy spirit's deeps hast drawn, untouch'd
By systems of an earth made dark by man,
Or by dim theory contaminate,
That only withers hearts on which it lowers !
Thine is a wisdom that acknowledges
No source but intimations from the sky,
To which hope beckons thee, and which have come
In the night-watches, and those holier times
When solitude is heaven, and God the theme !
Thine is no rob'd religion of the earth,
Form'd of a creed, or sanctified by lawn !
Thy prayer is heard not, and thy bended knee
Knows but this altar of immensity !
Thy worship is the worship of a child ;
The spirit that as to a father bows
For guidance and forgiveness, and lies down
In slumber of sweet dreams, 'mid night and storm,
Believing promises that never die !

Portland, (Me.)

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MRS. HANNAH MORE & W. WILBERFORCE, Esq.

BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

THERE is a charm in moral excellence, independently of the circumstances in which it is found, and the qualities with which it is combined. Neither the utmost external degradation, nor the humblest intellectual endowments, can neutralize the power or loveliness of eminent virtue. But when it happens to be associated with mental superiority and worldly distinction—when it kindles the fires of genius, at the same time that it grows brighter in the light that is reflected from them, and a broad and glorious field opens for its operation, it shines out upon us with unaccustomed attractions, and we instinctively associate with it the idea of distinguished usefulness. A character combining intellectual greatness with exalted virtue must *ever* awaken veneration; but perhaps we never feel our deepest sense of its value, till death has impressed upon it the stamp of immutability; for, in this state of imperfection, we can have no certain pledge but that a career of most eminent usefulness may be prematurely terminated through the influence of some sudden temptation; that the sun that shines brightest at noonday may not go down amidst the darkness and horrors of a tempest.

But when the last act of life has been performed, and it has been the crowning of a virtuous and honourable career; when the sun has actually set, and there has been no cloud or storm to obscure the glory of its last beams, we have the whole character before us, and we feel no apprehension of any future unpropitious change. Such preeminently were the characters of Mrs. More and Mr. Wilberforce; and such are the circumstances in which we are now permitted to contemplate them.

It was my privilege a few years ago, while on a hasty tour through England, to visit both these illustrious personages. They were then in the evening of life, with the vigour of their intellectual faculties but little abated, and in the serene enjoyment of every blessing that could render old age desirable. Since that period they have both finished their course with joy, and the character of each has become emphatically the property of the world. They were united in life by an uninterrupted and most endearing friendship; and they are especially united in my grateful remembrance from the fact that I was indebted to one of them for my introduction to the other. Though several years have passed away since I had the privilege of seeing them, my recollections of what they were are still perfectly distinct; and I trust I shall not offend against decorum, if, in complying with a request from the respected editor of this Annual, I record these recollections in connexion with such more general remarks as they naturally suggest.

It was one of the resolutions that I took with me across the Atlantic, that I would, if possible, gain an introduction to that illustrious man whose name, more perhaps than any other among the living, I had been

accustomed from my childhood to reverence as but another name for Christian Philanthropy. After my arrival in London, however, in consequence of being incorrectly informed that his residence was in a remote part of England, which my limited time would not allow me to visit, I had felt myself compelled to abandon the hope of seeing him; and it was only by accident, and a day or two before my departure, that I learned that his residence was but a few miles distant from the metropolis. Having been favoured with a note of introduction to him, I left London in the morning with a much valued friend, with a view to make his acquaintance; and, after a pleasant ride of an hour and a half, we were set down by his dwelling on Highwood Hill. The servant who took my letter to Mr. Wilberforce, returned, saying that he would soon be with us; and within a few moments we had the pleasure of meeting him. His personal appearance, so far as I can remember, was precisely as it is represented in the engraved portrait of him, which was published in one of the London Religious Annuals of the last year. He was rather below the middle size, and his head, as if by some nervous contraction, was slightly inclined towards the right shoulder. What first impressed me was, the uncommonly benign expression of his countenance; and the moment he opened his lips, his face seemed completely illuminated with kindness. And it was not benignity alone, but benignity united with intelligence; a genius that could kindle, as well as a heart that could warm; and if the moral qualities struck me more forcibly at first, it required but a moment to perceive, that in the countenance as in the character, the moral and the intellectual were most harmoniously blended. There was

a frankness and a warmth in his manner which made me almost instantly forget the greatness of his name, and drew forth my feelings towards him, as if, instead of being a venerable stranger, he had been the watchful guardian of my life. When I declined his kind invitation to dine with him, in consequence of being previously engaged, he urged me to mention some day when I should be more at leisure; and when I told him of my intention almost immediately to leave the country, he expressed his surprise at the brevity of my visit, and remarked that he wished to introduce me to his family, that, if I should ever return to England, I might visit *them*, though he probably should not be there to receive me. He showed us an engraved portrait of his friend William Pitt—the only good one, he said, that had ever been taken; and, while he spoke of him in terms of strong affection, a feeling of melancholy evidently passed over him, in replying to some question that I asked in respect to Pitt's religious character. He paid the highest possible tribute to the genius of Robert Hall, expressing the opinion that he was inferior to no man of the age. Of our own distinguished countrymen, Dr. Dwight and Dr. Mason, he expressed a strong admiration: the former he knew well by his invaluable writings; to the eloquence of the latter he had repeatedly listened. He dwelt with great interest on the importance of the friendly relations between Great Britain and America being preserved; and spoke in terms of decided reprobation of the offensive and ill-natured statements concerning our country, that have too often been given by English travellers; while he mentioned with regret a single instance in which British institutions had been traduced, as he

thought, by an American. He gave me a splendid copy of his "Practical View;" and, in speaking of the work, expressed the deepest gratitude to God for having rendered it in so high a degree useful; and added, that soon after it was published he sent a copy of it to Burke, who, after reading it, assured him that it had his cordial approbation. His moral character seemed to me a perfect compound of benevolence and humility. In every instance in which he spoke of himself, it was in a manner which indicated the deepest conviction that, in whatever good he had accomplished, he had only borne the part of an unworthy instrument; and that to a sovereign and gracious God belonged all the glory. Notwithstanding his advanced age and bodily infirmities, his mind was fruitful in expedients for doing good; and he occasionally appeared in public, not only then, but at a still later period, to help forward the great objects of benevolence to which he had long been devoted. When I left him, I felt that I was receiving the benediction of a patriarch. The impression made upon me by the calm dignity of his manner, and the kindness and heavenliness of his spirit, will be one of the last impressions to fade from my mind. It was my first and last meeting with him; for, as he predicted, before my next visit to England, he had gone the way whence he should not return.

Within a few days after this delightful visit at Highwood Hill, I was passing a short time at Bristol, and availed myself of the opportunity of riding out to Barleywood, distant I think about nine miles, the far-famed residence of Mrs. More. The morning was fine, the country exceedingly beautiful, my company altogether agreeable, and every thing adapted to prepare me for a

luxurious intellectual and social repast. When we had travelled nearly our distance we turned off from the main road, and almost immediately saw Mrs. More's dwelling before us. It was a beautiful thatched cottage, situated on rising ground, with a fine garden in the rear, and every thing about it to indicate the most exquisite taste and the most minute and patient labour. It was with no small gratification that I learned from the servant that Mrs. More was in comfortable health and would be able to receive us; as I had previously heard that she had been suffering a few days before from indisposition, and it was quite doubtful whether any attempt to see her would not be ineffectual. As I entered the room where she was sitting, she rose and met me with an air of great cordiality; and, like her illustrious friend whom I had seen the week before, instantly put me as much at my ease as if I had known her during my whole life. My introductory note from Mr. Wilberforce led her immediately to inquire for him; and then she dwelt for some time, with the deepest interest, on his exalted character, especially as a Christian; on the pertinence, and fervour, and pathos of his prayers in her family; and on the value of his friendship, which, she said, she had known during much the greater part of her life. She alluded, in a very touching manner, to the fact that she was standing almost alone in the midst of a new generation; that nearly all her early, and many of her later friends, had gone before her to their long home; and while she mentioned the names of many of them with deep emotion, she seemed to dwell with special delight upon the memory of Bishop Porteus: indeed, she had testified her veneration for him by erecting a monument to his me-

mory in her garden, which she requested me particularly to observe as I passed over her grounds. Of the Princess Charlotte she spoke in no measured terms of commendation. She regarded her quite as a model in the station she occupied, and expressed a strong hope that she died a true Christian. She remarked, as a peculiarity in her experience, that she had never been able to quote from her own writings; that she could not even distinguish her own style on hearing it read; and that one of her young friends had sometimes amused herself by reading to her extracts from her own works, and getting her opinion of them, while she supposed herself passing judgment upon another author. In presenting to me her work on "The Spirit of Prayer," she expressed the deepest sense of the importance of the subject, and remarked that the work was chiefly a compilation from her other works, and made at a time when she supposed herself on the threshold of eternity, and that its circulation had altogether exceeded her highest expectations. She dwelt with great interest on the happy state of our country, and especially on its religious privileges and prospects; though I thought she discovered some lack of confidence in the durability of our institutions. She made many kind inquiries in respect to different individuals whom she had known either personally or by correspondence in this country, and particularly concerning her "little deaf and dumb friend," (Miss Alice Cogswell, of Hartford, whose lamented death has occurred since that time,) who, she said, had written her the wittiest letters she ever received. She showed me the beautiful and variegated prospect which she had from her different windows, and then sent a servant to conduct me over her grounds,

requesting me to notice particular objects, which, by reason of their associations, were specially interesting to her. She manifested the kindest regard for my health, and begged me to beware of excitement, as she was sure it was far less easy to endure than sorrow. There is one portrait of her—I believe the last that was taken—that brings her before me nearly as she was at the time I saw her. Her person was marked by the most beautiful symmetry; her countenance beamed with animation and benevolence; and her manners united the dignity of the court with the simplicity of childhood. When I left her, she gave me a most gratifying assurance of her friendly regard, and subsequently honoured me with several invaluable communications.

And now that the grave has closed upon both these excellent and honoured individuals, it is not less a privilege than a duty to call to mind what they have been and what they have done, and to gather from their example fresh encouragements to a life of virtuous and useful activity. Of both of them it may emphatically be said, that they were called to hold forth the word of life in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; and that their path was indeed as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. At the time when their career commenced, there was hardly a leaven of experimental Christianity in the higher circles of British society; and no doubt to them, far more than to any other two individuals, belong the honour of having rescued vital godliness in a great measure from reproach, and administered a rebuke to infidelity and formalism, which has been felt throughout the whole length and breadth of the empire. Wilber-

force may be regarded as having had a two-fold instrumentality in the moral improvement of the age. While he was the great champion of human freedom, and conducted to its result one of the noblest efforts that was ever made for letting the oppressed go free, he also laboured with the zeal of a reformer in the great cause of practical godliness; and not only by his conversation and example, but especially by his writings, contributed to elevate the standard of Christian character on both sides of the Atlantic. While his exalted powers not less than his public relations brought him perpetually in contact with men possessing the noblest intellects, and occupying the highest stations, the meekness and benevolence of his spirit, the purity and blamelessness of his life, were a standing recommendation of the religion he professed; and the influence of these qualities, when combined with that of his direct efforts in behalf of the spiritual interests of men, it is impossible adequately to estimate. And as for his venerated friend, *her* course was also marked by a deep and ever growing desire to bless the world and glorify God. In early life she was no stranger in the circles of fashion, and she drew forth the admiration of the gay as well as the great; but her character came more and more under a religious influence, till she seemed almost to have reached the fulness of the stature of a perfect person in Christ. Much of her intercourse was with the honourable and the noble; and she turned it to the best account in endeavouring to impress them with the paramount importance of that honour which cometh from God only. Nay, her influence was felt in the royal family, in moulding the character of one to whom would have been committed, under God, if she had lived, the

destinies of the British nation. She was also, for many years, directly active in superintending the education of a large number of females from the higher walks of society, some of whom, at this day, are among the brightest ornaments of the age. But it was as a writer that she exerted the most extensive and permanent influence. With the most attractive style, and the most weighty and often glowing thoughts, she threw around her subject, whatever it might be, an indescribable charm; and her subject was always worthy of the powers she employed upon it. No writer in any language has contributed equally with herself to elevate the standard of female education and female character; and, though her works have passed through a multitude of editions on both sides of the Atlantic, they are still read with undiminished eagerness; and not to be familiar with them is scarcely less than a reflection upon one's desire for improvement. Happy for the world that her intellectual efforts were so much in the way of writing; as, by this means, she has not only exerted a mighty influence on the character of the generations that were contemporary with her, but made provision for the propagation of her influence through all coming generations.

What shining examples are these two individuals to all, and especially to those who have their lot cast in the higher circles of society! Be it so, that there are comparatively few as eminently gifted in respect to intellectual endowments as they were; yet there are none to whom are not furnished many opportunities for doing good. And how are these opportunities generally improved? How is it even with the mass of professed Christians? Are they not, to a melancholy

extent, absorbed in self-gratification, without any distinct purpose of living for the benefit of their fellow men? And do they not, by this means, bring a reproach upon that blessed name by which they are called? Ye men and ye women of influence and honour, there is a voice from the grave of Wilberforce and of Hannah More, charging you to improve your talents for the benefit of society, and with reference to your own final account. Is it not a shame that any should be contented to live for themselves, to whom God has given the power of becoming benefactors to the world?

Wilberforce and Mrs. More were intimate friends; and no doubt for much of the good which they enjoyed and accomplished, they were mutually indebted to each other's influence. They had the same great objects in view; not merely their own personal sanctification, but the promotion of the best interests of mankind, and especially the revival of spiritual religion among the higher classes of their own countrymen; and for these objects they were fellow helpers together for nearly half a century. How much each was strengthened and assisted by the example, and counsels, and prayers of the other, the light of the judgment day alone will fully reveal; but that they had much of the spirit of mutual reliance and Christian co-operation during a considerable part of their lives, admits not of question. And herein also are they an example to all the disciples of Christ who come after them. Alas! that there should be so little of that spirit among professed Christians, which unites them in the hallowed bonds of a strong and endeared intimacy; which disposes them to assist each other's labours, and bear each

other's burdens, and be fellow helpers of each other's joy! Would to God there might be a revival of Christian love, and then there would be a revival of Christian zeal, of Christian purity, of every thing that marks an elevated standard of Christian character! If there were more in our own land who, like these venerable and now departed saints, were united in efforts, not to advance the interests of a sect, but to aid the great cause of truth and righteousness, we might anticipate the time as near at hand when our American Zion will look forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible on account of her numbers as an army with banners.

As these excellent and venerated individuals were so intimately connected in life, in death also they were scarcely divided; at least it was but a brief period that intervened between the departure of the one and of the other. They both died in a manner worthy of the life they had lived: if there was not the glory of a translation, there was a hallowed serenity which might have attracted, and no doubt did attract, angels to their dying beds. Multitudes on earth heard of their departure with sorrow, while myriads in heaven doubtless welcomed their arrival with joy. And now they, who were united here as fellow labourers for Christ, are united in the world above in celebrating the riches of his grace, by casting their crowns at his feet. What a delightful intimacy may we suppose they enjoy as ransomed and glorified spirits! What emotions of transport do they feel in the review of their pilgrimage here;—in the recollection of the obstacles they were enabled to overcome, of the good they were enabled to accomplish, of the prize they were enabled to win,

through the abounding grace of an Almighty Redeemer. As they go forward in an endless career from glory to glory, may we not suppose that the relation they have sustained to each other, and the influence they have exerted upon each other, on earth, will supply one of the elements of their eternal joy!

How inconceivably glorious must be the heavenly world! It was a privilege to come in contact with such exalted minds on earth; but how much greater the privilege to mingle with them, now that the last vestige of imperfection is removed, and they operate with an unwearied and immortal energy! And there are minds there greater and nobler than even these: there are higher orders of being there, who yet count it no condescension to become the associates of ransomed men. And can I hope then ever to be joined to the glorified society of the world above; to be united with the great and good who were natives of this earth, and the greater and the holier who are natives of heaven, in celebrating the praise and doing the will of the All-merciful and All-glorious! May I aspire even to wear an immortal wreath, and occupy a heavenly throne, both purchased by redeeming blood! Then let me live and labour for heaven! Let earthly objects fade from my view, and heavenly objects brighten upon my vision! Let me be any thing—let me suffer any thing, let me even die a martyr's death,—only let my spirit at last be a glorified spirit, and my associates for eternity the ransomed of the Lord!

Albany, (N. Y.)

THE BELIEVER'S PROSPECT.

BY D. A. S.

The following stanzas were written and sent to the editor by one who is now numbered with the dead. She who, when these lines were penned, was drinking deep into the cup of earthly sorrow, has gone to experience the truth, the fulness and reality of those heavenly joys which she then saw through a glass darkly.

THERE is a time—an hour of peace,
 When I no more shall think of wo;
 A time when anxious cares shall cease,
 When I shall *leave* this world below.

There is a place above the sky,
 Where wearied travellers find a home—
 Where ne'er is heard the parting sigh—
 Where pain and sorrow never come.

There is a Saviour—one who died
 To save my soul from endless wo:
 In him I trust;—I've naught beside—
 He gives me peace and pardon too.

THE PAWNEE GROUP.

BY THE EDITOR.

LATE in January, 1836, just as the first rays of the rising sun were beginning to gild the tops of the highest hills, a sleigh, drawn by a strong pair of horses, was seen descending one of the dark gorges that abound in the upland and mountainous regions in the northern part of Herkimer county, New York. The preceding night had been one of storm and tempest. A heavy body of snow had fallen, accompanied with rain and sleet. As the thermometer had sunk during the night some twenty degrees, the surface of the snow had become converted into a solid crust of ice. The trees, loaded with the wintry burden, presented, pendent from every twig and spray, ten thousand transparent icicles, glittering in the beams of the orient sun. The horses, attached to the sleigh to which we have adverted, moved swiftly and proudly along, as though quickened and animated at each advancing step by the sounds issuing from the ceaseless fracture of the icy surface, that snapped and crackled under their feet. In front sat the stout driver that guided the noble animals that glided with such fleetness over the ground, and on the back seat were a gentleman and lady, sitting by the side of each other, demure, serious and silent. A pile of trunks occupied the central part of the sleigh, which showed that these travellers were on a long journey.

The vehicle passed on down the dark gorge, through a deep ravine, and continued its course onward, winding among the hills, ascending one steep after another, till at length it reached one of the highest points of elevation in the Hassen Cleaver Hills, from which our travellers could look back and see the spires, and cupolas, and white painted buildings of the beautiful village of F——, which they had left at early dawn. This village, now seen in the distance, and surrounded by all the dreariness and desolations of winter, did not wear that aspect of loveliness and beauty it does in mid-summer.

In the fervid months of July and August, the weary traveller, when he reaches this sweet, quiet spot, feels as though he had entered THE HAPPY VALLEY of Abyssinia, where the dust, and din, and turmoil of a noisy and agitated world are shut out, and all the sweet, silent, gentle attractions of nature are gathered around to soothe his troubled spirit, and shed calm and heavenly peace over his mind.

A page taken from a memorandum made on the spot in the summer of 1836, will give the reader some idea of this picturesque and rural scenery.

“It is one of the most beautiful days of summer. The sun is proudly marching through the heavens, in full-orbed splendour. The tide of brightness, and the flood of fervid, glowing beams which he pours over the earth, makes an impression upon all animated nature, which one scarcely knows how to describe, though he feels it in every limb and muscle, and sees it in every form of organized being, from the smallest spire of grass, to the tallest tree of the forest—from the buzzing

insect that sings at his ear, to the vast herd that seek the shady shelter of the grove, or stand panting midway in the brook. I too feel this power, in the genial glow imparted to my system. The cool shelter of this beautiful tree under which I sit, and the sweet and varied landscape before me, make me almost feel that I am encompassed with the Elysian fields.

“The village is a mile distant, and some two hundred feet below this spot. The elevated knoll on which I sit slopes down by a gentle declivity, to the road, where the traveller passes on to the village. Beyond, on the opposite side of the road, the land again swells into a broad hill, which the hand of cultivation has so neatly dressed, that not a stump or stone is visible. One extended carpet of green meets the eye, presenting a surface smooth and beautiful as the newly-shorn lawn. Beyond this hill the earth again slopes off, and falls into a valley, through which runs a little stream, ministering fertility to the soil, and refreshment to the cattle that graze the fields on either side of it. Still more remote, the land, by beautiful undulations, again rises and is again depressed, till at length it sweeps off by a more precipitous descent to the bed of the West Canada creek, which some fifteen miles above is poured in wild beauty over Trenton Falls. On the opposite side of the creek, the land again rises with precipitous elevation, lifting itself upward in bold and still bolder forms, till in the distance it meets the eye in the broad outline of the Hassen Cleaver Hills, that, like some grand mountain ridge, tower upward till they seem to prop the very heavens. This range sweeps along to the south and east, till it seems in the distance blended with another range, still more remote, that rises beyond

the Mohawk, which together form a semicircle in a broad and bold amphitheatre of hills. Over this range of hills up to their highest peaks, as well as through the whole extent of the intervening country, are seen cultivated fields, interspersed with woodlands,—and sprinkled all along, as far the eye can extend to the north and south, corn-fields, and orchards, and barns, and farm-houses, and herds of cattle.

“The sun is pouring his golden splendour over this rich landscape. Now and then a passing cloud quenches the bright lustre of his beams, and light and shade alternately rest upon the smooth, green surface of the hills. Just in my rear, far to the left, starts up, like another Tower of Babel, a smooth, verdant knoll, that by its vast elevation and singular formation seems to constitute in the pathway of heaven, to the eye that traces its outline, the quadrant of an elipse, at one of whose bases stands a beautiful cluster of young butter-nuts, gracefully grouped together, and extending at least over an acre of ground—at which point it is said, that, in a remarkably clear sky, the waters of the broad and distant Ontario may be seen.

“Over this whole landscape universal quiet reigns. No sounds come upon the ear, save now and then the cheerful chirp of a bird—the hum of the passing bee—the lowing of a cow, or the sighing of the summer breeze, that gently creeps through the rich foliage that spreads its grateful covering over my head.

“God created these forms of beauty around me, and gave to this scene all its loveliness! If what his hand has formed be so lovely, how lovely must He be, from whom has emanated all these traces of varied and exquisite beauty. I have a book which courts my atten-

tion: it is from the pen of John Bunyan, entitled, '*Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ.*' In the face of Jesus Christ, where is displayed 'the knowledge of the glory of God,' I see stronger lines of beauty than in all this witching scenery that stretches around me."

From this imperfect sketch, the reader will be able to form some idea of the scenery that in midsummer surrounds the sweet village upon which these travellers were looking back from one of the highest points in the range of the Hassen Cleaver Hills. The scene now appeared totally different. All those verdant beauties, that were spread out in such sweet and endless variety in the fervid months of summer, were now entombed in one broad, deep sepulchre of snow. To the spectator whose eye expatiated over this scene it might have been said,

"See on yonder heights
That fearful form, that thrones him on their top;
His face is turned upon the northern shore:
His misty head is turbaned with the frost—
His breath is gelid—and his hand is ice.
'Tis Winter! All on which he looks is dead
And beauteless. His spell is on the brooks;
Their murmurings cease. His spell is on the trees;
All their stripped branches clatter at his breath.
His spell is on the year; her pinched form
Shrinks back, and shudders at his magic touch."

Though the dark frown of winter was upon the whole scene, one of those travellers saw in that far-off village, surrounded as it was at this moment by every form of dreary desolateness, enough to wake up deep and thrilling emotions in her bosom. It was her own native village. As she turned at this moment to look

back, there was a deadly paleness upon her cheek, and a tear glistened in her dark, lustrous eye, as she said to her husband, who sat by her side,

“I shall never see those hills again; nor those sweet spires, that meekly point upwards to the heavens.”

“In this you may be mistaken, my dear,” he gently replied. “You may come back after awhile, and visit the home of your childhood.”

“No,” said she, “I feel that I shall not. I shall probably quickly accomplish my work; and then, if a single Indian girl has been taught to know and love the Saviour through my instrumentality, I shall cheerfully lay me down to repose beneath the shade of the deep forest that spreads around the everlasting base of the Rocky Mountains.”

“And do you not think,” said her husband, “that it is well for us to feel that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth—that we have no continuing city here? Shall we not be happier when we cherish such an abiding impression? Shall we not thus sit looser to the world, and be more certainly prepared for the closing scenes of life?”

“Most assuredly I do,” she responded; “and I would not have you for a moment suppose that I repent of the step I have taken. Worlds would not tempt me to relinquish the purpose of consecrating my life to the heathen. But you know the heart will cling to the scenes of its childhood, and that it shudders at the thought of being torn for ever from them. *There—there,*” she continued, pointing to the spot, “in yonder dear village, you know, I leave behind me my widowed mother, whose heart is now desolate—

who has no other daughter to cheer and comfort her in her loneliness—and whose dear face I shall probably never again behold till the resurrection morn! But though I cannot restrain my tears, yet being convinced that I am in the path of duty, I can say with Paul, ‘None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may be permitted to testify the gospel of the grace of God,’ to the humble and down-trodden females of the perishing Pawnees.”

The persons whom we have described were Dr. S—and his wife, just starting on their journey to join several other missionaries, who with them had been sent out by the American Board as a reinforcement to the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, who had already for several years been labouring among the Pawnees.

In the regions of the far west, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log house of the white man, nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests, and groves, and clumps of trees,—and watered by mighty rivers, with numerous tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These are the hunting grounds of the tribes of the far west.* These hunting grounds are visited among others by the Pawnees, a wild, untamed tribe, who are sometimes engaged in hunting the deer and buffalo, and at others in warlike and predatory expeditions. This tribe is divided into four bands—Pawnee Republicans, Pawnee Peeks, Pawnee

* Washington Irving.

Loups, and Grand Pawnees, amounting in all to about twelve thousand persons.

On the fifth of May, 1834, by the direction of a committee of the American Board, the Rev. John Dunbar and Mr. Samuel Allis, Jr., left Ithaca, (N. Y.) on an exploring tour among the Indian tribes near or beyond the Rocky Mountains. If found impracticable to penetrate so far at that season, they were authorized to visit the Pawnees on the Platte river, and, if they should find a favourable opening, to commence a mission in that tribe. Circumstances were such, as to lead them to decide to devote their labours to the Pawnees. They reached Council Bluffs the second of October, where is established by the government of the United States an agency for the Pawnees, and a number of other Indian tribes. As soon as the Pawnees had learned that two white men had come, who were desirous to go out and live with them, the first chief of the Loups made application to the agent for one of them to go with him and live in his village. The chiefs of the four different bands at length desired an interview with the missionaries, and told them that they were glad they had come to instruct them—that they were inquiring about the things of religion—that their minds were dark, and they in doubt about many things, and they would be pleased to receive information on these points, if it could be imparted.

After retiring and spending a little time together, in prayer and consultation, Mr. Allis decided to go with the Pawnee Loups, and the Rev. Mr. Dunbar with the Grand Pawnees. These missionaries were treated with great kindness by the Indians. They accompanied these sons of the forest in all their wanderings,

in order to learn their language, become acquainted with their disposition and habits, and seize every opportunity to speak to them on the momentous subject of their immortal interests. This tribe of Indians usually go out on their summer's hunt about the first of July, and return the first of September, to gather their corn. They go on the winter's hunt in October, and return in March, to plant and hoe their corn. They are at their villages about five months in the year; and the only prospect that the missionary has of benefiting them is to live with them, and go with them wherever they go. On these hunting expeditions occasions frequently occur when the missionary, who has won his way to their confidence, may gather a large group around him, and hold for a short time their undivided attention, while he speaks upon the great and awfully sublime truths of the gospel. And the place where he is permitted thus to testify of Jesus and the resurrection, is not unfrequently amid the boldest and grandest scenes of nature, and the sublimest demonstrations of the Almighty's power. A scene of calm tranquillity, and yet of wild and picturesque beauty, is presented in the **VIGNETTE** view of this volume, which is intended to represent a missionary standing in the midst of a **GROUP OF PAWNEES**, to whom he is speaking of Christ and salvation.

One of the missionaries, to whom we have previously adverted, speaking of the habits of this and other tribes in the far west, remarks: "It may be necessary for missionaries to travel with them for a number of years; but supposing it is, traders do the same, and endure more hardships, and are more exposed to dangers than missionaries will be. They do it for a little of this world's goods, which will soon perish. How

important it is that these heathen tribes have some persons to teach them the way of life ; persons that are willing to live as they live. They are going on down to the chambers of death as fast as time can carry them, without any to point them to Jesus Christ. Must these heathen perish, or will Christians, in obedience to the divine command, labour for the salvation of their souls?"

The same missionary, in another letter, remarks: "The Pawnees are an interesting tribe of Indians, and much more friendly to the whites, and in favour of schools, than I anticipated. I think this a great field open for missionary labour, and trust it will soon be fully occupied. We greatly need your prayers, that we may be guided aright in this land of darkness. I write this upon my knee, with about twenty Indians talking around me."

The Rev. Mr. Dunbar, under the date of October 8th, 1835, wrote: "The Pawnees have treated us very kindly since we have lived with them. We feel ourselves perfectly safe under their protection. We have made some progress in the Pawnee language. To acquire the knowledge of their tongue is one main object we have in living and wandering with them at present. We hope you will soon see fit to send more labourers into this field."

It was in response to these appeals that several missionaries were sent out to join Mr. Dunbar, in 1836. Two of these were Dr. S—— and Mrs. S——, to whom the reader has already been introduced, as wending their way over the Hassen Cleaver Hills.

The preceding statement has been drawn up as an introduction to a sketch of the character and life of

Mrs. S——. Few of the baptized and blood-bought followers of the Lamb in the present day, have evinced a more entire renunciation of self, or a more unreserved consecration of all their powers to the service and glory of God, than did this young and interesting female.

At the very dawn of her existence, she was given back in faith and prayer to that God, to whose creative power she was indebted for her being. This was done not only in private, but publicly, and by a sacramental act. The mother who bore her, carried her to the arms of that Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." She was then continually made the subject of prayer. Those prayers went up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and a gracious answer was returned. While yet in the morning of her days, she was led to see the evil of sin, the vanity of the world, and the unspeakable preciousness of Christ. She became a *decided* Christian. Religion took hold of her heart with a power that controlled all her actions, and led her to consecrate herself entirely to the service of her Saviour. She was now going, in the freshness of her young being, to live, and labour, and die, in the far western wilds, with the hope of leading some benighted daughter of the forest to the cross of Christ, and the glory of heaven.

In the volume for 1839, if permitted to go on in these labours, we will furnish the reader with a biographical sketch of Mrs. S——, to which this is designed to be merely the introduction. We will then endeavour to acquaint him with some particulars of her early history: how she passed her childhood; how she was first led to Christ; what induced her to go on this mission; what

clouds gathered around her, and what obstacles started up in her way—and then we will point to the field of her intended labours; her journey thither, and the grave, in the far west, where rests her mortal part, waiting for that voice, at whose bidding, on the resurrection morn, all the sleeping dead shall come forth—the righteous to be transformed into the glorious image of the Son of God, and the wicked to be driven into everlasting banishment.

Philadelphia.





THE SHRINE;

OR,

LOCAL EMOTIONS.

BY REV. A. BARNES.

It is an original principle of our nature, which leads us to look with deep interest on any place that has been signalized by an important event. No man can walk over a battle field but with deep emotion; and especially if the battle which was waged there had any important influence in settling the rights of man, or leading to the liberty which he himself enjoys. And the meditation on such a field will be such as will naturally tend to deepen his attachment to liberty, and to impress him with a sense of its value; or, if he be a pious man, inspire him with a deeper sense of his obligation to God, and of gratitude for his mercies. In like manner, no man can look but with interest on the place of his own birth, or the birth-place of a much loved friend. To him there is an interest about that spot which no other place can possess; and a power will ever afterwards go forth from that place to bind him to his native land. No parent can go into the room where a beloved child has expired but with tender emotion. The room, the bed, the furniture, the articles in which the beloved child felt an interest, have

all acquired a species of sacredness; and there is much in that room, and in those associations, to calm the feelings and subdue the mind, and to recall the emotions of love and of grief. No Christian, in like manner, can look but with deep emotion on the place, the time, the circumstances, of his conversion to God. There is a tenderness in his view in the memory of the place, and the manner, which he would not rudely disturb or destroy; there is a sacredness in the recollection of the hallowed scene which he loves, and which he would not fail to cherish. And it is on this principle, also, that we feel there is a sacredness around the places which have been consecrated by the great events of our holy religion. The feelings of that man are not to be envied who could tread, without emotion, the land where David dwelt; or who could contemplate, unmoved, the very rocks, and fields, and streams, on which the Redeemer of the world often gazed. There is no Christian who could look but with deep emotion on the place where the Saviour of mankind slept, sweet in death; or whose mind would not be tenderly impressed, if he stood on the place from which he ascended to God. Nay, in spite of all reasoning, and all dread of superstition, and all resolutions to the contrary, there is no man who would not feel deep emotion at a sight of a portion of the true cross, if it could be recovered; or in the possession of an object of slightest value, which once constituted a part of the raiment of the Redeemer. Notwithstanding all cold argumentation to the contrary, the possession, even of an olive-branch, cut from the very hill where the Saviour ascended to heaven, will make an impression on the mind which no other branch would make; and produce an impression

as if there were something mysteriously sacred in that which grew on that sacred spot.

It thus occurs, that the world is full of objects of tender and sacred associations. To some of the human race, almost every object which we see has attached to it some such sacred recollections, and is fitted now to excite deep emotion in the breasts of the living, or has excited it among those who are dead. Every land has many a battle-field, where have fallen many a father, husband, or son; and the memory of that field lived long, producing deep and tender emotion. Every place which we tread is a grave, and over every spot of earth has fallen many a tear; and each place has thus been hallowed in the recollection of many a weeping friend.* Every fountain, or running stream, may have been the scene of some tender occurrence that shall have been recollected with deep interest; every grove may have been hallowed as the place where some weeping penitent has sought for mercy from the great Being who made the world; and every crag, and cliff, could they disclose their own history, might tell of some scene of thrilling interest, or appalling danger, fitted to awaken deep emotion in the human heart. It was from feelings such as these, doubtless, that the ancients regarded the hills, and groves, and fountains, and valleys, as the residence of tutelary divinities, presiding over the places rendered sacred by some tender or interesting

* It has been ascertained, by a calculation, that the number of the inhabitants of the earth who have lived, is equal to 1283 in each square rod; capable of being divided into twelve graves; and that the entire surface of the earth has been dug over at least a hundred times, to bury its inhabitants, supposing that all that have died had been equally distributed.

fare of man, and to the advancement of true religion. There are limits, within which its exercise is salutary and proper. There are bounds, beyond which it becomes the handmaid of superstition, and the support of error.

The design of this principle of our nature is obvious. It is to impart strength to virtue and to piety. It is to give force and vitality to abstract rules of morality and virtue, and to bring in to their aid what seems to be an independent power to give them permanency. Most men are less capable of being influenced by abstract lessons of morality and religion, than they are by associations like these; most need something that shall remove from these principles the coldness of abstractions, and shall give to them the power of reality. The great mass of men are influenced, alike in favour of virtue and vice, less by their reason than their feelings; less by cold and abstract rules, than by what appeals to their sympathies and their hearts. Accordingly, there is not a principle of virtue or piety which may not, and which was not, designed to be strengthened by some sacred and tender object of association. There is perhaps no man who is not benefited by revisiting the place of his birth; by turning away from the cares and turmoils, the ambition and the dissipating scenes of life; by ranging again over the fields and by the streams where he spent his boyish days. Every object which he sees serves to recall him from the scenes of ambition in which he may have been engaged, and imprint with new power on his heart the lessons which he learned in early years. There is no young man who is not benefited by visiting a mother's grave, and by looking upon the long, green grass which waves over

the place where she sleeps. It will recall her lessons of virtue and piety; it will re-impress her sentiments on his heart; it will teach him the folly of a career of vice and dissipation; it will rebuke the spirit of his life, and his forgetfulness of her lessons and her example. 'The exquisitely beautiful sentiment of Dr. Johnson, on his visit to Iona in the Hebrides, is well known. "To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona!"* And in like manner, who is there that has ever felt one genuine impulse in the cause of liberty, that will not find his patriotism strengthened by a visit to Bunker Hill or York Town; who, without finding the great and noble principles of self-denying patriotism strengthened in his bosom, can look upon Mount Vernon? There is not a spot of earth—a grove or a running stream, a hill or a vale, a rock or a fountain, therefore, which God did not design should be made tributary to virtue; and which he does not intend shall be made the means, in some way, of confirming men in the love of country, of

* Tour to the Hebrides, pp. 321, 322. Ed. Phil. 1810.

truth, of holiness, and of pure religion. Every object "hath a tongue;"* every object speaks and pleads; all the associations connected with the remembrance of childhood and youth—with the lessons of father or mother—with the memory of a sister, brother, or child—with the achievement of liberty, and with the events of religion, are designed to be made tributary to virtue, and to induce us to walk in the path that leads up to God.

This principle is, in fact, made tributary to virtue. If we could ascertain the entire influence which goes forth from such places, and such associations, on our own character, we should be surprised at the amount of that influence, and at what we really owe to it in regard to our own piety and virtue. The influence is secret and unseen, but it is constant. It is like the dew of night. "Who can write its history?" Who can compute its power? It is not the less mighty, because it is silent and unseen. It is not the less real, because it is noiseless and uncomputed. And as it is constant; and as, from the nature of the case, a constant influence of this kind is going forth from the various objects around us, it is certainly not improper to endeavour to make it tributary, to a certain extent, to the advancement of personal excellency of character. To visit the home of our childhood—to re-impress on our minds the feelings and sentiments existing in that comparatively innocent portion of our lives—to cherish with sacredness the memory of the time when we gave our hearts to God, and the associations in which it was done—to revisit the places where we have often found

* Byron.

sweet communion with God, the grove, the sanctuary, or the retired closet—to visit the room where a beloved parent or child left the world—and to linger around the spot where our pious friends sleep in the hope of a blessed resurrection,—to do all this, for the purposes of deepening our sentiments of piety, and making the heart better, is a prompting of nature, and is not forbidden by revelation. And in like manner, did we live in the land where the prophets and the Redeemer lived—could we retrace the *real* scenes which have been made sacred by the events of their lives, and hallowed as the place of their burial,—nothing would render it improper to seek to strengthen our piety by such hallowed associations.

But it is evident, that no principle of our nature is more susceptible of abuse than this; and that nothing has been more perverted than this to purposes of superstition. It is one of those powerful principles, against the exercise of which, in any form, it is difficult to reason, which may be seized upon by superstition, and perverted to most unhallowed purposes. And it is in this form that we see it most prevalent in the world. The feeling which prompts the Musselman to visit the Caaba at Mecca, is of this nature; and the feeling which prompts the Pagan to dwell near the shrine of his god, is of the same nature; and such too, to a great extent, is the feeling which prompts the Jew to visit the city where David dwelt; and the Christian to make a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of his Redeemer. It is well known that nothing has exerted a more decided influence in sustaining the power of the Papacy than this; and that that vast system owes more to this perverted and abused principle, than perhaps to any other

in our nature. It has sought to throw the charm of the sacred association around every place where tradition has recorded that the Saviour was; and has sought to aid and strengthen itself by deriving support from the power which might be made to go forth from the place of his birth, his early life, his miracles, his burial. Temples there have received the contributions and rich gifts of nations and princes; and the feigned or real memorials of the life and death of the Redeemer, have been made subservient to the most mighty form of superstition which has ever held dominion over the mind of man. It was this power which once poured the nations of Europe on the plains of Asia, to rescue the tomb of the Redeemer from the grasp of infidels; and it is this which has led to the traffic in the relics of the dead, and to the sacred regard which has been shown for the thousands of fragments which have been proclaimed to be parts of the true cross, and to that which has been consecrated and cherished as a portion of the blood of the Saviour. For ages the traffic in relics, and the power of their creation, discovery, or consecration to an unlimited extent, exerted a most mighty power on the minds of the whole Christian world; and was the source of the immense wealth which flowed into the treasuries of this mighty superstition. And it is this feeling which has led to the consecration still of places and objects there, as peculiarly sacred and holy. The devotion of children to the Virgin, an instance of which is presented in our beautiful engraving, is a specimen of this kind—an exhibition of superstition as unmingled and as unauthorized by the Scriptures, as any of the acts of heathen worship by which a child is devoted to the service of an idol god—and doubtless

borrowed from such acts of consecration among the heathen.

It is remarkable, that while God has laid the foundation for the exercise of this principle of sacred association, and designs that, to a certain extent, the principles of virtue and piety should be strengthened by it, he has taken care that all direct encouragement to it, as it is perverted by the Papist, has been by his providence removed. One would have supposed that there would have been some portrait of the Redeemer preserved among his followers, which in future times could be regarded as a correct representation of his person. But it is now clear that no such likeness ever existed. It was to have been supposed that the wood of the *cross* would be preserved by his devoted friends. But there is not the slightest proof that a single portion of that "accursed tree" has been preserved on earth. And yet, while no such likeness of the Saviour exists; while no portion of the cross remains; while it is impossible to identify most of the places where occurred the great events of man's redemption; and while all, or nearly all the relics among the Papists are impositions and forgeries, it is still true that the Papacy owes more to this principle of sacred association than all other causes combined. It is not sustained by the Bible, for the friend of that system seldom appeals to the Bible; it is not sustained by argument; but it owes its most deeply felt influence on the hearts of men to the fancied *sacredness* of names, and times, and places, and things; of robes, and altars, and vestments, and bones;—and seeks to promote its cause by filling the world with objects of sacredness—as Paganism has been perpetuated by filling every grove with temples and altars.

It is possible, also, that this principle may be abused by Protestants; and it is not unwise to express a caution on this subject, that the heart may be on its guard. When the mother, with immoderate grief and with insubmissive spirit, lingers near the pale remains of a much-loved child, and the memory of the child steals away the thoughts from heaven; when the wife mourns with insubmissive sorrow over the husband of her youth; when we think more of the cold clay that we commit to the dust than of the immortal spirit that has gone to eternity, this principle is exerting an unhappy and a blasting influence. When attachment to places, to scenes consecrated in our memory, calls us away from duty, and such feelings of superstition become the substitute for piety, we err, and the principle is perverted in the heart. The memory of the home of our youth should excite us to gratitude, and to deepen the pious principles which we learned there; we should tread the field where the battles of liberty have been fought only to deepen our attachment to the principles which were defended there; we should cherish a tender regard for the places which have been endeared to us as places where we have felt the gushing tides of friendship or affection go through the heart, or where we have enjoyed fellowship with God, only to deepen the feelings of virtuous love to our kindred and to our God. When they cease to produce this effect, we err. When they cease to raise our thoughts higher toward heaven, and when we delight *in* the association rather than *in* God, it is abused to purposes of superstition, and we are in danger.

And it may not be improper to remember, that all the places on earth which we now regard as so sacred

to us, will soon be destroyed. The grave where the child sleeps, and which we decorate with flowers, will soon give up its dead. The places which are dear to us in the recollection, will soon be changed. The fires that shall consume the world shall pass over them all. The house—the family mansion where we sported in childhood, will decay. Every relic of a beloved friend; every dear memorial; every sacred remembrance of those whom we loved, and who loved us, will be gone. All that piety, patriotism, or superstition has consecrated; all that has been employed to deepen the sentiments of virtue, or to maintain delusion over the human mind; all the monuments that have been reared to commemorate the triumphs of liberty, or to perpetuate the endearments of affection, will all soon be gone.

Our deepest, tenderest interest, is IN HEAVEN. There all is sacred. That God may make use of this principle of sacred association there, is more than probable; and all heaven is now filled, and will be filled for ever, with that which is adapted to excite our gratitude, and expand our love. There is the Redeemer—and all heaven is sacred by his presence. There are many of those whom we best love, those whom we often fondly clasped to our bosom on earth, and over whose departure we have so often mourned. And if we cherish so sacredly the remembrance of the places where they lived, and where their cold remains now sleep in dust, how much more tenderly should we dwell on the sacred scenes where they *now* live, and think of the green fields of Paradise, and the waters of life where they now dwell. How we should assuage our sorrow for their departure, and deepen our attachment for them still, by desiring to

range with them over those fields, and to repose with them beside the river of salvation. And if our feelings are so tender at the thought of the place where the Saviour died, and where he slept in the tomb, how elevated, how sacred should be our attachment to that heaven where he now dwells; how much more ardently should we desire to bow before him amidst the splendours of heaven, than even to weep where he wept in Gethsemane, or to kneel at his sepulchre.

Philadelphia.



THE MORNING WALK.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Go forth, young beauty, go;
 Thy soft and gentle eye
 Yearns to be where the waters flow,
 Beneath the summer sky.

Thy fluttering heart is stirr'd
 Within its prison'd cell;
 Uncage, dark wall, uncage the bird
 'Mid brighter things to dwell;

Where springs the budding flower
 To greet the sun's young beam,
 Where woodlarks warble in their bower,
 Where leaps the laughing stream.

Where glad sounds from the grove
 In matin hymns arise,
 Let forth this heart its hoarded love
 To offer to the skies.

The bright and blushing rose,
 Is bathed in early dew,
 Freely its budding leaves uncloset
 To hail the morning blue.

God, from his mighty seat,
Pours forth a flood of light—
Bathes the glad earth beneath our feet,
In all its radiance bright.

HE sends upon the breeze
The murmurs of his voice;
It stills the tempests of the seas,
It makes the fields rejoice.

Upon the trusting soul,
'Mid all its wo and strife,
The oceans of his mercies roll
With pure, eternal life.

As rainbows in the cloud
'Mid darkest storms appear,
So, through the sorrows that enshroud,
Our God is always near.

Go forth, young beauty, free;
Thy breast hath known no care!
Go forth—the stream is calling thee
To join in praise and prayer.

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD,

IN CHINA;

OR,

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS OF MORRISON AND MILNE,

TO THE SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS.

BY REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

ESTEEMED YOUNG FRIENDS,

It is not by accident, nor by human concert, that there should thus cross your path, just as you are going to "*serve at the altar*," challengers for China and the East, who interpose a flaming sword in your way, until you judge righteous judgment between the claims of home and foreign service. "*This is the Lord's doing*;" and, therefore, it ought to be both marvellous and providential in your eyes: especially, as the altar at which you are about to consecrate yourselves is, itself, consecrated to the service of the world at large, and destined to enlighten all the dark places of the earth.

Not thus were Latimer and Knox, Watts and Doddridge, arrested and adjured, by loud voices from the living and the dead, when they began to ponder their ordination vows, and compare the claims of destitute churches. A destitute world was not thus forced upon their attention, whilst they were judging of the path of

duty. Their prayerful inquiry, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" if it glanced at all beyond the land of their fathers, could have no reference to "*the land of Sinim*," or to the shores of *Ophir*. No star had arisen in the East then, to reveal its darkness, or to guide wise men to its help. The Orient was almost unknown, and altogether unpitied by Protestantism. But now,

"The world is all before *you*,
Where to choose."

Neither the Reformers nor the Puritans had any choice, but amongst the British vineyards. They were "shut up" to home, because shut out from all the world besides, except as exiles.

This insulated position must, of course, have greatly simplified both their deliberations and prayers, whilst searching for the path of duty. All the lamps of Providence shone then upon

"A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's vast wilderness."

You cannot ascertain the path of duty so soon or easily now. It is both more wide and more winding than in the days of old; and must be examined under all the new lights which Providence has been kindling and accumulating around the church.

Do you regret this? Would you prefer a state of things at home or abroad, in which you could lay your hand on the altar, and swear ministerial allegiance to Christ, without one *missionary* feeling or recollection? Heaven would not register such vows, now that the whole earth is crying out for help! The groans of

creation would prevent your vows from becoming a memorial before God, if they breathed no sympathy with the bondage of creation. Take care what you vow, whilst voices from all nations are thus ascending to the throne of God, and thundering around the church! The cry, "*Come over and help us,*" is gone forth upon the four winds of heaven, and it cannot be stopped nor outspoken by any claim or crisis of home affairs. All the interests of the church are now at stake, upon the evangelization of the world. She must go *back* and go *down* in all her influence, if she do not go "*into* all nations," and preach the gospel. She must act out her commission now, or vacate her claims: for the compulsory principle dare not, and the voluntary principle will not, sustain her, *under any form*, apart from action and enterprise. She must set herself to "save others," if she would save herself.

You have not "fallen on evil times," (whatever church you belong to,) because you cannot take your place at the altar so easily as your fathers did. The times are, indeed, past, when it was enough, in order to prove a *call* to the work of the ministry, to be able and willing to preach the gospel *any where* at home. That was sufficient proof of being "*called of God as was Aaron,*" whilst God had not thrown open the world to the church: but it is not enough, now that great and effectual doors are opened in all nations, and outstretched hands and streaming eyes are entreating help. This is as much and as certainly the voice of Providence, as any opening in, or invitations from, the American churches. It is, therefore, not Providence at large, but a part or the shadow of it, that you are watching, if you are weighing only calls and prospects

at home. There is, indeed, much providence in them. Yea, it may be *your* imperative duty to stay at home, just because so many are wanted to go abroad. So far as you are individually concerned, there may be nothing personally providential in all the aspects or appeals of the heathen world. They cannot regard all the sons of the prophets; and, therefore, they may have no direct bearings upon you. They do bear, however, directly upon some, yea, upon many; and you may be *one* of the "chosen vessels" whose duty it is to bear the name of Christ "far hence among the Gentiles." It is, therefore, at your peril to go up to the altar as a minister, until you have fairly and fully met the question, What is my duty in this day of missions? You often and honestly say to God, when you think of going to his altar to take his vows upon you, "*If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up.*" You cannot bear the awful idea of running unsent, or of studying unaided, or of labouring unblessed by God. No wonder! You will have to review through all eternity your ministerial choice and career. Judge therefore now, whether the Divine Presence is *likely* to "go with" you at home, whilst the Divine command is calling for so many to go abroad?

Again I say, it may not be your duty to quit your native shores. It is, however, your immediate duty to look this question fully in the face. It will force itself upon you before you die; and when you are dying, it will flash out upon your spirit, as the forerunner of all the audits of your stewardship. At that solemn moment, next to the humble consciousness of being "in Christ," nothing will be more soothing than the conviction of having been in your *proper* place; or at least,

of having done all in your power to ascertain the will of God, as to your sphere.

Have *you*, then, done so? Will you do so now, "without partiality, and without hypocrisy?" Any one may skirt the confines of *Omniscience*, or bear the question within the outer "rings" of its heart-searching light, without ascertaining either the will of God, or the real bias of his own will. This is but complimenting *Omniscience*; not consulting it. You cannot be impartial or sincere, unless you penetrate to the very farthest and brightest point, at which the "LIGHT FULL OF GLORY" is accessible. Place yourself in the full blaze of Divine scrutiny, if you would be successful or honest. There,—lay open your whole soul, and the whole case of the heathen world; and keep both open, until you can appeal to Him who knoweth all things, that you have no will of your own. "Dwell in" this "*secret place of the Most High*," until you can come out of it in a spirit which could meekly go before the universe, or up to the eternal throne, to avow its motives.

Are you afraid of this process? Do you suspect that it would overturn the anticipated fabric of your ministerial happiness? Is there any *place* or *person*, for whose sake you shrink from coming to the light thus fully? "If your heart condemn you, God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things." Besides, he *disposeth* all things, as well as knoweth them: and, therefore, whatever you are unwilling to give up, for his service, he can take away. Do not, then, peril your fondest wishes, by consulting them first or chiefly.

Perhaps you are already so placed and pledged, that

it seems too late now to reverse your choice, and thus useless to review it in the orb of Omniscience. It cannot, you think, be honourably altered; and, therefore, it should not be unsettled. You did not mean ill when you made it, and as it is not bad in itself, you hope it may turn out well in the end.

This is a delicate subject: but still, it is not so difficult as it seems. Engagements are, indeed, solemn things, and should be held sacred. To revise them is not, however, to violate them. In this case, it may confirm them: for it is not yet certain that you are called or qualified to go abroad. Or if you strongly *suspect* that your path of duty would have lain there, had not these engagements shut you out from it, why should not the reasons of this suspicion, if fully gone into, weigh as much with others as with yourself? If there be reasons which would alter your choice, were you free to yield to them, is it not just as likely that they would sway another? At all events, it is your duty to submit them to every one concerned in your movements. Hush not up, hurry not over, a question, which, if not honestly dealt with now, may embarrass, if not embitter, your ministerial life through all stages.

If, however, you be quite free from all pledges to any place or person; and thus at full liberty to weigh, in the balance of the sanctuary, the comparative claims of China and the churches, I congratulate you, even if you have no leaning towards foreign service yet. I do not appeal to you, assuming that you have either a missionary spirit or bias already. If, indeed, you have, so much the better: but still, all that I want is, to obtain from you a fair hearing to foreign claims. Let them

make their own impression, and produce their legitimate effect upon your spirit, as it is. Real missionary spirit is the fruit of missionary study. A sudden flash of zeal, or flow of sympathy, for the heathen, is no test of call or qualification to teach them, now that our societies know what there is to do and endure abroad. *Mind* is wanted, as well as emotion: *physical* strength, as well as devotional feeling. And in regard to China and the East, the *order* of mind most wanted there, is not to be called forth by mere spirit-stirring appeals, however holy or heroic. Sober facts and solid arguments, can alone draw out the *kind* of men suited to these spheres. The Chinese are not a barbarous people, except so far as Europeans and Americans brutalize them by opium. Even in India, it is the shrewdness and sensuality, more than the sanguinary horrors, of Hindooism and Buddhism, that are to be grappled with now. Suttees are vanishing; but subtleties are increasing in number and ingenuity. Idols are at a discount; but scepticism bears a high premium. Education is popular; but it is prized only for selfish reasons. Men of mere *feeling*, however ardent, are not adapted to this state of things. Any man can weep at a Pujah, or thrill with horror at a funeral pile, or hang his harp upon the willows of the Ganges and the Bhurampooter, whilst their waters and alligators are glutted with suicidal sacrifices, and their eagles and vultures with infant victims: but he must be a reasoning, a resolute, a prudent, as well as a holy man, who can gauge the *springs* of these enormities, and grapple with the *motives* of these infatuations. So also in China: there is neither such craft or cruelty, such pomp or sensuality, in their idolatry itself, as to stir up the spirit to indig-

nation or horror. There is enough to *wind up* a great and good spirit to all the heights of solemn sympathy and patient enterprise; but nothing to enlist sentiment, or to enliven curiosity. Countless numbers, and cold delusions, and universal self-conceit, and heartless formality, make up "the image and superscription" of China: and, therefore, his eye must be far-reaching and keenly scrutinizing, as well as "single," who can read the national character, so as to discover its vulnerable points, and devise lines of practical operation for its improvement.

The man also who sees no glory in the power of the press to move China; or no sublime efficiency in the calm and dew-like descent of Bibles and Tracts on "the land of Sinim;" or no moral grandeur in directing and gratifying the national taste for reading, is not the man for China. Yea, if his spirit cannot be stirred in all its depths, and fixed at all its heights, by the prospect of watching the mighty chaos of the Chinese mind, just in order to fathom its everlasting channels, and to discover its *ground stream*, that thus he may open a passage for future missionaries, and pave the way for the moving of the Spirit of God upon the face of the dark waters,—he is not the man for China. Yea, unless he can discern unspeakable glory in the *foundation-stone* of the spiritual temple, which Morrison and Milne, as "wise master builders," laid; and thus can shout "grace, grace unto it," as the sure pledge and prelude of the *top-stone* being brought forth with the shoutings of the universe,—he is not the man for China. He must too be able and willing to work *under ground* there, who would work well. Not that he will be unseen or unnoticed. Both the church and

world will have their eyes upon him: the former in admiration and hope; the latter in curiosity and surprise. No name will be more waited for or welcomed than his, at the boards of missions and on the platforms of meetings, when glad news come from far countries. Labourers in China, will soon be the great *land-marks* of the Bible Societies of both the old and the new world. And on no spot, more especially, than on that where Bible-missionaries are laying the foundation of Christian churches, will angels watch or Providence smile. He is not “a wise master builder,” whom this cannot both inspire and satisfy. The work is under ground, but its reward is on high; and all that is now doing above ground by others, in other places, will be improved by it, and identified with it, for ever.

Dr. Morrison understood this; and it sustained him under all the Herculean labour of translation and compilation: under all the solitude and sorrow occasioned by bereavements: under all the annoying restrictions of a jealous government, and a monopolizing factory: and, even, under all the mortifications which arose, when some of his favourite plans were thwarted or ill sustained. Yea, he so understood both his work and his reward, that he *returned* to pursue them, after seeing that the British churches had no sympathy with him, except as the translator of the Scriptures into the Chinese. Whatever else he had lived and laboured for in China, they would hardly look at.

He came to them with “*the burden of China*” pressing upon his spirit and absorbing all his thoughts; and thus reckoned that he had only to mention its countless millions and his own loneliness, in order to bring all the churches to the help of the Lord against

the mighty : but no man appreciated or understood his solemn appeal, in its *intended* sense. It was interpreted as a mere call for a COLLEGE ! Even as that it was all but confounded with certain Indian speculations, by the generality. He saw all this, and keenly felt it all : but it never unsettled his purpose. It dimmed his eye, and made him “dumb with silence ;” but it did not alienate his heart from China or Britain.

You will now ask, how all this bears upon my argument ? Thus :—all this *died* with Dr. Morrison ! It cannot happen again. The danger is on the other side now. Another Morrison would be almost idolized. See how public hope and sympathy hang upon his son ! He is understood, and appreciated, and responded to, at once and universally. Could Mr. Morrison only say, that China Proper was “OPEN,” he might command the churches, and pick the colleges of both Britain and America.

I know what I am about in thus dealing with facts : see to it—that you deal as honestly with them. Would, that I could *act* upon them, as freely as I argue from them ! But, alas ! it is too late to think of acting : I can do nothing but write. You, however, can do more.

In all this, I have not forgotten the question, “Is China open to the gospel ?” nor the command, “Open China.” China Proper is not open : but around it, there is free access to at least *fifty* millions of Chinese, who keep up a regular intercourse with it. This door has been open for many years : and if we refuse to enter it, why should Providence open others ? In fact, it is well that others are not yet opened : for who is fit to enter them ?

Consider this. The existing state of things in that empire is just what it ought to be, whilst the existing state of things in the churches remains what it is. God is "the God of order, not of confusion;" and, therefore, he will not throw open such an empire, until he can throw into it efficient agents, in something like sufficient numbers. The good Shepherd "gently leads those that be with young;" and, therefore, he will not task nor tax his churches beyond their ability. The unwilling and the unwise may insist on China being open to the gospel, *before* they open their hearts or hands to China: but Providence is not thus unreasonable or unkind. He has too much regard even for their comfort, and too much pity even for their weakness, to bring on a demand upon their families or property, which would either impoverish them, or tempt them to desert his cause entirely. He knows such men too well, and loves better men too much, to hurry on a crisis which would be fatal to the half-hearted, and overwhelming to the simple. He will stir up no crusade for China, which, like that for Palestine, would drain the resources or the strength of the British and American churches. Accordingly, Providence is making no demand, at present, beyond their ability. They are able to occupy posts of observation and action, all around China. They are able to furnish and sustain as many agents, as there are stations. They are, also, willing, waiting, yea, longing to be led out to the help of the Lord in "these quarters." Already they are whispering his own question, "Who will go for us?" and ere long they will thunder it, in a voice which will make "*the posts of the doors*" of all COLLEGES "*move!*"

He must have something more of ISAIAH in him,

than the evangelical spirit of that prophet, who is warranted to say at once, in answer to this question, "*Here am I, send me.*" In general, they are not the fittest to go, who are the *first* to offer. An immediate answer to a rousing or melting appeal on behalf of China or India, ought not to be accepted or given, unless it be the explosion of a "secret fire," which has been long pent up in the spirit, and only waiting for an opportunity to explode. Then, it cannot be too promptly given, nor too readily accepted. MORRISON responded at once to the appeal of BOGUE, when HARDCASTLE appealed to the mission college at Gosport, on behalf of China. He did right. His promptitude was prudence of the highest order. His spirit and the society's purpose were evidently made for each other, like Adam and Eve; and, therefore, the moment they met "they kissed each other." China, and the first thing that could be done there, (the translation of the Scriptures,) formed the precise element which his spirit, although unable to define it to itself, had long been "feeling after," with all the steadiness of an instinct, and all the cravings of a latent taste: and, therefore, whilst he moved into that element at once, he did so with as much deliberation as delight. It had been the vision of years, and the object of all his prayers, although he could not *name* it, until it was brought before him as a reality. Then, "*Adam called his wife's name Eve.*"

Is there any great object, beyond the home ministry, which thus, vision-like, floats around, or flashes across your spirit; disturbing or diverting it, whenever it tries to settle under any vine or fig-tree in the American vineyard? Do you often feel as if any home-sphere would, like the cave in Horeb, expose you to the ques-

tion put to Elijah, "What doest thou here?" This may be a "heavenly vision," although yet dim and undefined. Deem it not so, however,—if your health be delicate, or your nerves weak, or your spirits constitutionally low, or your tact for acquiring languages small, or your fear of dangers great. It is not "heavenly," in the sense of a call, to go abroad, if your physical or mental powers be but questionably adapted to foreign labour. It is, however, heavenly in a sublime sense: for God is thus moulding your spirit to the love and espousal of the missionary cause now, that, when you begin your ministry, and whilst you continue it, you may sustain that cause by your advocacy, and extend it by your example, at home. And, next to a high tone of spiritual-mindedness, you can carry nothing more healthy into your future sphere, than the "holy fire" of missionary zeal. Your flock, wherever it be, will certainly quarrel or decline, unless you fill their hearts and hands with as much of God's work at home and abroad, as they can hold. He must now "feed swine," (I mean Antinomians,) who will not make the sheep, and the lambs too, *useful* to the great Shepherd. Let it be seen, wherever you go, that "*it was in thine heart*" to build a house unto the Lord, "not upon another man's foundation." David was not permitted to build the temple; but no man contributed more to its erection, than he did. His property or influence might be traced, in splendid forms, from its foundation to its top-stone, and from the holy of holies to the court of the gentiles. Thus any of you can make up, at home, for what you cannot do abroad. But you are not all placed thus. Some of you are fit to go, and free to go. Both your frame and your aspect bear the stamp of enter-

prise. Only mark how they thrill to the thrilling cry of Morrison, in his "*Parting Memorial*:" "Alas, my brethren, how long shall the millions of eastern Asia inherit lies!"

"To every tone, with tender heat,
Your heart-strings vibrate, and your pulses beat."

Who then will be baptized for the dead? Remember; they are emphatically "the MIGHTY dead:" so mighty, that a double portion of the spirit of Morrison and Milne is sure to rest upon their successors. And if the tomb of XAVIER, on the Island of Sancian, could call forth the flower of the Papacy to baptism for the dead, shall the tombs of the first Protestant missionaries at Macao, appeal in vain to Protestant colleges? God forbid!

Be not afraid of the Chinese language. It is, indeed, peculiar, even unique; but it is also fascinating. The Hieroglyphs are not all arbitrary. What can be finer than the symbol of friendship?—*two pearls of equal size and purity*: showing how rare and valuable it is. Besides, the language was acquired by many, even before Dr. Morrison published his Dictionary. Hear what his son says on this subject:—

"It cannot be learned in a day, but demands long and attentive study. I say not this to discourage any one: for the number of those (not by any means men of great natural abilities or quickness of parts) who have attained a useful knowledge of the language, is a sufficient guarantee for the practicability of acquiring it." Add to this fact, the experience of the Popish missionaries. They never failed to master the language. They went out young, and well-grounded in the class-

ics, and making their purpose their fate; and they were soon able to speak in courts or cottages. So may you. It is not desirable, however, that *all* who go to China should contemplate the study of its *classics*, to any great extent. The majority ought, certainly, to prepare themselves to wield with ease and power, the mighty energies and facilities of the press: but some ought to set their hearts quite as resolutely upon acquiring the vernacular, with an express view to *preaching* the gospel. Indeed, were I not too old and infirm to be worth the expense of being sent out, I, for one, (notwithstanding all my partialities to the pen,) should feel it to be my duty to become a scholar in one of the Chinese day-schools for boys, that I might obtain just the same instruction which the natives give to their children. I certainly could learn what their children are taught: and that, with what I could acquire by frequent and friendly intercourse with the people, would soon enable me to tell them "the wonderful works of God, in their own tongue." I throw out this hint, because some of you may be hindered by the suspicion, that great proficiency in the written language of China is essential to usefulness. But this, although the general rule, admits of exceptions. Indeed, exceptions ought to be forced and fastened upon that general rule: for it is itself an *exception* to the general rule of scripture. Preaching the gospel is God's ordinance; and, therefore, no present peculiarity of China can be safely allowed to set aside preaching. All other methods of doing good "are lawful," yea, obligatory, whilst this is impracticable: but to make this practicable, ought to be the grand aim of all preliminary operations.

And now, beloved young friends! who will be baptized for the dead? The eyes of the churches—of the societies—of the Chinese—of the world, are upon your ranks. The eye of Omniscience is upon all your hearts! Shall God have to say, “I beheld, and there was no man to answer,” when I asked, “Who will go for us?” What, no man amongst all the sons of the prophets! It may not, must not, cannot be, that prophets should not be found for China! Angels wait for your decision. The souls under the altar chide your delay. Hell will say, “Aha; so would we have it;” if you all refuse.

Redeem the character of Protestantism: for, hitherto, Popish colleges have furnished most missionaries for China.

Newington Green, (Eng.) 1835.

THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY AND HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D.

HENRY L. was born in that delightful village on the banks of the Connecticut, where the great Edwards reaped his spiritual harvests, and the apostolic Brainard "rests from his labours." He was a son of many prayers; and I have heard his father speak with deep emotion, of the thanksgivings and wrestlings with which he "lent the child to the Lord all the days of his life," in full faith that he would "be born again," and called to the work of the ministry. Henry was early informed, and often reminded of this his infant dedication; but he grew up, as other boys do, without the love of God in his heart. Much as he loved his father and mother, he was so far from making their act his own, that there is reason to believe he secretly resolved to mark out his own course, and in pursuing it, to "walk in the way of his own heart, and after the sight of his own eyes." Entirely averse as he was, and as "the carnal mind" always is, to holiness and self-denial, how could he think of "taking up the cross," and following Him "who was despised and rejected of men, and in whom he saw no form nor comeliness why he should desire him."

He however wished for a public education; and having read the preparatory books, came to college, in

the autumn of 1825, a tall and "goodly" young man, with a frank and open countenance, fine health, and a perilous flow of animal spirits. Guided as he had been, from early childhood, in "the right ways of the Lord," by parental instruction and example, an enlightened conscience held the wayward propensities of his heart in check; and it was manifest, from his alternate restlessness and fixed attention under the preaching of the word, that the truth did not fall powerless upon his ear.

In the spring of 1827, God was pleased to pour out his Spirit upon the college, and young L. was among the first who were roused from their stupidity. With all his constitutional frankness, he disclosed his feelings at once to some of his pious classmates. It was manifest enough, that the Spirit had begun to strive with him; but it was rather fear of punishment, than conviction of sin, that agitated his mind. Finding no relief, as he flattered himself he speedily should, in a paroxysm of impatience, bordering on desperation, he rushed out of the room, declaring that he would throw off the intolerable burden, and think no more of the matter. The shock of that hour, the anxieties of that day, I can never forget. All our hopes of his conversion were overcast in a moment. It seemed as if he had thrown himself over a precipice, and what could save him from being dashed in pieces? But God, in his boundless mercy, interposed. His distress rolled back upon his soul, like the waves of the sea, overwhelming him with an awful sense of his guilt, as well as danger. "What must I do to be saved?" was now the all-absorbing question—but his proud heart would not bow. Though the conflict was terrible, and the issue fearfully uncer-

tain, it was short. Henry L. was in two or three days found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. From that hour, no one could question, that whatever others might do, it was his fixed and settled purpose to be "on the Lord's side." All his plans were changed, and all his energies were subjected to a new impulse. Without loss of time, he ratified the covenant made by his parents when he was born, in its full extent. At the close of the succeeding term he united with the college church, and sustained the character of a consistent and devoted member till he graduated in 1829.

Soon after leaving college, Mr. L. commenced his professional studies in the Theological Seminary of A——, where he spent three years. He thought there could be no higher, nobler earthly aim, than to become thoroughly qualified to preach the everlasting gospel. But what field of labour should he himself enter? Should he remain at home, or should he "go far hence unto the Gentiles?" The heathen were perishing, and his choice was soon fixed. His parents perceived it in the benevolent aspirations of his soul, long before his lips made the disclosure; and when he "told them all his heart," and craved their consent and their blessing, "immediately they conferred not with flesh and blood," but said, go, and "the Lord be with thee."

While pursuing his theological course, Mr. L. became exceedingly interested in the Dyaks of Borneo, who were then represented as even more savage and blood-thirsty than the cannibal tribes of New Zealand. Could any thing be done to save them? "While he was musing the fire burned." They were continually before him, in all their horrible barbarity. Day and

night his ardent spirit yearned over them; and though he had reason to believe that no white man could venture within their reach, even for an hour, without extreme danger, his desire to visit their country and attempt their conversion became irrepressible. The American Board, under whose direction he had placed himself, yielded to his wishes; and, as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, he embarked with a brother of a kindred soul, for the great eastern Archipelago. Touching at Batavia, on the frontiers of that vast empire of pagan darkness, they yielded to the judgment of an experienced veteran in the missionary service, whom they met there, and concluded to remain, till they could make the wisest and best arrangements in their power for proceeding to the place of their destination. While they were waiting at Batavia, they were induced to plan a voyage to the island of Sumatra, with the view of spending a few weeks in exploring the country of the Battas, which it was supposed might be done without any greater hazard than missionaries have often encountered, with entire safety.

They landed—they sought for information—they were encouraged—they were dissuaded—they looked to heaven for direction, and finally resolved to proceed. Having procured suitable guides, they advanced slowly and with great difficulty three or four days' journey into the interior, when they came suddenly upon a kind of fort, which belonged to the Battas, and from which they sallied out with the most hostile demonstrations. The guides fled. The missionaries could not make known their benevolent errand, for there was no one to interpret, and the spears of the barbarians soon closed the interview in blood. How the orgies of the succeed-

ing night were kept may be conjectured, for the Battas too are cannibals. But the martyrs—young, vigorous, ardent and fresh from their long preparations—went up (who can doubt it?) to receive their crowns. What a change! How sudden—how great—how glorious! One hour entangled in those horrid jungles, and the next walking “the streets of the New Jerusalem!” One moment stunned by savage yells, in the agonies of a cruel death, and the next listening to the song of Moses and the Lamb!

When Henry L. left America, both his parents were living to receive his last embrace, and to commend him to the protection of that Power which rules the winds and the waves. In the autumn of 1834, his father was suddenly called away from a large and dependent family, several months after the death of Henry, but before the tragical news had reached this country. His mother, now a widow in feeble health and deep affliction, was my neighbour. The letters from Batavia which brought the overwhelming intelligence to her brother, were of such a character as to leave no room for doubt, or hope. As soon as I learned their contents, I was on my way to her dwelling. But how should I meet her, whose life, since the death of her husband, was more than ever “bound up” in Henry? What sympathies had I to offer in such an hour? What could I do but sit down, like Job’s friends, without speaking a word? Surely I shall find the martyred missionary’s widowed mother, utterly prostrated by the shock. Such were my thoughts, during the few moments that it required to bring me to her door, and such the painful anticipations with which I entered the house. But how could I do her this great injustice; or rather, how could I

thus "make the grace of God of none effect?" I was never more mistaken in my life.

She was not prostrated. She met me as usual with a smile. It shone through her tears, it is true; but it was no less a smile for that. "This day brings you heavy tidings." "Yes," was her calm reply; "but I am so far from being sorry I parted with Henry, as a missionary to the heathen, that I never in my life felt so strong a desire that some of my other children might engage in the same cause. O, how much do those poor creatures, who have murdered my son, need the gospel!" The surprise, the relief of that moment, I cannot express. It was giving a turn to the affliction which I had not thought of. But it was so natural, or rather, there was so much of the grace of God in it, that as the new idea flashed upon my mind, I seemed to see the conversion of the poor Battas intimately connected, and very much hastened, by the tragical event. Surely it will, I said to myself, excite the church to more fervent prayers and more strenuous efforts in their behalf. The more savage they are, the more urgent the reasons for sending them missionaries. Here is a widowed mother, whose son they massacred in cold blood, before he could speak a word to them of Jesus Christ, the great atoning sacrifice,—wishing, in the first moments of her grief, that her other children might be prepared to go and carry them the gospel of peace. Surely, when Christian mothers come, by hundreds and by thousands, to issues like these, all "the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty," will be enlightened, and become the dwelling places of righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Amherst, (Mass.)

AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE.

BY REV. JOHN W. BROWNE.

The Rev. Augustus Foster Lyde, will not soon be forgotten by those who knew him. He had it in his heart to preach the gospel to the Chinese, but died soon after his ordination. His last words to the brethren of the Missionary Association of the General Episcopal Theological Seminary were, "Brethren, pray for me; pray that my health may be restored. God is my witness I ask it not for myself, I ask it for China."

THE morn, whose clear uprise
Is rich with promise of a brilliant day,
Often, amid the gloom of clouded skies,
Fades suddenly away.

Thy morning, Lyde! was blest
With tokens of a day of strength and power,
But thou wert called to thine eternal rest
In its most brilliant hour.

And many were the tears
We shed for thee, dear brother! for we wept
One, on whose spirit, in its earliest years
Manhood's high promise slept.

For thine was manly truth,
And high devotion, and unwearied zeal,
And wisdom, which the ardent mind of youth
But rarely doth reveal;—

An intellect, whose range
Was in the purest, loveliest realms of thought;
A heart, above all fickleness and change,
With its deep love unbought.

Richly the Spirit dwelt
Within thee, in its sanctifying power ;
Its holy energy, most deeply felt
In nature's weakest hour.

Thy spirit burned to tell
The tidings of redeeming love, to those
Who sin hath circled in her darkest spell
Of ignorance and woes.

Thou didst devote thy life
To bear the glorious name of Christ abroad,
Where China's deep idolatries are rife
With the contempt of God.

But thou wert called away,
Ere thou hadst fully bound thine armour on,
From the drear strife of earth, to endless day,
From toil to glory won.

Thy parting words were fraught
With mournful presage of thine early fate,
As thy mind lingered in prophetic thought
On hopes made desolate.

We love to think of thee,
Even as thou wert, when thy fraternal tone
Melted within our ear, persuasively,
With music of its own.

We love to think of thee,
To fancy thy calm presence with us yet,
As one of those sweet stars of memory
Which never wane or set.

New York.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA.

BY REV. CHARLES HENRY ALDEN.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA was born within the precincts of the renowned court of Ferrara, about the middle of the sixteenth century. The modern traveller along the banks of the Po, as he enters this celebrated seat of the Princes of Este, once so prominent as both the patrons and the persecutors of the learned, passes through streets spacious, solitary and grass-grown, till he reaches the very heart of the city, where the proud walls of the castle present themselves with their lofty battlements and towers, surrounded still by its moat and ditch. He visits, near at hand, the cell of the hospital of Santa Anna, in which Tasso was so barbarously immured; the dungeons where perished several votaries of the Reformation, "of whom the world was not worthy;" and the tomb of the oppressed and injured Ariosto. Not so in the days of Olympia. "The witty, the wise and the virtuous Renné," was the object of general attraction to the learned and accomplished of all Italy. The post of private secretary was filled by the father of the immortal Tasso; the court physician was the celebrated Manzolli; while the godfather and the father himself of Olympia were alike versed in profound and elegant literature, and were devoted Christians.

In an atmosphere like this, she could scarcely fail to develop her wonderful powers of intellect, and richness

of emotions, to an extraordinary degree. At the early period of twelve, she was thoroughly instructed in the Greek and Latin tongues, and in such branches of natural and mental philosophy as were at that time known. And yet such was the sweetness of her disposition and her winning modesty, that the robe of learning floated most easily and gracefully round her youthful form. Though cheered by the smiles of the court, and the object of intoxicating adulation, her humility and piety led her to ascribe these attentions to her position as a royal favourite, and as the companion of the beautiful and learned and virtuous Anna of Este, afterwards the Duchess of Guise, rather than to her uncommon attainments.

For ten years from the age of sixteen, was Olympia the devoted and loved companion and friend of this Anna; and who, through her instrumentality, adorned the walks of unostentatious piety, as well as those of letters; and though she died in the bosom of the church of Rome, there can be little doubt that she was at heart a Protestant and a Christian. As to Olympia herself, she drank of the "waters of life," and "adorned," even in the blaze of court favour, "the doctrine of God her Saviour." Her acts of self-sacrifice, of fidelity in the way of duty, showed that her "faith worked by love and purified her heart."

It was a favourite retreat—at the hour of evening, and unattended—a rocky prominence on the neighbouring coast of the Adriatic. Here, as if to arm herself against the temptations peculiar to the court, would she hold high and holy contemplation. At an hour when

" Just enough dim light is given
Earth to veil, to open heaven,"

would she breathe an atmosphere of elevated and holy influence.

Under such circumstances is she beautifully represented in the plate. Her countenance expressive of celestial serenity; the aspect of bodily repose so as to leave undisturbed the actings of mind intent on the noblest subjects; her eyes indicating the tendency of the soul to the greatness and purity of the upper world, and beaming with intelligence of its holy inhabitants,—these strike the beholder with mingled admiration and reverence.

How beautifully in keeping, too, is the scenery around! The adamantine rocks on which she reposes her person;—the close of the day;—the moon just rising from its watery bed, casting its touches of silver on the scarcely rippled waves,—all is apart from mortals and mortal concerns; while the imperishable rocks and the boundless sea are fitting emblems of that immortality to which she seems so devoutly to aspire.

This gifted, this extraordinary young lady, numbered less than thirty summers. But she lived long enough to leave a splendid example to the young of her sex of the pre-eminence of character formed by the union of mental and religious culture. And she who would hope to emulate her elevation and her hopes by the acquisition of learning without piety, clings for safety to an iceberg, which, if not melted here by the warmth of pure devotion, must dissolve in the fires of another world!

PEACE OF MIND.

BY THOMAS RAFFLES, D.D.

I.

COME, heavenly peace of mind,
 Descend into my breast,
 For thee I long have pined,
 O give my spirit rest :
 For thou canst chase the fiend despair,
 And smooth the rugged brow of care.

II.

But where's thy dwelling place ?
 To thy retreat I'd flee ;
 O, yield to my embrace,
 And be a guest with me :
 Dispel the cares that now corrode,
 And make my bosom thy abode.

III.

I've sought thee long in vain,
 And panted for thy smile ;
 For thou canst ease my pain,
 And all my wo beguile :
 And wilt thou heedless pass me by,
 And leave me in despair to die ?

IV.

The gayest circles round
Are dull and blank to me,
I feel a grief profound
Amidst their revelry;
And though in them I bear a part,
The anguish still is in my heart.

V.

And, if chagrin'd I turn
To solitude and shade,
I still am doom'd to mourn—
My grief is unallay'd:
O, why prolong the plaintive strain,
Where echo only mocks my pain.

VI.

For streams that gently flow
The peaceful vales among,
And groves that only know
The melody of song—
The inward storm can ne'er control,
Nor breathe their influence o'er my soul.

VII.

'Twas thus my spirit sigh'd,
And pour'd its plaintive moan:
When lo! a voice replied,
With love in every tone,
"The boon you seek is mine to give,
Then mourner, look to me and live."

VIII.

It was His voice, who hung
Upon the accursed tree—
Whose spirit there was wrung
With keenest agony.
O gracious words! I hear them yet—
Methinks I never can forget.

IX.

I look'd, and felt relief,
And life in every gaze;
Then joy succeeded grief,
And calm and happy days.
His smile has chas'd the gloom away,
And turn'd my midnight into day.

X.

Hail, heavenly peace of mind!
Thy dwelling place, serene,
No mortal e'er can find,
In all this earthly scene:
In vain I sought the gift divine,
Till faith in Jesus made thee mine.

INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE ON THE MORAL SENTIMENTS.

BY ALONZO POTTER, D.D.

THE reality and supremacy of conscience are to be assumed in all inquiries respecting our duty. Caution is requisite, however, lest we overrate the power, or the rectitude of this faculty. We can do little towards improving our moral sentiments, or discharging the various duties of life, unless we keep constantly in mind the extreme weakness and fallibility of this moral monitor. That which was placed by the Creator as sovereign among our faculties, is often superseded by passion, and even by the capricious tyranny of custom and fashion. Its mandates are resisted—its voice, at first on the side of virtue, is lulled into silence or bribed to plead in behalf of evil; and our souls are left to the undisturbed and perhaps exulting pursuit of sin and death. This perversion of conscience, too, is fearfully easy. We have only to refuse, when it speaks, to listen or obey—we have simply to stifle its sacred suggestions, and look round for pretexts to justify self-indulgence, and it will soon cease to admonish, or will admonish only to mislead. There are those who derive from a perverted conscience only impulse to evil—who *verily think*, as Saul of Tarsus once thought, that they *ought to do many things contrary* to truth and virtue. The light that is in them becomes darkness; and how great is that darkness!

One of the ways in which our moral sense is thus obscured or corrupted, is adverted to by the poet :

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be dreaded, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

It would be instructive to trace the qualifications with which this description ought to be received, to point out other ways in which the same result is produced, and above all, to investigate the principles on which it takes place. It would be found that in some cases the process is voluntary and deliberate, while in others it takes place almost insensibly, and from the operation of external causes. It would be seen, too, that some of the most useful and active principles of our nature aid in this “fell sorcery,” and that nothing can protect us against it but vigilance and prayer. Waiving these inquiries, however, we propose to confine our remarks to one of those causes which operate insensibly, but which has, in some of its forms, a most fatal tendency to induce that state in which a rational and immortal mind puts “good for evil, and light for darkness.”

This is LITERATURE.—By most persons little importance is attached to the moral influence of our current, or even of our classical reading ; yet there can be no doubt that it is vast, and in many cases most baneful. Aliment taken into the mind operates like aliment taken into the body, by assimilation. It is converted, as it were, into the very substance of the soul, and imparts to it of course its own character. We hear of the chameleon, which takes the hue of whatever it looks upon. It is so, in a measure, with our minds. It is

not more impossible to associate as boon companion with the profligate, and yet escape contamination, than it is to peruse habitually works of a low moral cast, and yet retain high moral purity. Customary and cordial intercourse with such books is one of those "evil communications," the inevitable effect of which is to "corrupt good manners." If they are works of genius, their influence is only the more pernicious. The admiration which we entertain for the author, is extended by association to all his thoughts; and before we are aware we first tolerate, then are entertained by, and finally embrace sentiments of flagrant immorality. In no age, perhaps, has this danger been greater than in the present; for in none has there been so much reading, and in few if any has there been cherished such inordinate admiration of mere genius, however abused and unsanctified.

It is, moreover, a danger which approaches us on every side. We can hardly open an ancient classic, or a modern work in poetry or fiction, without breathing an atmosphere uncongenial not only with religion, but with a pure and enlightened morality. Take, for example, the *Iliad* of Homer; a work which has exerted, perhaps, of all uninspired productions, the greatest influence over the human mind—of which Johnson has said, that "nation after nation, and generation after generation, has done little more than transpose its incidents, new name its characters, and paraphrase its sentiments." What moral impression does it leave upon the young and ardent mind? It teaches it to feel that courage, unblenching firmness of nerve, is the greatest of all virtues; that he who wants it, is worthy only of being trodden under foot. It teaches, that re-

venge is a noble and godlike sentiment—that even Achilles, that personification of wrath and vindictiveness, more than atones for his brutality by his affection for a friend, and his grief over that friend's loss; and that in short the most glorious and enviable life is that which has been spent in sacrificing the greatest number of other lives. Its effect on the ambitious and martial spirit of Alexander the Great has been often noticed, and is thus happily contrasted by Mr. Wheaton, in his late work on the Law of Nations, with that produced on another chief by an illustrious modern author:—"When he (Grotius) could no longer be useful in active life, he laboured to win men to the love of peace and justice by the publication of his great work,* which made a deep impression upon all the liberal minded princes and ministers of that day, and contributed essentially to influence their public conduct. Alexander carried the Iliad of Homer in a golden casket, to inflame his love of conquest; whilst Gustavus Adolphus slept with the Treatise on the Laws of War and Peace under his pillow, in that heroic war which he waged in Germany for the liberties of Protestant Europe. It is difficult to decide which presents the most striking contrast—the poet of Greece and the philosopher of Holland, or the two heroes who imbibed such different and opposite sentiments from their pages."

Look too at Pope, who has been styled by way of eminence the *moral* poet of our language. How rarely does this gifted and finished writer allude in his

* The treatise *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, composed during the author's exile in France, and published at Paris in 1625.

lighter works to the facts and topics peculiar to Christianity, without some profane jest; while in his philosophical work, the "Essay on Man," it is plainly his wish to furnish a system which shall supersede the New Testament, and place the subject of human duty and destiny on a better basis than that on which the Creator himself has placed it. Or consider the works of Lord Byron, which have been the occasion in our own day of such an immense and wide-spread sensation. What a mournful and flagrant perversion of God's noblest gifts! The poems of this highly endowed but unhappy man seem to have been expressly intended as a vehicle for his most private thoughts and feelings. He not only admits, but invites and urges us into the most intimate possible communion with every wild impulse and base purpose of his soul—reveals to us, with a morbid fondness, the wasting desolation which has passed over all his nobler principles and affections; and yet throws over the picture a magic radiance which must work upon us something of the same spell which he would himself have wrought had he been our living and confidential companion. What that spell might have been, we need not say. He could hardly be esteemed a safe companion for the young, who, to splendid genius and most fascinating manners, should add principles utterly reckless and abandoned—who should take delight in railing at his species, in reviling as heartless hypocrisy all the appearances of generosity and friendship among men—who, by example as well as precept, recommended a life of the merest sensuality—who seemed to doubt whether Mahommedanism were not better than Christianity; and, in short, whether all virtue and religion were not a dream rather

than a solemn reality. But if himself a dangerous companion, it is difficult to conceive how writings, which embody so completely his spirit and character, can be safe.

If from poetry we pass to the prose of our language, what do we discover? We discover that, in the department of history, the palm has been borne away by two authors not more distinguished for talents than for hostility to the Christian faith, and contempt of some of the settled principles of morals—authors, who have contrived to infuse their philosophy so artfully through their writings, that it escapes the notice of any except the most vigilant reader, and is absorbed into the mind only the more insensibly, and therefore the more fatally. In the department of fiction it is sufficient to repeat the names of Sterne, Fielding and Smollett, three of its most brilliant and admired contributors. No one, who has read their works, needs to be informed that in many instances they invest the worst vices with an air of interest and attraction;—that the grossest violations of justice and temperance are often treated as peccadilloes; that our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of men whom in actual life we should feel it to be our duty to reprobate and shun; and that the thoughtful reader, as he proceeds, knows not at which most to wonder, the splendour of the author's talent, his deep knowledge of human nature—the ease with which he can, at pleasure, transport us with mirth or melt us into pity—or at the wantonness with which these high powers are prostituted to the service of evil. We are, by no means, disposed to proscribe all works of imagination. That there are some of unexceptionable moral tendency, is not to be disputed; and that all might be made the

medium for conveying the purest and most exalted lessons of virtue, we would at least hope. But what works of fiction generally are, and what they might become, are questions of very different import. Whoever considers attentively the prevailing character of this species of literature at present, will find but too much reason to apprehend that moral impressions, derived from such a source, must be lamentably deficient both in power and correctness.

In attributing to this cause so great an influence, however, we differ we are aware from those who are entitled to the utmost consideration. Dr. Johnson in adverting to it says, "Men will not become highwaymen, because Macheath is acquitted on the stage;" and Sir W. Scott, in quoting the remark, adds, "Neither will they become swindlers and thieves, because they sympathize with the fortunes of the witty picaroon Gil Blas; nor licentious debauchees, because they read Tom Jones. The professed moral of a piece is usually what the reader is least interested in; it is like the mendicant who cripples after some gay and splendid procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing upon it." All this, to a certain extent, is true. Most readers of fiction feel, we are aware, but little interest in discovering its moral; nor do we apprehend that to read Gil Blas or Tom Jones would of necessity transform the reader into a swindler or debauchee. This, however, is far from being the question at issue. The true question is, whether sympathizing often with characters conceived in such a spirit, could exert any but a corrupting influence on the moral sensibilities and principles. But few parents would be inclined, we imagine, to have their children associate

familiarly with men like either of these well-known heroes. But if it would not be safe to associate with them in real life, can it be prudent to make them our companions in the "chambers of imagery," when fancy is let loose, and the soul is least on its guard against contamination, and all its susceptibilities are thrown open?

That the danger of which we speak is not wholly imaginary, let Dr. Johnson himself be witness, in another passage. In the fourth number of his Rambler, where he had no point to maintain, he speaks thus of the influence of many novels: "Many writers," says he, "so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we *lose the abhorrence of their faults because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps regard them with some kindness, for being united with so much merit.*" The whole paper is in the same strain. In a note appended to it in Chalmers's edition of Johnson's works, the editor remarks: "This excellent paper was occasioned by the popularity of two works, which appeared about this time, and have been the models of that species of romance now known by the more common name of novel." It is somewhat surprising, that after pronouncing the above opinion, Johnson should have volunteered, in another number of the same work, to praise Richardson in the most unqualified terms, as the "writer who first taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." Of Richardson's great powers and eminent personal worth there can be no doubt; and as little, that his writings

were intended to subserve the cause of virtue. Yet it would not be easy to produce, from the history of literature, an instance in which an author, aiming to impart “ardour to virtue and confidence to truth,” has gone wider of his mark, than was the case with Richardson in the conception and execution of one at least of his master-pieces.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere said, and to show the inconsistencies into which the greatest minds may fall, it will be well to record the sentiment here—he has somewhere said, “Vice (for vice is necessary to be shown) should *always disgust*; nor should the graces of gaiety or the dignity of courage be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will seldom be heartily abhorred.” Now compare with this admirable rule, one of the principal characters in Richardson’s *Clarissa*—i. e. *Lovelace*. He is a man whom the author represents as having devoted his life and talents to the subversion of female virtue; and who perpetrates acts, before the reader, which ought to render him the object of unmingled contempt and detestation. And yet he has been invested with so much wit and ability; he is so surrounded by “the graces of gaiety and the dignity of courage;” he has such perseverance, such address, and such liberality without profusion, that he becomes the object rather of our sympathy and admiration, than of our abhorrence. A French critic thus describes the effect produced on his own mind by this character. “By turns I could embrace and fight with *Lovelace*. His pride, his gaiety,

his drollery, charm and amuse me; his genius confounds and makes me smile; his wickedness astonishes and enrages me; but at the same time I admire as much as I detest him." We may add, that in most minds the admiration will be found greatly to predominate.

The biographer of Richardson informs us, that the interest awakened in behalf of this character, by the first four volumes, was so intense, that when a report spread that the catastrophe was to be fatal to him—that he was doomed to die a violent death as a punishment for his crimes,—the author was beset on all hands with remonstrances. His friends and correspondents, in great numbers, besought him, with the utmost earnestness, to reform Lovelace, and wind up the story by his happy union with the object of his unprincipled passion. And when he resisted these persuasions, some went even so far as to entreat, with an air of the most pitiable distress, that he would at least "save the soul" of their favourite! Yet this writer, who thus enlists our sympathies in behalf of vice, is the one whom the great moralist eulogises as having "for *the first time* taught the passions to move at the command of virtue!"

We have thus insisted upon the moral dangers connected with a promiscuous literature, because they seem entitled to greater attention than they have yet received even among Christians. We should be the last to exclude entirely from the circle of a Christian's reading, some of the works which we have mentioned. So long as taste is to be formed, and youthful genius fostered and directed, so long will it be necessary that the master-pieces of ancient poetry and eloquence should be the subjects of study. So long as models of

historical composition are to be sought and read in our own language, so long will it be needful that Hume and Gibbon should have students—and we may add, under proper restrictions, cordial admirers. And so long as unaffected simplicity, intimate knowledge of the windings of the human heart, and almost unlimited power over the human passions, are valued, so long will Richardson, faulty though in some respects he be, find and merit readers. But if these works tend, while conferring intellectual benefits, to injure the moral sentiments, then let this danger be indicated, and let the young and inexperienced guard themselves against it. Let the works of licentious novelists be excluded from the family and the public library. Let honour be given to whom honour is due. Let the Edgeworths, the Mores, the Bruntons, the Scotts, hold the place which has too often been usurped by Fielding and Sterne. Let Milton and Shakspeare, Goldsmith and Cowper, be restored to their rightful supremacy over the public mind;—and let the ribaldry of Don Juan, the cheerless though sublime misanthropy of Childe Harold, be consigned to that oblivion which will be sure to overtake, at last, all works not consecrated by high and generous sentiments of virtue.

Union College, Schenectady, (N. Y.)

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. ANNE GRANT.

To the Editor of the Christian Keepsake :

MY DEAR SIR—Agreeably to your request, I have written to the excellent and venerable Mrs. Grant, (of Laggan,) and have obtained from her the following interesting contribution for your forthcoming Annual. Her “Letters from the Mountains,” and her “Memoirs of an American Lady,” (the latter of which Southey told me he considered one of the finest things of the kind in the language,) have made her so extensively, I may almost say universally, known in this country, that it can be hardly necessary to say any thing even in explanation of the article which follows. Perhaps, however, it may not be amiss to state, that she came to this country with her parents, (her father being an officer in the army,) at the age of about three years, and continued here till she was about fourteen, during a considerable part of which time she resided in this city and its vicinity. When I requested of her the favour that she would write for the Annual, I took the liberty to suggest that nothing probably would be more interesting to American readers, than some reminiscences of her sojourn in this country previous to the Revolution; and you perceive that, in complying with my request to write, she has kindly fallen in with my suggestion. When it is remembered that she is now eighty-five years old, and that this article was written

during a season of severe domestic affliction, I think every one must be struck with the fact that it indicates a mind of commanding powers, and a heart of generous and exquisite sensibilities. As an apology for any want of connexion that may appear in it, it is proper to state that she requested me to "*select*" from the manuscript she sent me; and, in compliance with her request, I *have* selected such parts as I thought would be most interesting.

I cannot forbear to add, that the interviews with which Mrs. Grant indulged me during my visit in Edinburgh the last year, were to me exceedingly gratifying. She has a fine, noble person, is uncommonly dignified in her manners without any thing that approaches to affectation, and in her conversation she scarcely betrayed any other evidence of age than an occasional lapse of memory in respect to *recent* occurrences; for her recollection of the events of the greater part of her life seemed wonderfully distinct and accurate. Her bodily infirmities prevent her from mingling in society, except in the way of receiving calls from her friends; but she is of course an object of great interest and attraction, and is evidently passing a most serene and delightful old age, in the confident hope of that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

I am, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

W. B. SPRAGUE.

Albany, June 6th, 1837.

In this advanced period of life, and labouring as I am under bodily infirmity, I feel myself quite inadequate to the task I am undertaking; and yet, in one respect, I may perhaps claim to be qualified for it. I refer to the

fact that the character of my mind has been chiefly distinguished by the faculty of accurate observation of character, and my circumstances in life have been favourable to its exercise, as I have been brought in contact with a greater variety of character than most persons have an opportunity to witness. My intellectual powers were, like your own country, called into a kind of premature existence; and my life, protracted far beyond that of most of my fellow creatures, has been a scene of almost constant vicissitude, and has brought me in contact with human nature in almost every form and every condition.

I have always observed, that in every little community and even large family, there is in general some mind more powerful and awakened than the rest, that sees, and thinks, and even feels to some extent for those with whom it is associated. The subjects of this dominion, in the place I am about to describe, yielded habitually to its power, because they found Mutje was always right; though of all the human beings whom I have seen in both hemispheres, I have scarcely ever beheld so repulsive a countenance or so mean a figure as hers. Faya, (I speak of them as I did then, by the appellations used in the Dutch language, which was the language of the family,) Faya, on the contrary, was a model of dignified old age; tall, venerable, with a fair and open forehead, and flowing locks that were gradually assuming a silvery hue. The whole fine and benevolent countenance was afterwards (for I saw him in successive years) so associated in my mind with the patriarchal figure of Abraham, which my imagination had pictured, that I really never could separate them. Blessed, however, be the memory of Mutje, who first

called into exercise a mind which was destined, like herself, to a long course of subsequent activity! Of her anecdotes and stories—chiefly relative to the instincts of animals and birds; to the first settlers of the country, and especially to the Indians, with whom her family had always lived on amicable terms—there was no end. She spoke, I remember, with much indignation, of the original sins of the settlers, who carried on a system of fraud and deception against those who never deceived any one. I should have premised, that these venerated patriarchs were the ancestors of the whole family.

Faya and several of his children found their occupation and their pleasure in the fields. My father, who was then absent, owed his great popularity to his strict personal morality, to his rigid discipline over his courteous Highlanders, but above all to a little Dutch that he had learned when shipwrecked on the coast of Holland, and forced to winter there. The love I felt for the children, and my earnest desire to associate with them, carried me forward with so much rapidity in the pursuit of their language, that in an almost incredibly short space I had attained a tolerable knowledge of it. I recollect one day, when I was less than five years old, after listening long and often to the indefatigable Mutje, I exclaimed in her own language, “Mutje must have been in heaven, for she knows every thing.” This was thought quite a remarkable saying, considering my age; and I believe it excited expectations which were never realized, for I have never known that it has had any successor. The knowledge of people who think much and powerfully, without owing any thing to the alphabet, has often astonished me. They who find “sermons in trees, books in the running

brooks," &c., spread out their self-acquired stock with a raciness and originality that is quite extinguished by the high pressure of much learning. One of Mutje's stories, which I heard at a later period, is worth recording, as strongly marking national habits. It was of a Dutch family who had a child carried off by the Indians, after a predatory excursion, to which most likely the parents fell victims. The young captive grew up a cherished adoption of the tribe; manly and hardy, excelling in all Indian accomplishments, and strongly attached not only to the Indians themselves, but to their habits and customs. He had near relatives living, who, being employed at some distance, did not share the fate of the parents. They discovered where their kinsman was, and earnestly urged him to return, but their entreaties were to no purpose. He persisted in refusing till he was far advanced in life. When he was actually persuaded to return, (I do not remember by what means,) he found two invincible objections to the new mode of life—one of a physical, the other of a moral nature. In the first place, he could not endure the taste of salt, for the Indians had always preserved their meat by drying; and then falsehood, in all disguises and modifications, he utterly abhorred, as indicating a mean and cowardly spirit. When they endeavoured to direct his attention to religion, he only answered by caustic reproaches, and declared his disbelief that the Great Spirit protected a nation of cowards and liars.

But I must not be seduced by the grateful recollections of childhood, and of the dawning love of knowledge and truth, to linger in this delightful field. I have premised all this to show how my infant mind received

its first direction; how the outline of my character was shadowed forth, which was afterwards to be filled up by other instrumentalities. It is due to the venerated memory of my truly worthy parents to say, that while they gave me the fairest example of truth and rectitude, they instructed me faithfully, at a very early age, in the lessons of piety, and endeavoured to direct my feet in the paths of wisdom.

* * * * *

In "The American Lady" I have told how many aggravating circumstances attended my removal from the Eden of my imagination on the banks of the excellent Hudson. I will not dwell upon them at present. I remember with great interest the sober and consistent piety of my Dutch friends, which never rose to fever heat on the one hand, and never sunk to apathy on the other; and my recollections are particularly distinct of the excellent Dr. Westerlo, (the Domine as he was called,) who was the only clergyman I knew at the time, who lived a secluded and studious, yet holy life. But the time at length came when I was parted from all these friends of my childhood, and the scenes which had become consecrated to my affections, and set out to return to my native land; and, after a stormy and dangerous voyage, we were once more safely landed in Scotland. My father, whose early habits and imperfect health did not incline him to take cheerful views of religion, and who considered himself impoverished for high principle and loyalty, was much depressed; while my cheerful spirits and unextinguished hopes kept me up wonderfully.

I was invited to visit in a family of Seceders, the father of whom was an elder in the church. My fancy

clothed this good man with solemn gravity and superhuman piety. I imagined myself in the Grass Market, witnessing the triumphant exit of the honoured martyr Renwick, to whose hallowed memory even David Hume pays a reluctant tribute; and Sir Walter Scott, notwithstanding his strong Episcopalian bias, has planted an amaranth upon his tomb. Well, I required all my cheerful spirits to support the monotonous life I led; situated as I was in a small, gloomy house, where a walk was a rare indulgence. After paying our passage and furnishing our house, our funds were nearly exhausted. Our agent, (Mr. Monro,) since an influential person in Upper Canada, would in due time raise money on our valuable property we had left behind; but meanwhile, straitened as we were, my earnings (amounting at that time to a sum that would now appear incredible) were all applied to the support of the family. My mother, whose taste in respect to dress was much more gaudy than mine, had purchased for me many fine clothes while I was in New York; and she thought it quite unnecessary that I should exchange them for others on my coming to this country; so that the avails of my industry could very well be directed to sustain the family expenses. Dear and venerated mother, example of humble excellence, to whom I owed the invaluable privilege of reading the scripture so early, she being my only teacher and that my only book—no mental eminence, no cultivated powers were hers; but whatever deficiency there was in knowledge, was amply made up in warm and unwearied benevolence.

“ Her duties walked their constant round,
Nor made a pause nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.”

Edinburgh.

ON CONSISTENCY OF RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

BY REV. ENOCH POND.

WERE an inhabitant of some other planet, who was well acquainted with our Bible and our religion, to travel through this country, and take a minute survey of the manners, customs, characters and conduct of the citizens, it might be difficult for him to determine, at the end of his tour, whether the religion of the Bible was professed here, or not. He would see some things which might lead him to suppose that it *was* professed. As he travelled from place to place, he would observe Bibles lying on the shelves, and would occasionally lodge with a family in which was offered the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer. He would perceive that one day in seven was not spent, any where, just like the rest; and that, in some places, it was observed with a tolerable degree of conformity to the law of the Sabbath. He would find a goodly number of houses for public worship, and a class of men denominated preachers of the gospel. He would, sometimes, witness rites resembling the ordinances of the gospel, and might occasionally meet with a fellow-traveller who was disposed to confer with him on the subject of religion. These things, and perhaps others, he would note as indications that we *were* a Christian people; that we did profess to receive the Bible as true, and to conform our characters to its precepts.

But then this evidence, far from conclusive in itself, would be greatly weakened, if not destroyed, by much that was of an opposite kind: for, though our supposed visitant would observe Bibles in our houses, he would be satisfied that, in many instances, they were kept more for ornament than use, as they had the appearance of being but little read. And though one day in seven was not spent in the same manner as the other days, yet, in most places, he would see it spent so differently from the design of the Sabbath, that he would be in doubt whether it was intended as a holy day, or a holiday; a season of sacred rest, or a season of amusement. And, though he would hear something which was called a preached gospel, he would find it, not unfrequently, so unlike the gospel of Christ, that he would conclude it must have been learned from some other source besides the New Testament. And though he would see rites administered, resembling the ordinances instituted by Christ, he would find the subjects of these rites living so much as others lived, that he could hardly determine whether any thing was intended by them or not.

Nor would this be all the evidence presented to him, that the Bible was little, if at all, regarded among us. He would see many things allowed and practised, which the word of God forbids; and many others neglected, which this holy book enjoins. He would know the deeply interesting nature and paramount importance of the religion of the Bible; and yet he would find this religion, in most cases, exciting but little attention, taking no deep hold of the affections, and exerting a scarcely perceptible influence on the life. Instead of every thing being made subservient to it, as

he might reasonably expect, on supposition it was cordially received, he would find it cast into the back ground, and almost every thing attended to sooner and more than this.

On the whole, it is concluded, that such a visitant would hardly know what to think of us. He would not find us just what he might expect, on supposition we received the Bible; nor just what he might expect, on supposition we rejected it. He would have much occasion to reproach us with *inconsistency*; and were he, on departing, to give us any advice, it might be precisely that of Elijah to the children of Israel—"If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." If the Bible be true, receive it, and be consistent; or, if it be false, reject it, and be consistent. At least, *be consistent* somewhere. Come to some settled conclusion in regard to this momentous subject, and act accordingly.

And this certainly would be good advice. It would be such as it well became one rational being to give to another. Only two conclusions can be adopted in regard to the Bible. It is either true or false. It is to be either received or rejected. And whichever of these conclusions we adopt, we should endeavour to be consistent, and to act up to it. Let it be considered then, in the following discussion, *what would be consistent with a determination on either side of this great question.*

In the first place, what does consistency require of us, on supposition we *reject* the Bible as false?

In this case, obviously, we ought to destroy all our Bibles. If there is no truth in them, why retain them? If they are an imposition, surely we have suffered im-

position from them long enough. If we will not receive them as the truth of God, we owe it to ourselves, and to after generations, to blot out the name of Bible from under heaven.

On the supposition now before us, we ought also to abolish the Sabbath. The Sabbath is founded on the Bible. Its divine authority rests entirely on the Bible. If, therefore, the Bible be rejected, the Sabbath must be rejected with it. Some of us, to be sure, have been accustomed to set a high value upon our Sabbaths, and to feel as though we could not part with them; but if the institution is really without foundation, then let us not be fettered and restrained by it more.

And if the Bible and the Sabbath are an imposition, then let us proceed to demolish our houses of worship; or, at least, let them be devoted to other purposes. Why should temples be erected; and why should those be permitted to stand that are erected, for the inculcation of falsehood and imposture? These stately monuments of our own and our fathers' folly should not be permitted to descend to other generations.

And not only so, on the supposition under consideration, the ministers of the gospel ought all of them to be silenced, if not punished. They should be suffered to say no more in support of their idle, unfounded superstition—should be suffered to do no more mischief, if, indeed, they escape condign punishment for what they have already done.

Nor is this all. If the gospel has no foundation in truth, then let the ordinances of the gospel be at once swept away. Let there be no more churches, or pastors, or sacraments, or religious means. Let the voice of prayer be for ever hushed. Let it be a crime, so

much as to mention the name of Jesus. Let every thing possible be done to wipe away all trace and vestige, and blot out all remembrance of the religion of the gospel.

Such, reader, are some of the consequences of *rejecting* the religion of the Bible: some of the things which, to the full extent of our power, we must do, if we will reject it, and be consistent. Other things, equally dreadful, and perhaps more so, might be stated; but neither my own feelings, nor a proper respect for yours, will suffer me to proceed. Has not enough been said, already, to make us tremble—enough to impress on us, more deeply than any abstract reasoning could do, that this side of the question cannot be maintained: that it will not *do* for us—that we must not, *dare* not, disbelieve and reject the religion of the gospel?

But if we dare not reject this religion, and be consistent, then let us *embrace* it, and be consistent. Let us, at least, be consistent somewhere. And that we may act understandingly in so great a matter, let it be considered, in the second place, what consistency requires of us, on supposition we *receive* the Bible as truth.

If the religion inculcated in the Bible is true, then we ought to attend to it *immediately*. If this religion is a reality, it is a stupendous reality. If its doctrines are true, they are truths awfully and immediately interesting to mortals. Here we are represented as in the constant presence, and under the eye, and in the hands of a sovereign God, against whom we have all offended, and to whose wrath we stand exposed. He may cut us off at any time, and cast us off as he did the rebel angels, and his throne would be guiltless.

But in these circumstances of fearful, dreadful exposure, an infinite Saviour has consented to die for us. He has consented to throw himself between us and the impending vengeance, and to receive the stroke upon his own head. And now, easy offers of mercy are made us in his name. If we will only repent, we may be forgiven. If we will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved. But these offers must be accepted *immediately*, or we have no promise. We may avail ourselves of them to-day, but have no assurance that we may do it to-morrow. And if we do not embrace them before they are withdrawn, then we must sink down for ever, under the penalty, not only of a broken law, but of a rejected gospel—under a justly and fearfully aggravated condemnation. Such is, in brief, the representation of the Bible respecting us; and now, if this is a *true* representation—if our case is *really* as is here described; why, surely, it is madness to neglect religion, and slight the offered mercy, for a single hour. “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” And yet he is in imminent danger of losing his soul, every hour that he neglects the religion of the gospel. I repeat, if our case *is*, as it is represented in the Bible—if the account there given respecting us is *true*; we ought not to suffer any thing to intervene; we must not allow any thought, or business, or care, or labour, to come between the present moment and our fixed and earnest attention to the concerns of our souls. And if we do suffer any thing to intervene; if we do attend to any thing sooner and more than to this great subject, we do it in face of all consistency, and at the hazard of our eternal well being.

If we would be consistent in receiving the Bible as true, then its truths must sink down into our *hearts*, and deeply interest our *feelings*. These truths are not mere speculative notions. They are not ideas which may be admitted to float about in the head, while they exert no deeper influence. They are solemnly *interesting* truths, and where they are really and consistently received, must take hold of and try the feelings of men. How is it possible for a person to believe in the existence and immediate presence of a holy God, his sovereign and his final Judge, and not *feel* awed in the presence of this mighty God—and not adore and fear before his Creator? How is it possible for any one to believe the representations of the Bible respecting his own sin, and guilt, and ruin, and not *feel* pained, alarmed, and humbled in view of his situation? How is it possible for a person to believe what the Scriptures relate, respecting the dying love and sorrows of Jesus, and the kind offers of mercy which are made in his name, and not *feel* his heart melted in view of this dying love, and not feel himself drawn, constrained, to accept of these offers without delay? How can we believe what the Bible brings before us respecting a coming judgment, a heaven, and a hell, and not feel all our powers excited to flee from the impending wrath, and lay hold on eternal life? It is vain for persons to think of receiving truths, such as these, and being consistent in it, and yet their feelings remain uninterested. Indeed, the thing is clearly impossible.

If we would be consistent in admitting the reality of religion, it must be suffered not only to interest our feelings, but to regulate our daily *practice*. Our holy Bible contains precepts, as well as doctrines. It is a

book to be practised as well as believed. It is vain, therefore, to pretend to believe it, and be consistent, unless we are willing to obey it; to pretend to admit it as a system of truth, while we do not practise it in our lives. And we are bound to practise it, not occasionally, but constantly. *Whatever* we do, is to be done religiously. Wherever we are, the principles of the gospel must be predominant in our souls. We are to “live no longer unto ourselves, but to him who died for us and rose again.” “Whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God.” If we would be consistent in admitting the reality of religion, then we must enthrone it in our affections above every thing else, and make all other pursuits and objects subservient to this. This is not placing the religion of the Bible too high. It is not attaching to it an importance to which it is not justly entitled; for this religion is a most weighty concern. If it is any thing, it is every thing. If its doctrines are true, and it is a reality, according to the supposition now before us, then it towers far above every other subject—it rises to a height, and swells to a grandeur, which causes other things in the comparison to look small indeed. Other concerns must be attended to, but this must uniformly rise above them. The avocations of life must not be neglected, but they must be pursued in the fear and for the glory of God. The cares of the body must be secondary to those of the soul. The concerns of time and the world must be made subservient to those mightier concerns which take hold on eternity, and relate to our future and everlasting well being.

It will be obvious to every reader, that the subject under consideration places us all in very solemn and

critical circumstances. We have a volume in our hands purporting to have come from the God who made us, and to contain his words. And certainly it contains solemn words—solemn messages—whether they are true or not. These messages we must either *receive* or *reject*; and whichever of these conclusions we adopt, our conclusion draws after it the most important consequences.

If we will *reject* the Bible as falsehood, and be consistent, we have a hard and dreadful task to perform; for, in coming to this conclusion, we must go not only in opposition to the influence of education, but in face of the clearest evidence and light. We have as much reason to believe the facts stated in the Bible, as we have to believe any thing on the evidence of testimony. I never saw the city of London, still I do not doubt that there is such a city. But the evidence for the truth of the Bible is the same in kind, and scarcely less in degree, than that on which I believe that there is, beyond the wide Atlantic, such a city as London. Yet all this evidence we must blot out of sight, and reject as worthless, if we would come to the conclusion that the Bible is not true. And when we have fought our way thus far against light and evidence, and the conclusion to reject religion is adopted, our difficulties have but just begun. Having denied the truth of the Bible, and cast off its authority, we must go on with the denial, and carry it through. We must wage everlasting war with the Bible, and with the religion it inculcates. We must do all we can, that every Bible on earth may be destroyed, and the Sabbath abolished, and every Christian temple thrown down, and every minister silenced, and every church dissolved. We must exert ourselves

to the utmost, that the ordinances of the gospel may be done away—that the voice of prayer may be hushed—and that no trace or vestige of the false and exploded religion may remain. Now this, it will be perceived, is dreadful work; and the miserable creatures who will reject religion, and be consistent, have a hard and dreadful task to perform.

Suppose, then, we shrink from this conclusion, and adopt the other. Suppose we *receive* the Bible as true, and the religion it inculcates as a reality. But to do this, be it remembered, and be consistent, is no trifling matter. It is something more than to think pretty well of the Bible, and to entertain an idea of attending to it occasionally, and at some future day. It is something more than a general opinion of its correctness—an opinion floating about in the head, which has little or no influence upon the heart and practice. It is something more than a desire to keep up the appearance of religion, and to have about as much of it as will conduce to one's supposed respectability or interest. When we have settled the point, that the religion of the Bible is a reality, if we will act with any face of consistency, we must give it our immediate and undivided attention. Truths such as those disclosed in the Bible (if they *are* truths) must not be put off. They present a concern, to every mind which apprehends them, of all others the greatest, and of the most pressing urgency. These momentous truths must be permitted to sink down into the heart, and take a deep and everlasting hold of the affections. And not only so, they must regulate the whole future life. We must set our religion above every thing else, and regard every other concern of life as secondary and subservient to this. If we admit the

Bible to be a reality, I see not how we can stop one inch short of all that has here been stated.

I know that many do pretend to admit the Bible, and yet stop far short of this. Some would have the credit of admitting it in the gross, while they reject it piecemeal. They would have the credit of admitting it, while they are bent upon explaining its solemn truths away. But if persons do not like the truths of the Bible, and are resolved not to receive them, it certainly would be more consistent, and might be as safe, to reject the whole openly. For what good can the mere covers of the Bible do us, when its contents are torn out? What good can the words and letters of the Bible do us, when its solemn meaning is all discarded?

And some there are who profess to receive the Bible as true, and yet live just as though it was not true. They profess to believe that there is a God, a Saviour, a day of judgment, a heaven and a hell, and yet live as though all these were the merest fictions. But what gross inconsistency, what moral *infatuation* is this! Surely, if the Lord be God, we ought to follow him. If the Bible be true, and its solemn annunciations are to be depended on as realities, we ought to give to them our immediate and most earnest attention. We ought to rouse up to a consideration of them all the powers and affections of our souls. We admire consistency in every thing else; why not be *consistent* and *thorough* in our religion?

Bangor, (Me.)

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY ARRAYED IN A BALL DRESS.

BY REV. M. A. D'W. HOWE.

THOU tell'st me, gentle maiden, that they deck thee
 for the dance,
 And there beams a gladness in thy mien, a glory in
 thy glance;
 Jewels are on thy marble brow, and wreaths are in thy
 hair,
 And light as the fall of the virgin snow thy whispering
 footsteps are.

Beauty will lead the mazy dance, and music charm the
 ear,
 And 'mid the brilliant throng, perchance, thou'lt meet
 no proud compeer:
 But what is beauty's withering crown? what music's
 swelling tone?
 One, transient as the thistle's down;—one, echoes and
 'tis gone.

Oh! what if thou should'st sudden hear some unseen
 spirit's wing
 Flit by thee, as thou standest there, within that glee-
 some ring?
 And what if thou should'st know the sound to be the
 rush of death,
 To clasp thy maiden zone around, and drink thy
 youthful breath?

Could'st thou triumphant lift thine eye, lay down thy
mortal coil,
And death with all his powers defy, thy heavenly hope
to foil ?
Then go, fair one, and join the dance, and swell th'
exulting song,
And when the feet of beauty glance, sweep thou in
light along !

Oh ! venture not to spread thy wing on pleasure's
flattering stream,
Though Syrens on its bosom sing, and radiant billows
gleam ;
It flows not with Siloa's brook, fast by the ark of God,
But hurries where in wrath is shook th' avenger's
scourging rod.

Once,—rapt in high imaginings, in faith's uncurbed
career,
Upborne as on an angel's wings, I trod another sphere :
I saw a vast and princely hall, most wondrous to
behold,
All precious stones gleamed from its walls, enchased in
burnished gold.

Within—before my 'raptured eyes, forms most divinely
fair
Flung from their harps soft harmonies, upon the vocal
air ;
Joy spoke in each exulting tone, and lit each radiant
eye,
No strain breathed sorrow's plaintive moan, nor fear's
expressive sigh.

Clad, every one in robe of light, pure as the mountain
snow ;
Bestud with jewels passing bright, crowns glistened on
each brow ;
And as their tuneful measures fell, in concert sweetly
bound
To grace a bridegroom's festival, harmonious moved
around.

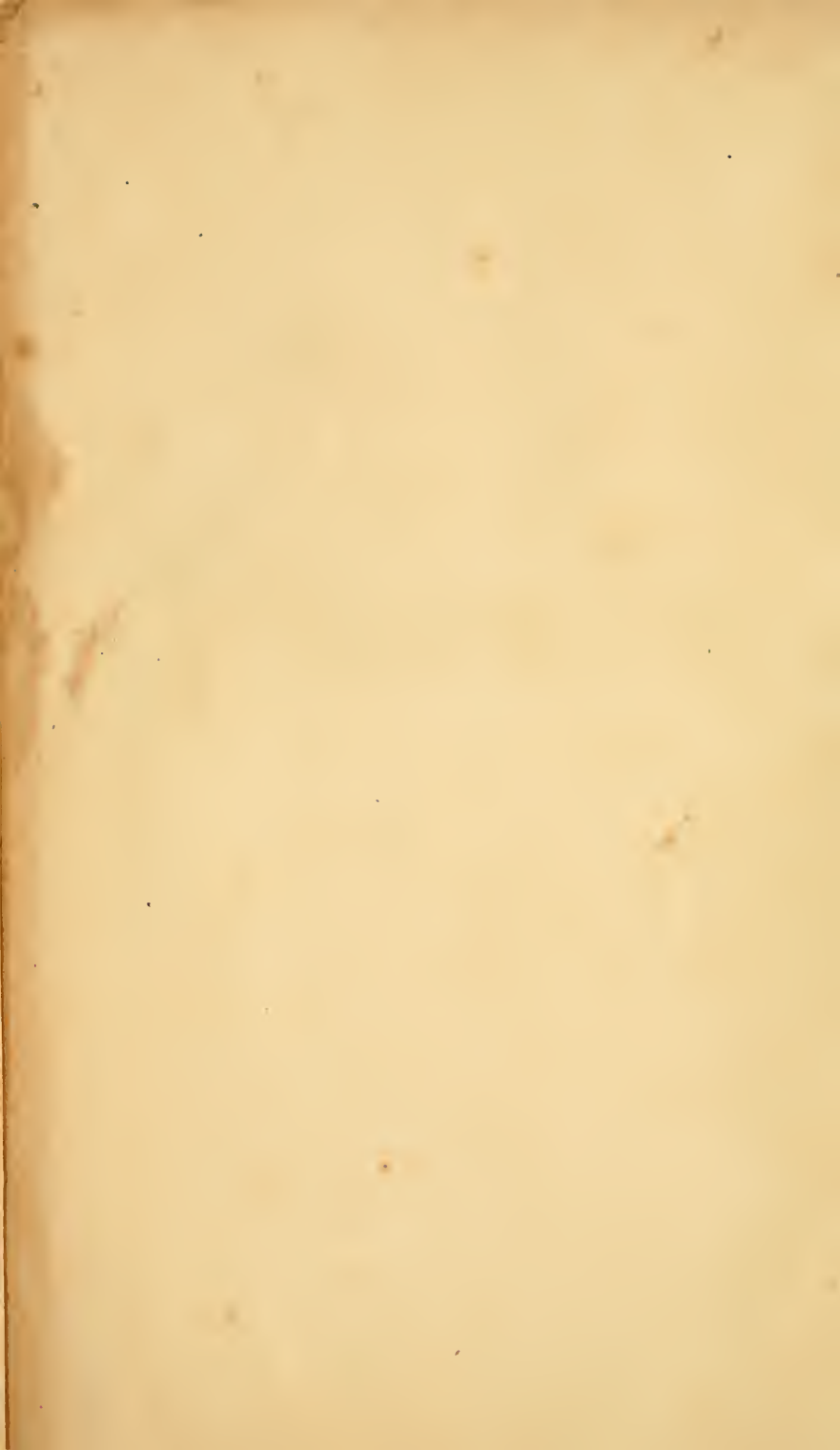
Amazement every sense o'ercame,—speech told my
glad surprise !
All vanished—like a taper's flame, and o'er me—bent
the skies !
But, written on that azure brow, in stars of sparkling
beam,
There shone—'twas mercy's brighter bow—"Thy vision
was no dream !"

Could I secure one chaplet fair, for Christ's espousals
given,
I'd twine it in thy maiden hair, and deck thee now for
heaven !
Alas ! my inmost soul is moved, sighs check my lab'ring
breath,
For ah ! the lovely and beloved, hies to the Dance of
Death !

Roxbury, (Mass.)

THE END.





Mrs. C. Hodge,
Princeton. 1838.

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